The Sunday Oregonian.

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OUR LONDON LETTER.

The Varieties of Society Found at an English Watering Place

Curious Amusements of the People of Yarmouth—Some of the Venerable Antiquities to be Visited in that Quaint Old City

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, Aug. 16.—England is an island of many climates and many peoples. For so small a country it has a marvelous variety of everything that illustrates the eccentricities and the beauties of nature. It is broken up into many counties for administrative and electoral purposes, and every county is characterized by a special individuality. If the creative and controlling power of the universe had made England his workshop, and conducted his experiments here, had stored up his models on this little island, kept here the examples of his successes and his failures, he could not have given the world a stronger mixture of scenery and of men and women than that which is called England. America can count within her borders the tropics and the icy regions; her citizens can range from heat to cold, or select to live among palms or icebergs, as they will, in their own United States; but England, in comparison as to size, is as the palm of one's hand to such a territory as that of America. And yet this wonderful island embraces almost every kind of climate and every kind of scenery. I am writing this letter on the east coast, where during the almost unbearable heat of London the wind blows chilly enough to warrant a greatcoat. When it is winter here a few hours journey hence in the sheltered corners of the isle of Wight, roses are blooming and people are bathing in the sea. During the spring, when the inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall are gathering primroses and blue bells on every hillside and in every valley to decorate their rooms with and send to the London market, Scotch railways were snowed up and travelers were frozen to death on the moors. And just as different from each other are the people of the north and south, the east and west, and the midlands, as are the varied skies and climates under which they live. A foreigner who should come to Yarmouth and take the seaside there as typical of England by the sea would be very much astonished if, after writing a description from that point of view, he should visit Brighton, Eastbourne, Ventnor or Hastings in the season. He would be much further wrong in his estimate of the English than he would even if he accepted Brighton Beach and Glen Island on an excursion day as entirely American, without visiting Newport, Saratoga or Long Branch. Off Cowes, at Cowes, and in and about Southampton water to-day he would find the elite of the aristocracy of birth and wealth. We would meet princes and princesses of the blood royal; he would see Mayfair afloat and ashore; his fancy would be piqued with a fleet of white-winged yachts on a blue sea; his imagination would revel in a crowd of lovely women and gallant men. If he were poor, he might be forgiven for indulging in the sin of envy and covetousness; and if he were a stern religionist, he might be inclined to make the scene the subject of a sermon against vanity and pride. As he wandered about the island and scanned the ocean through his glass, he would see mighty iron-clad ships at anchor in the Solent, or making a holiday cruise around the toy island upon which the queen of England and the poet laureate are the most illustrious inhabitants. If he should chance to talk with the humblest peasantry, he would note in their differential manner a certain indefinable refinement of speech and an appearance of worldly prosperity; and he might come to the conclusion that England was the pink of refinement, the very blossom of courtesy. The Isle of Wight is a lovely dream, compared with which some English seaside places are horrible nightmares.

I am not going to instance the nightmare. One would have to go to Blackpool in the north for that; but Yarmouth has days when you might think hell had broken loose. The railways and steamboat companies periodically enter into a conspiracy with each other to empty the sweepings of the cities upon Yarmouth beach. And what an ugly crowd it is! It blasphemes, yells, drinks, rolls in the sand, plunges into the sea, swarms on the piers, breaks the backs of hired donkeys and ponies, and generally spreads itself like a blight over the place. I don't know whether the women or the men are the worst specimens of humanity. They both indulge in the same recreations. They drink at the bars, ride the donkeys, plunge about on tricycles, sing and scream, roll in the sand and lie about on the beach with their brutal partners in every kind of vulgar pastime. They are cheaply but extravagantly dressed; feathers in their bonnets, rings in their ears, high-heeled boots and long or cropped hair. Their language is as vulgar as that of the men, and they speak in several dialects. The men tell them horrid stories, at which they roar with laughter. At night they make it impossible for decent people to walk either on the beach or the esplanade. One wonders how many more years must elapse before the influence of the school boards is practically shown in the conduct and manners of the common people of England. Democrats resent this phrase, "the common people," and go wild in their denunciation of the term "lower classes." But I use both advisedly, and unhesitatingly declare that there is a far wider gulf of feeling, sentiment and moral worth between the upper middle class of England and these "Arries and 'Arriets" of the summer seaside than there is between the English lower class and the savages of the Borneo or the worst red Indian of the plains. Take the people of England en masse and it is a great, moral, intellectual and brave race; but the lower strata of it is as depraved and brutal as the world in its basest corners can show. But even on these bad days of Yarmouth, the place has its compensations. Nothing can contaminate the wind that comes rollicking across three hundred miles of open sea. Arry's oath or Arriet's scream are smothered in its salty breeze, and the Arries and the Arriets, like the crows, flock together. They hate solitude. They drink and scream in company. They only monopolize a certain extent of beach opposite the terraces of fine houses on the esplanade. Right and left of them there are vast sandy deserts. You can have the country right and left to yourself or you can go to the most picturesque and interesting spot on the immediate coast—the mouth of the harbor. This place is called Gorleston, and it is here the ships come and go, the tide racing in at such speed that this is the third or fourth harbor Yarmouth has constructed for herself. It was here that Nelson landed after the battle of the Nile, and here to this day is exhibited the prowess of the British sailor, for from hence he goes forth to fight the breakers of the North sea. Sitting at the mouth of the harbor yesterday I dropped into conversation with an American from Philadelphia. When he found that I also knew the City of Penn he grew communicative.

"There is one thing," he said, "that has surprised me more than anything on this side and that is the climate. I thought England was foggy and had no sun. I have seen no fog at present and quite as much sun as I want to see. I guess London has been as hot as Philadelphia this time of year."

"No," I said, "not quite. Have you not seen the reports about the heat in Brooklyn and Boston?"

"Where?" he asked.

"In the papers."

"Haven't had any papers from home and I've ceased reading the English papers. I take no stock in their Parliament chin music and their Afghan trouble, they have no American news, and I guess I am content to look at the old island and wait for the news of home until I get back again."

I might have told him about the cyclone which had shaken Philadelphia to its foundations, according to the cable intelligence, but I hate to be the bearer of ill news—it travels fast enough—and concluded not to disturb my kindly visitor's peace of mind. Who knows that he might have suffered some calamity that he had yet to learn? I wonder if I acted rightly by him.

"What has most impressed you on this side?" I asked.

"Its solidity," he replied, "its solidity. The English are the best builders, I should say, in the world, they seem to like building, where we have a fence they have a wall, where we have a wooden jetty they have a stone pier, where we have a wooden sidewalk they have a granite pavement, we are in a hurry about everything, content with makeshifts, the English are never in a hurry, and they hate makeshifts. I reckon we lick the English in inventing things, saving labor, and in steamboats, and, except that I admire the little gardens to the humblest homes in England, I think Philadelphia can match the old country for homes, but, as I said before, solid is the word I should write down to describe England."

"And what is the saddest sight you have seen here—the worst feature of English life? Something, let us say, you don't see in Philadelphia, for example?"

"Women going into rum shops, or gin palaces, as they are called. A woman going to drink in a bar is a sight, thank God, you never see in an American city; and I object equally to the employment of women as bartenders. I would like to have heard J. B. Gough orate on that subject."

"And what do you think of Yarmouth?"

"Solid!" he exclaimed, "solid!"

The amusements of the Yarmouth people and their ordinary visitors on the beach are not a little singular. The beach is alive with people all day long except during the hours of meals. Circulating among them are itinerant vendors of fruit and sweetmeats, gypsies (the genuine article from Norfolk lanes and wolds) telling fortunes, boatmen touting for passengers, newsboys with the London papers, and photographic artists with lenses ready to focus single figures or groups at a moment's notice. In the center of the beach an *al fresco* concert is being given by "Mr. Harry Vincent's Concert Party." They are environed by a wooden fence and the inclosure is filled with seats at an admission of 3d. Further away at long distances on each side of this concert, two phrenologists have erected for themselves lecture rostrums and here they invite ladies and gentlemen to submit themselves to scientific examination. They are rival practitioners. One of them is a solemn Scotchman with a long beard, a prosaic manner and an affected enunciation. The other is a bit of a humorist, frank, genial and evidently the more successful of the two. The wonder to me is that both these professors flourish. "Ladies and gentlemen" do submit themselves to the phrenological delineators, who feel their bumps and describe their personal characteristics before gaping and amused audiences. Both the professors are clever in a rough, uncultivated way, and are natural observers. They hit off the weaknesses of their subjects to the life, and in some cases give the sitters very good advice. The charge is "only one shilling," and the shillings roll in at times very rapidly. Then there are chairs in which you can sit and "try your weight," machines at which you can test your strength and stores under canvas where you can buy everything you cannot possibly want, including oysters at 1s a dozen, which I in a weak moment ventured to try and was tried myself. There are fishing boats lying about here and there on the beach, and in the shadows of them little companies of young fellows are playing at cards. They are not gambling. I have taken particular note of this. I counted twenty different card parties. They were all playing whist—long whist for sixpence and a shilling a game. Then there are groups of lovers, single couples and double couples, lying on the sands shielded from the sun and wind by umbrellas, and every five or ten minutes a boat full of girls and boys and men and women is launched through the surf or hauled in, amidst a great deal of screaming from the passengers and much [illegible] from the boatmen. On the esplanade above the beach and really part of it, and on the roadway there is an everlasting procession of bicycles and tricycles ringing their merry bells and fronting the entire scene is a glorious stretch of sea—the Yarmouth Roads—with the waves rolling along the beach with a steady surging sound that does not quite drown the faint echoes of the last new waltz played by a military band on the pier. It is a fair by the sea, a fair and *fete*, which is continued more or less until 9 or 10 o'clock by lamp light. The twilight lasts until nearly 9. Long before midnight all is still, and if there is a moon the great stretch of coast with its boats drawn up away from the tide is singularly picturesque. Sometimes when the wind is against the vessels that navigate these seas there are several hundred ships in the Roads, and at night the effect of their lights is very strange. They look like another city on an opposite shore with a great river between it and Yarmouth. I have never quite felt how great a difference there is between England and America after all until I rented a cottage in the Marine Parade at Yarmouth.

Wandering in the southern quarters of the town I came upon a picturesque old tower built of flint and brick and with a worn front that suggested a remote antiquity.

"What place is that?" I asked a boy who was loitering near.

"Noill Tower."

"What is it for?"

"'Twas built when them old ancients come."

"Oh, indeed—what did them old ancients want at Yarmouth?"

"They lived here," said the boy, looking up at me with a puzzled expression of face.

"What did they want with the North tower?"

"It was part of a castle and walls and battlements to defend the place."

"Against whom?"

"Them other old ancients, I suppose, unless it was Spanish Armada—there's a 'man yonder' as will tell you all about it."

The "man yonder" came up and proved to be "a bit of an antiquary." He told me the date of the tower was 1330, regretted that it should not be kept intact (it is now used as a stable), regretted that vandalism in Yarmouth had destroyed many works of ancient defenses which to-day would be the wonder of the world, and wore me out with a dissertation upon the ancient Romans, the invasion of Britain and the old borough jail and tollhouse erections that dated back to the year 1200. He was too deeply interested in my interest in antiquities to see that he had overdone it; and when we parted said it was always a delight to him to meet an American. Asked what made him think I was an American, he said: "Because you take an intelligent and intellectual interest in English history and the landmarks of the old country."

I have sometimes wished I were an American to feel the sensation of a first visit to England, to feel what it is like to stand for the first time in the presence of an arch that was built before Christ. When I was a boy at Lincoln I used to pass every day under such an arch. Yesterday I was reading in an American magazine a rhapsody over the antiquity of a Friend's meeting house on Long Island, supposed to have been built in 1695, and I laid that book down to go and see St. Nicholas church, in this town of Yarmouth, which was founded in the year 1101, consecrated in 1119, enlarged in 1123 and 1338, and is standing to-day as solid and noble a parish church as you would wish to see. Five hundred and seventy six years before that Friends' meeting house was built on Long Island the men and women of Yarmouth, in England, were worshipping God in this church. It is five centuries ago since the old toll house here was taken over by the corporation. As far back as 800 years ago Yarmouth was a famous ship building port, and one of the earliest exploits of an English fleet is recorded in the history of Yarmouth. In 1295 the French made an unsuccessful attempt to invade England. A Yarmouth fleet of fifty three vessels thereupon set sail for Cherbourg, which they captured and burned, and to-day you can buy herrings at a little store which has worked its way into a niche of one of the grand old towers built for defense under a charter granted to the town by Henry II. in 1260.

JOSEPH HATTON.

EVERYBODY DOES IT DOWN THERE

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mr Maxwell, who is detained in St. Louis on a charge of murdering his friend Preller, awoke yesterday and informed the jailer that he had not enjoyed so pleasant a night as that which had just passed since he was last in St. Louis, when he is supposed to have dispatched Mr Preller. The jailer, who might have received this communication with some misgivings as to Maxwell's designs on him, seems, however, to have regarded this statement as in the nature of a compliment. So he kindly asked the prisoner if he could furnish him with anything. Maxwell instantly asked to be provided with a "cocktail," but as the jailer was unable to do that, the supposed murderer turned about and went asleep.

HYDRAULIC MINING.

Is it not already Jeopardizing the Columbia River's Commerce?

What has Occurred in California and may Occur Here—Preventive Legislation Needed.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

THE OREGONIAN of several weeks ago published a telegraphic statement to the effect that the Sacramento river had shoaled to such an extent that the stern-wheel steamer Modoc had been four days from San Francisco reaching a point four miles below Sacramento, a point usually made in from nine to eleven hours in the ante-railroad era, when the Chrysopolis and Capital were on the route, also that the steamer Apache, sister boat to the Modoc, lay aground on the same bar with 128 tons of grain on board, unable to proceed to San Francisco with her down freight until she was lightered. The Sacramento papers kept somewhat still over the matter but those published at points higher up the river dilated at length upon the uncanny fact that a river which had once enjoyed trips of boats carrying from 750 to 940 tons of wheat, was now barred to boats carrying 125 tons. It is also stated on good authority that on account of low water at Vernon's bar (mouth of Feather river) and the Russian Ford, where the terrible Belle explosion took place in 1856, all the light-draft boats plying to Knight's landing, Colusa, Meridian, Butte City, Princeton and Jacinto, had been laid up to await higher water and at least three hundred steamboatmen temporarily thrown out of employment.

There is comparatively little hydraulic mining on the headwaters of the Sacramento river after leaving the Feather behind you. At Portugese Flat on Dog creek, some eighty miles north of Red Bluff, there are hydraulic diggings that have been in operation since 1867, but they have done nothing to shoal the river north of Knight's landing. The great bulk of the "slickens" which comes down from the mountains to ruin the navigation of the Sacramento and Feather rivers, comes down the Yuba and its branches, while that of the San Joaquin has been ruined by debris from the Tuolumne, Calaveras, Cosumnes and Moquelumne. Hence it is that the Sacramento, above its junction with the Feather, is as easy of navigation for boats of the Orient and Occident type as it was when I left there sixteen years ago. But there would be no use in bringing down 7000 sacks of wheat from Jacinto on a big barge like the Denbigh Castle, for instance and then being unable to get it over the humps and ridges of soft ooze between Vernon bar and Collinsville, which is virtually at the mouth of the Sacramento. So a steamboat trade which employs five light draft boats, and is the outlet of 110,000 tons of grain (on barges) has to be abandoned just at a time when the harvest is ripe, and the laborer clamoring for his pay.

Nor is the damage to the bays of Suisun, San Pablo and San Francisco any less appalling. Three years ago I took a sail up the Sacramento as far as Collinsville on the Mary Garrett, returning on the Apache. In San Pablo bay the pernicious effects of hydraulic mining were not so perceptible, but in Suisun bay it really did not need the eye of a practiced pilot to detect them. In 1863 the low-pressure steamer Amelia, now plying between Victoria and Nanaimo, was put upon the route between San Francisco and Suisun City and when carrying a full load of produce would draw nearly seven feet. She was taken off that route seven years ago because she drew too much water for the route, and was sold for a nominal price by the C. P. railroad folks because they had no other route on which she could be made available. All up through Suisun bay I noticed great growth and expansion of sand bars and middle grounds. At several points the boat "sucked" hard enough in mid channel to nearly tear the engines from their cylinder timbers, and this river, which will not now accommodate boats of the Lurline's class, boasted three boats of over 800 tons actual capacity but fourteen years ago. The settlement of the country has made an increase of products, while the shoaling condition of the river has decreased the facility for getting those products to the chief commercial city of that state.

And this state of affairs necessitates the use of four boats to accomplish what one boat could perform in 1870. There was hardly a day in that year the Capital or Yosemite did not swing out of Sacramento with 550 tons of produce from the upper Sacramento and 150 more from Feather river. Now neither one of these boats could get to Collinsville, except in a strong spring freshet, and the grain is towed from the landing on the upper river in barges direct to San Francisco. Down in San Francisco bay the dredgers are kept at work almost night and day. Every year or two the Central Pacific employs a dredger at its own expense to clear away the slickens and give foreign-bound vessels the opportunity of loading at their docks without the additional expense of lighterage. Formerly a steamer of 2500 tons could go safely on the west side of Red rock (sixteen miles northeast of San Francisco), although the proper ship channel lay on the east side, but now a stern-wheel boat of three feet draft grounds in the bay on the west side of the rock and has to be lightered in order to get her off. The bottoms of the bays and rivers has come up to such an extent that the rise and fall of the tide in the mouth of the Sacramento has decreased over 40 per cent. in the past eighteen years.

In the agricultural counties lying next the mining counties where the giant nozzle has rent the mountains, the effects of this vicious avocation are still more perceptible. In 1855 the [illegible] ranch five miles from Marysville was purchased by Chas. B. Hedges and Lewis [illegible] for $6000. It could not be sold for $400 to-day, for it is covered with mining debris all the way from three to six feet deep. The once famous Briggs orchard, in the same neighborhood, that yielded its owner an income of from $8 to $20 per tree in 1857 is now a desert waste. In 1854 Capt. Edward [illegible] gave $40,000 for the Quintay ranch of 844 acres, on which he cut two crops of hay and used to pasture horses at $5 each per month beside. The old man died poor and disheartened because his ranch was covered with sand so deep that he never could remove it. I mention these as three cases out of as many thousand, though they all occurred in the county of Yuba, which was a mining county itself in its eastern end and lay contiguous to the counties of Nevada, Placer, Sierra and Plumas, in which mining was carried on in a still larger standard of operation. But thousands of like cases may be cited in the counties of Sacramento, Sutter, San Joaquin and Calaveras, where good farms have been ruined by hydraulic mining, which I call a vicious avocation, and one that should be punished by fine and imprisonment in every state in the Union.

But after perusing this column of digression on the affairs of our sister state, the reader will ask what all this has to do with Oregon? And my reply is that we have at our own doors a similar condition of affairs. It is not as direct a menace at our commerce to-day as it will be fifteen years hence, but it stares us in the face surely, nevertheless. Hydraulic mining does not take its start and date its existence from new discoveries of placer gold mines. It does not begin until the tunnels are virtually worked out, and the pits are no longer available by the old fashioned rocker and long tom. Then comes the capitalist and buys up, at $50 or $100 apiece, the claims which once gave bread to several hundred men. He consolidates them together for the purpose of incorporation, and brings in a ditch from some large river no far distant. He erects his giant nozzles opposite banks of gravel that will pay anything above ten cents per ton, and tears away a mountain in a single week. Vast granite boulders are left behind, but the small cobble stones and the fine sand go bumping down over the riffles. The debris lodge on the river bars from one year's end to the other, and each succeeding freshet carries them seaward, as their place is filled up again by the deadly work of the sleepless nozzle. Day and night the work goes on, and sees the hills torn down by the ruthless hydraulic works. Meanwhile the great mass which moves so rapidly through the sluices comes slowly forward to the sea.

The Boise basin, which virtually begins at the confluence of Moore's creek with the Boise river, is nearly thirty-five miles in length by some twelve to fifteen miles in width. It is so irregular in outline that an exact computation of its area would be an almost impossibility. You must guess at the area of the watershed, rather than of the valley proper. Placer mining has been carried on there for nearly twenty two years, and many of the once rich tunnels have long since become worked out. During the past six years hydraulic mining has been steadily on the increase in that section, as other branches of mining have perceptibly declined. The great drawback, heretofore, has been a want of water, as Moores creek has hardly sufficient fall and Granite creek is not a very large stream. But once let a party of San Francisco capitalists get hold of several thousand acres about Granite creek, Placerville and Centerville, and they will not be long troubled for want of water. By running a tunnel through the divide above Quartzburg, on the road to Horseshoe Bend, they would be enabled to bring in as large a ditch as they desired and the work of piping the basin down to the bedrock would only be a question of time. Instead of piping from March to September, it would go on all the year round. The Snake river is the outlet for all that country, and it empties into the Columbia. Its strong and angry current will sweep the tailings onward. There is no fear of its injuring the navigation of Snake river, but the real menace is to that of the Columbia.

Again, in our own state we find another menace of the same sort but on a smaller scale. Baker county is full of half worked out placer mines that will be piped off by hydraulic power wherever water can be made to reach them. These "slickens" go down the Powder river to the Snake and so into the Columbia, each succeeding June rise carrying them down to fill up the still reaches of the grand old river of the West. These debris from the wreck of Auburn and Pocahontas will be coming down the Powder river for the next thirty years. And now we are told that another rich placer camp has been discovered on Pine creek in Union county. My own belief is that the new camp is a second Auburn and that it will last eight or ten years before the final clean up by the hydraulic process occurs. And then we shall have countless tons of the self-same slickens coming down some small tributary of the Snake to jeopardize the commerce of the Columbia. The Snake has no commerce that cannot be done by rail, hence navigation is of no importance, especially when we consider the swiftness of the current and the high price of fuel. Again, look at the mineral discoveries now being made on the headwaters of the Columbia, close to the British line. What guaranty have you that the Spokan, Okanagon and [illegible] will not annually send down as many tons of debris to shoal the navigation of the Columbia, as the Powder, Owyhee and Boise have already done.

I say that any money made in such a way is made in the pursuit of a vicious avocation. It is as vicious as exploding giant powder in a trout stream to kill twenty trout in a minute rather than spend two hours to catch them with rod and reel. I may catch twenty trout in this way, but the shock makes fifty other trout barren and incapable of self reproduction. Just so with hydraulic mining. A man to get $1000 worth of gold, pipes down 10,000 tons of earth and sends it down to lodge in the bays and estuaries at the mouth of the river, besides taking the chances of ruining countless acres of agricultural land in its passage down the river towards the sea. Every dollar gotten out of the hill of California by hydraulic mining has cost that state $5 in damage to agriculture in the counties adjoining those where such mining was carried on. Add to this the damage to the bay of San Francisco and its tributaries, and your arithmetic becomes impotent to compute the loss. The time has come when the business men of Portland have got to face this evil as the merchants of San Francisco should have faced it twenty years ago. Reparation for the past is impossible. What is needed is prevention for the future. Every owner of a lot in the city of Portland is interested in the proposition. If the Columbia shoals as much in the next five years as in the past five, our seaport will go to Astoria.

Seven out of every ten hydraulic claims in California are owned almost exclusively in San Francisco, and none of their profits are spent in the counties where the destructive work goes on. Hillsides that might be made available for summer pastures and dairy farms, are piped down into the sluice boxes and hurried seaward to destroy navigation and impair the use of the finest harbor between Cape Horn and Behring's straits. With the profits of this mining spent outside these counties simultaneously with the destruction of the land, the condition of these hydraulic mining counties becomes a repetition of the absenteeism which has impoverished Ireland. The profits of an industry, or some portion thereof must be spent where that industry is being carried on, or that locality will speedily become bankrupt. Again, in seven out of every ten of these hydraulic mines the labor employed is that of Chinamen. The rich man, who boasts he owns the ground that once gave employment to eighty or a hundred men, has no sympathy with white men who clamor for bread. All he wants is to have his work done as quickly as possible, and for the least money. And when you stop to consider that there are in foothill counties of California thousands of acres of bare bedrock that might have been ere this converted into orchards and vineyards, capable of supporting hundreds of white people, you will not be astonished at my allusion to hydraulic mining as a vicious avocation.

Our only remedy lies at the hands of congress, which has the sole and exclusive control of the territories. Congressional legislation, if our representatives take hold of it at once, can stop hydraulic mining in Idaho, Montana and Washington, and by the time our next legislature meets we can pass a law similar to that in force in California, [illegible] in Jackson and [illegible] counties [illegible]. [illegible] of our commerce it should be preserved from any such destructive influences as hydraulic mining, and every man who has a lot in the city of Portland has an interest in its suppression. It damages navigation, and two thirds of the men whom it benefits are non-residents. We have no interest in its perpetuation and every interest in its suppression. It employs, at best, a nomadic class that never makes any permanent home or definite abode and with these arguments against it congress cannot fail to pass such legislation as will stop it in the territories. The state of Oregon can take care of itself. But if the worst should come to pass, and the Columbia become ruined as is the Sacramento, a few cool headed men will remember who saw the danger from afar off and gave the key-note of timely warning.

THOS. B. MERRY.

McCullough's Beginning

Argonaut.

John McCullough was married at the age of 19, while he was yet a blacksmith at the forge and was only dreaming of the stage. He has been married thirty five years, but during almost twenty-five years of that time has lived apart from Mrs McCullough, though never willing under any circumstances to obtain a divorce from her. As was to be expected, she was his only real friend in his adversity, though her prospect before her is a terrible one. There is no probability that death or reason will come to McCullough's rescue, as his brain alone has given way, but his iron frame breaks slowly. He still retains an inordinate desire to act as when the stage fever first seized him. His first professional advancement he owed to Edwin Adams, who, then a rising young tragedian, had observed this ambitious spirit in the ranks. Edwin Forest sent in great haste one day for Edwin Adams to come to Connecticut from Philadelphia, to play Pythias to his Damon. Adams could not go, but sent his young friend McCullough, with a letter of introduction, half as a joke, and half as an experiment. Forrest took kindly to the young Irishman, bullied him a little, but coached him a little, too, lifted him out of the ranks, and played Damon to McCullough's Pythias as long as he lived. McCullough meanwhile outstripped his early friend, and played Damon to Edwin Adams' Pythias as long as he lived.

NEW YORK NOTES.

The Evils of Omnibus Travel in the Great Metropolis.

House Tops as Sleeping Apartments—Variety Concerts and German Beer Halls—Newspaper and Art Notes.

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—New York, which likes to think itself ahead of other places in nearly everything, undoubtedly takes the lead in one respect. It is the city of impositions on the public. The latest example is the Broadway horse railroad of Mr Jacob Sharp, which at first everyone was inclined to welcome as a means of relief for the overcrowded chief thoroughfare. Mr. Sharp has stopped all the cars on the parallel line along university place, thus throwing the entire traffic upon the Broadway rails—traffic which formerly employed the parallel line and the omnibuses. No practicable number of cars could ever meet such a demand and, as it is, the number used is absurdly inadequate. Besides, the cars are constantly getting blockaded in long lines and then hurrying by without stopping for anyone. The other day I was in one of them near Wall street, when a fire in a side street caused a complete stoppage and finally the down cars had to be dragged across to the up track and started on their return trip. This week again I had an opportunity to rest for twenty minutes with a lot of other passengers in a Broadway car while a safe was unloaded from a truck standing across the track. Twenty five or thirty cars collected behind ours, stretching down to the Battery, until the driver concluded to drag the car from the rails and treated us to a jolting ride over the rough pavement before he returned to the track. It results from all these things that, in this epoch of rapid transit, we have Broadway cars which, owing to their small number and their delays, are overcrowded to an extent that is disgraceful and an outrage on the public, as much so as the indecent crowding of the days before the "L" roads.

If the old omnibuses had been replaced by a more convenient kind, they would have been far better than these cumbrous and comfortless cars. 'Buses can at least go around an obstacle. But we Americans are in some ways, curious as it may seem, unpractical and conservative. The old Broadway stage was carefully contrived to hold but few people and provided with steps specially adapted to keep those few people out, as well as to prevent their escaping after they had once got in. Yet no one ever urged improvement, though London and Paris were all the time running omnibuses that were rolled along smoothly, were capacious and easy of access. Even now the last relic of the breakneck pattern of vehicles, the sole surviving Fifth avenue line, refuses to make any innovation, and will therefore in time have to yield to the [illegible] and malodorous car. This conservatism is illustrated in another ridiculous custom, that of painting the street number of private houses on that half of the front door which is always turned in, so that it remains invisible. The person in search of a number is compelled by this ingenious device to pass along the sidewalk in agonizing suspense, painfully counting the houses from the last one on which he found a number, and is met by a sort of eternal negative in the word "No," "No," "No," which confronts him on every door. Year after year, nevertheless, quantities of houses are built which repeat and perpetuate the senseless arrangements.

It is surprising, also, that New Yorkers have not yet learned to get more good out of their roofs and back yards. The inhabitants of tenements have native (or imported) wit enough to take to the roofs as a sleeping place in summer; but what the well-to-do citizen needs is not so much to go to sleep on his roof as to wake up to its pleasure-giving facilities. A night or two ago I was disturbed by some slight explosions on the roof under which I find shelter, and discovered that two young men from an adjoining house had come over to practice pistol shooting at a target set against one of my chimneys. It is perhaps carrying the progressive movement a little too far to establish pistol ranges on the housetop. But an important lesson may be learned from the illuminated summer garden on the summit of the Casino, and the open air restaurant on the roof of Mr Cyrus W. Field's Washington building near the Bowling Green, where one may dine in full command of a view over the entire harbor and a large part of the city with variegated and picturesque expanses of water dotted by the colored lights of ferries and shipping on the one hand and on the other dusky stretches of masonry furrowed with dim lanes of gaslight or irradiated from above by the circles of electric lamps in the public squares. There is no reason why every private house should not have its special summer resort provided with awnings and flowers, on the roof. At such an altitude the evening air is nearly always cool and refreshing, even on the hottest nights. Nor need the usefulness of the house-tops end with the warm months. In Twenty seventh street, near Fifth avenue is a stable on the roof of which stands a large hot-house where a profusion of plants and rose bushes grow all winter, making a very pretty spectacle for the passer by. The suggestion which it offers opens up a whole new order of delightful retreats which might be provided for winter, a sort of stay-at-home Florida, which could be enjoyed by the slight effort of riding up in an elevator. Invalids could get their sun bath in such places when unable to walk or drive out. Apartment houses and hotels in particular could maintain these observatories to advantage and they would be just as desirable in other cities as in New York. Eastern and western papers please copy.

I am led to these reflections just now by the experience of a recent call on some European acquaintances who have settled latterly in New York. I speak of them as European because it would be hard to say exactly what country they claim as their own. They have lived in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin and Paris; in short, in nearly all the capitals; [illegible] On the evening of my call the [illegible] was darkened, but a distant murmur of voices gave assurance of the presence of the family somewhere on the premises. The servant took the card, disappeared, and returned in a few moments with an invitation to "step out in the back yard." Ordinarily, this would be considered anything but a flattering invitation to a visitor, but, feeling sure that, however mysterious the summons, I was safe, I allowed myself to be conducted to the basement and through a door, opening on the space usually reserved behind every New York house. The custom is to make this studiously forlorn inclosure about forty by twenty or twenty-five feet. On Mondays and Tuesdays it is given up to the drying of clothes, and on the nights of all days in the week it is sacredly kept as a rendezvous for the nomadic cat, the tall board fences between yards being used as highways by these small tigers in their journeys from one enclosure to another. I found that my European friend had banished the cats and had erected a little pavilion at the rear end of his yard, furnishing it with chairs and tables and lighting it with gas. Trailing vines served to shut out the sun's rays in the daytime, so that in the evening the pavilion formed a cool and delightful family sitting room.

"I had this place built as soon as we moved in," said my host, as I seated myself in a reclining chair and accepted the glass of beer proffered by his wife. "We have been the wonder of the whole neighborhood ever since we began to spend our evenings here instead of in the hot parlors. The cats next door receive on Mondays in August but otherwise they don't trouble the neighborhood much, now so we sit here enjoying the quiet, while all the other people in the block silently swelter indoors."

The prescriptive rights of the cat in New York are very strong, so that my friend's invasion of their territory is perhaps frowned upon by citizens who still believe in feline supremacy over the back yard. But in time this superstition may die out and then his example will doubtless be imitated. By the way, I hear that Mr. Edward H. Johnson, well known as an electrician and head of the Isolated Electric Lighting company, is completing a house in Thirty-sixth street, which is to be quite a marvel in the number and variety of its electrical arrangements. The hall lamp lights by electricity at the opening of the front door; the clocks will all run uniformly by electricity; flowers and plants in the conservatory are to be grown by electric light, the electric engine will pump up water, thermometers in various rooms connected by an electric wire with a thermometer out of doors, will register the external temperature, there will be electric ventilating fans, and sundry other contrivances are contemplated. It would seem as if the list might be made complete by adding an attachment for giving a shock to burglars and for the expulsion of the above mentioned cat from the back yard. Life would then become comparatively endurable.

In the adoption of foreign ideas which may be considered as improvements our people are usually, it must be admitted, teachable, as evidenced by the dissemination of various customs and conveniences through the Centennial exhibition. The popular music hall has of course long been domesticated among us. Koster & Bial's is one of these institutions, where burlesque, variety pieces and singing are offered to the public in conjunction with beer and cigars. Americans when in Germany frequent similar "smoking concerts" at Dresden, but here, unfortunately, these similar amusements collect a rather promiscuous audience—probably attracted by the "variety" element—which keeps ladies away, though they used to go formerly. Under the stage are the manager's business office and a peculiar little apartment known to few persons, remarkable for the manner in which it is decorated. At night it is the scene of occasional festivity between the acts, but the name by which it goes—the "cork room"—is not suggested entirely by the drawing of corks which then takes place. It refers rather to the novel and tasteful use made of the corks in ornamenting the walls and ceiling. The whole place is paneled and ceiled with hundreds upon hundreds of champagne corks, many of them still bearing the gilt or silvered top, arranged in various fanciful designs, some of which include the names of performers who have achieved success on the boards above. Circles, arabesques, and squares meet the eye on every side, all formed of the same material, and in some cases the cut strings which formerly bound the cork to its parent bottle are skillfully arranged in a dangling fringe from between the rafters, supplying another effective element of decoration. The variety of pattern and the excellent effect obtained are remarkable. It is a sort of spongy mosaic and as the tradition is that the corks all represent quarts of champagne which lived their brief and foamy life in this very room, one is reminded of the custom of the Capucin monks at Rome, who adorn the crypt under their church with the designs formed of skulls and bones of brothers once alive. The "cork room" is a sort of catacomb under the stage, where all these reminders of the transitory life of wine are gathered. The room, which I visited some time ago by daylight, contained then another object recalling a foreign association. This was an iron box about two feet square, containing clockwork, which often aroused the curiosity of visitors. On inquiry I found that it was the infernal machine with which Thomas attempted to wreck one of the German steamers eight or ten years ago, as he had already wrecked the Deutschland. The miscreant committed suicide at Dresden when the murderous scheme was discovered. Curiously enough, too, I knew the miscreant in Dresden some years earlier, where he was regarded as a good humored friendly fellow, rather to be laughed at than feared. He was stout and burly to the verge of apoplexy, so that his gold bowed spectacles fairly sank into his flesh, and his skin was so rosy with good living that he bore the nickname of "Pinky Thomas." He was companionable, free with his money and active in all popular gatherings of Americans. No one could have suspected him of his cold blooded villainy. The last time I saw him was after an American subscription ball in Germany, when he insisted on ordering champagne for a group of men and sat with them for some time talking with knowledge and intelligence about literature. He was fond of wine and so it was fitting enough that his devil machine should have found a place in this sub-theatrical wine room. If every cork on the walls and ceiling could tell the story of those for whose momentary pleasure it popped, we should have a thousand comedies and tragedies ready to our hands. But they remain silent, as do so many other inanimate witnesses of gay or shady life in New York.

There will shortly be published a daintily and humorously illustrated volume of "Life's Verses," from the popular comic periodical, with drawings by F. G. Attwood, H. W. McVickar, C. G. Bush and others. *Life* was started in January 1883, as an experiment in the field where so many precursors had perished. It is now a thriving success, and dances gaily above the bones of its defunct forerunners, the old *Vanity Fair* and *Punchinello*. For a while Henry Guy Carleton, who has since gained repute as a playwright and is the only American whom Henry Irving has commissioned to write a play, was the editor, but the chief owner, Mr J. A. Mitchell—an emancipated Massachusetts man—now occupies the chair. He is also a clever artist, and supplies many of the illustrations, with an occasional cartoon. The paper is edited in a large room on Broadway, more like a studio than an office, which will bear further description.

Augustus St Gaudens has just finished a portrait of the late Dr Chapin, once a leader among New York preachers, who used to speak 150 words a minute, in a voice like thunder.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

MISCELLANEOUS SMALL TALK

In Chicago they call their beer gardens retreats. Re-treat! how charmingly appropriate!—Yonkers Statesman.

The "eminent physician" who is telling people they must not run after 40 does not refer to politicians.—Portland Press.

As we understand Brother Hendricks, he is cordially in favor of carrying out the civil service law—on a shutter.—Philadelphia Press.

Talmage told his Scotch audience Sunday that this was an epileptic earth. Perhaps Talmage is partly to blame for it. He is giving it fits to the best of his ability.—Boston Post.

"Let me see," said a minister who was filling out a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride, with indignation, "this is only my second."—New York Ledger.

It is said that most of the inhabitants of Glasgow go to bed intoxicated every Saturday night. This shows the hard sense of the Scotch. In this city, instead of going to bed, they would roam the streets until Sunday morning.—Philadelphia Call.

A savings bank in Portland, Or., has a $20 gold piece which was taken from the stomach of a slaughtered cow, and found to be worth $16 25. The milling is worn off the edge, which is smooth and rounded, but the designs upon the sides remain visible. The date of the coin is 1870, but how long the cow had been digesting the $3 75 no one can tell.—*Boston Journal.*

It is reported that Mary Anderson is soon to be married to a Kentucky "manufacturer." Manufacturer is good, or euphonious, but why not be truthful and say Mary is to be married to a Kentucky distiller—sour mash, or the copper distilled article is all that is manufactured in Kentucky. Its coffins for the victims of "the silent sentinel of the fireside" are all imported.—Kansas City Journal.

A Belfast gentleman and wife were riding out one day recently and stopped at a house on Northport avenue and asked for a drink of milk. The young lady informed him that they had only skimmed milk, which the gentleman said would do. After drinking the man insisted upon paying for it, but the young lady refused. She finally said: "We want no pay; we give skimmed milk to pigs."—Belfast Journal.

TRANSPORTING SHIPS BY RAILWAY

The world will soon know whether or no loaded ships can be safely and profitably lifted out of their element and carried across an isthmus upon a railway. Vessels plying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the ports of our northeastern seaboard are now compelled, of course, to go around the peninsula of Nova Scotia. About 300 miles would be saved if they could use a canal across the narrow neck that connects that peninsula with the mainland of New Brunswick. It was once proposed that a canal should be made there, but now a ship railway is to be built on the line of the proposed waterway. Work has already been begun upon this railway, and it will be carried on by an English company whose president is Lord Brabourne and whose chief engineer is John Fowler, who built the London underground railroad. It may be that Capt. Eads will find by and by in the Dominion the strongest of arguments to support his project for an inter-oceanic ship railway on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.—New York Times.

MAX O'RELL.

How the English People have been Bled for Viscount Wolseley.

Battenberg and his Royal Mother-in-Law—Sorrows of the English Nobility—The French Elections—Gossip and Anecdotes.

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, Aug. 15.—Gen. Wolseley, baron of Cairo, has just been made a viscount. This lucky soldier is simply overwhelmed with honors and bank notes, by a generous queen and a grateful country. After having beaten the Ashantees, in 1874, brought home the umbrella of their king, and burnt their capital, a feat, as I have said elsewhere, not requiring much talent, the dwellings being built of wood, mud and straw, Gen. Wolseley on his return to England, had a grant of £25,000 made to him. Eight years later on his return from Egypt, this same general received a peerage and £25,000. Lord Alcester, his companion-in-arms, who had operated on the walls of Alexandria, whilst Lord Wolseley was operating on the backs of the Egyptians, also obtained a peerage and £20,000. Now Lord Wolseley was sent last year to the Soudan to regain Khartoum. Unable to do so, he had to content himself with repairing the road to England. For this feat of British philosophy, he has been created a viscount. When I consider the small number of British soldiers whose deaths the general caused to be deplored, I imagine that all these honors have been bestowed upon him at the instigation of the Royal Humane society.

Queen Victoria has not yet heard the last of the Battenberg business. In a case of mere ordinary discontent with the sovereign's choice of a husband for her daughter, the grumblings would have subsided after the tying of the matrimonial knot; but at this match there is still a feeling manifested which is more akin to disgust than disapprobation. It was bad enough to choose such a husband for a royal princess of England, but the crowning blunder was committed when he was created a royal highness, and made a knight of the Garter. If the English nobility, many of whom have royal blood in their veins, had any doubts as to why they were sent to this world it must now begin to dawn upon them, I should think, that they were created to hand pocket handkerchiefs to German serenities. It is no wonder they are branching out into commerce, etc., that one duke is going into grocery, another into stockbroking, and that honorables are to be found touting for wine merchants. The ladies seem to be following the example of their lords, to judge by the fact that a lady of rank has lately opened a bonnet shop in the west end of London.

As every one knows, Lord Tennyson, poet laureate, wrote an ode on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Beatrice. The poet's effusions are as humorous as the prose details of this interesting wedding. "The bride, we are told, will lead 'a summer's life.'" I fear it will be the German prince whose life will be a summer one, for the permanent presence of his royal mother in law will no doubt make it hot for him. As I told you before, the queen allowed the young couple only forty-eight hours to enjoy each other's company quietly. At the end of the prescribed time down came to lunch with the pair the inexorable mother-in-law. Such arrangements have certainly had no parallel since the case of the small tradesman found traveling alone upon his honeymoon, in consequence of the money not running to taking his wife along with him."

I hope we shall hear no more of the London scandals. The criminal law has been amended, and now that this nasty business is over it is amusing to see the English press trying to prove that all great foreign towns are worse than London. They are hard at work. The last discovery was that San Francisco was the worst of all.

The general elections will take place in France on the 4th of October, and in England in the early part of November. The former country will from now till October resound with the cry, "Opportunism or radicalism," England with, "Conservatism or liberalism." The cry "monarchy" will of course be raised in France, but not responded to by the people. The republic is for the present the unchallenged master of the situation. If France had a king on the throne, most bourgeois and the whole of the peasantry would vote for monarchists at the elections, but the middle classes in France will bear anything rather than that there should be a fresh upsetting of the existing form of government. What the French people want is peace at home and abroad, their ideal is a jog-trot and thrifty existence. When will French rulers understand that and abandon their colonial politics which are making the French a laughing stock in Europe?

It should be said that the French partisans of a spirited colonial policy have a strange way of understanding the thing. They believe that colonies are made by governments by force of arms. They will not understand that English adventurers, not English governments, have made English colonies. Gen Gordon said in his diary at Khartoum that the English would do well to borrow a little chivalry from the French, but surely the French would do well to borrow a little wisdom from the English. Colonies should be made by private enterprise. The English go to "pastures fresh and new" at their own risks and perils, especially the missionaries, who are the best colonizing agents. Colonies should be made for overflowing populations, not for the wholesale exportation of officials. In Cochin China there are 1000 French inhabitants, 4000 French soldiers and 2000 French officials who answer for the security of the place, so that the English and Germans may comfortably come there, settle and trade. Our colonial policy in France consists in getting the chestnuts out of the fire for our neighbors.

Apropos of missionaries being good colonizers, a good story I am indebted to an English gentleman with whom I crossed the channel. "On arriving upon his new field of operation," he said to me, "the missionary places the bible in the hands of the natives and thus addresses them: 'My dear brethren, lift your eyes to heaven and pray. Lift your eyes higher, higher, higher still—that's it; now close them and do not open them till I tell you; that's right, not yet, there, now open your eyes, you are saved.' When the worthy natives open their eyes their territory is gone."

France has just received her annual sermon from Prince Von Bismarck. Every summer sees cavalry maneuvres in the east of France, and these are always the signal for warnings from the official press of the redoubtable chancellor. The French may be ill-advised to occasionally let fall the word "Revenge," but surely the Germans are still more so to be constantly reminding their neighbors of their defeat. I am afraid that France is now in just the kind of position in which Bismarck has long wished to see her. M. Jules Ferry, the great opportunist, urged by the German chancellor, has gone to Annam, to Tonquin, to China, to Madagascar, and kept the French troops at a good distance from the German frontier. The wily diplomatist has also succeeded in exciting bad feelings between the French and the English. So, for the moment, we have lost the sympathy of our natural allies. We have 35,000 soldiers in Tonquin, where we have also lost 15,000, we have 6000 in Madagascar. Our coffers are empty; we are over head and ears in debt. M. de Bismarck, pleased to see us all right at last, tells us that we had better keep quiet and not talk about our revenge, or he will give us a good drubbing. When the general elections come off I hope France will not forgive a French minister for having alienated from her for some time the sympathies of the freest people in Europe, to throw her into the arms of her most implacable enemy.

It is said in Paris that the richest collection of diamonds in existence is in the possession of Miss Minnie Palmer, that sprightly, delightful American actress, whom I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing in London, but who is quite unknown to the Parisians. The central diamond of her collection has, we are told, a historical name, having been exhibited at the great exhibition of New Orleans under the name of Cleveland Gem. The stone was bought of a Portuguese by Mr. Dufas, of New York, who cut it and polished it. This beautiful diamond is, it appears, worth $200,000. Now is this is a tale from wonderland?

CAPT. BENJAMIN WRIGHT.

The Discoverers of Gold in California and How they Lived.

Rude Methods of Securing the Yellow Treasure—Dangers of a Miner's Life—Wright Starts on Another Expedition

ARTICLE V.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Believing that some of the adult readers of these articles have no more than a general knowledge of the discovery of gold mines in Oregon and California, and the progressive steps by which they were developed and made to revolutionize the world, socially, physically and mentally, and that but few of the youthful ones have ever read, or even been told, of the magnitude of these discoveries, the rapidity with which the mining and agricultural districts were settled by people from all parts of our globe, of the sufferings endured, the dangers met and overcome, the mode of life of the miners, farmers, traders in the mines, and their assistants, the packers, nor of the crudity of the tools and the still more crude manner of their application to the varying emergencies of revolving chaos prevailing in the mines from their discovery early in 1848 until the territory of California was admitted into the Union in 1850, it would not be out of place to take a first glimpse of the subject in this article, which would make the subjects treated later on appear in a clearer light.

By the 1st of October, 1848, thousands of emigrants, whose original destination was the territory of Oregon, turned their course, when the news of gold discoveries in California met them on their road, towards the latter country, to swell the already large population. Hundreds of volunteers had been disbanded in California, and had, almost to a man, remained and turned miners. The regular troops deserted from every post in the territory, while the naval vessels lost nearly all their petty officers and seamen. Merchant vessels and whalers entering San Francisco, or any other harbor on the California coast, lost their crews, who often deserted en masse and went to the mines, in many cases leaving behind them back pay and allowances, and, if whalers, all their share of the oil, amounting, in many cases to several hundred dollars. Vessels from New South Wales brought cargoes of British convicts and turned them loose to mingle with, and affect for the worse, the young American population. These convicts were dubbed "Sydney ducks," a title too mild for many of them.

Officers of the army and navy made excursions to the mines ostensibly on government business, but really on their own account, to spy out the rich placers and to gather a share of the tempting dust. The following extract from a letter by an army officer to the New Orleans *Crescent City* gives a fair view of the situation:

"I expect to have a strange time of it here. Forts without soldiers, ordnance without men enough to guard them, towns without men, a country without government, laws or legislators, and what's more, no one seems disposed to stop and make them." The flood of miners to the original mines on the American river, swept on past that place, spreading as it advanced, penetrating all parts of the country, and opening up new fields of gold [illegible] as it moved northward.

Hon. Thomas O. Larkin, in [illegible] to Secretary of State Buchanan, says: "The whole country is now moving to the mines. San Francisco, Sonoma, Santa Cruz and San Jose are emptied of their male population. Every bowl, tray, warming pan and [illegible] has gone to the mines; everything, in short, that has a scoop in it that will hold water and sand. * * We have plenty of gold [illegible], [illegible] much less to wear. Our supplies [illegible] from Oregon, Chili and the United States."

The *California* [illegible] of San Francisco says: "Carpenters and other mechanics have been [illegible] $15 per day, but it has been [illegible] refused. * * The rates of transportation for merchandise now charged by wagons are $[illegible] per 100 pounds to the lower mines, a distance of twenty miles, and $10 per 100 pounds to the upper mines, a distance of forty miles." He [illegible] only considered that an extraordinary high rate of transportation, but the writer, and doubtless many who may read this article, know that as high as $75 per 100 pounds has been charged and paid for transportation later than the foregoing date.

The *Journal of Commerce* says: "At present the people are running over the country picking gold out of the ground here and there, just as a thousand hogs let loose in a forest would root up ground nuts. Some get eight or ten ounces per day while none get less than one or two."

Again, Mr. Larkin writes: "Some foreigners [illegible] use of cradle or pan as too tame an occupation and mounted on horses half wild, dash up the mountain gorges and over the steep hills, picking the gold from the clefts of the rocks with their bowie knives."

An ounce of gold usually sold at $16, but at first it sometimes sold as low as $8 or $10, but there was plenty of it, and under such circumstances everybody was happy, careless and often rude, but the rudeness was usually so good natured that each overlooked it in the other, and fraternity, the best of human ties, bound the miners together in all the varying moods of coquettish fortune. Nicknames were of very common occurrence in the early California and Oregon society, among the high as well as among the low, so careless were the early settlers of their own or anybody else's reserved rights to be called by no other than their lawful names.

Any peculiarity of form or feature, or characteristic trait, was sure to bring down upon the doomed subject, male or female, some ridiculous appellation. Yet little or no offense was taken at each other's good natured failings, for they had all entered the mines for one purpose, and that was to get rich, and to hold all silly conventionalities in abeyance [illegible] that end should have been accomplished. An army officer, in a letter to a friend at [illegible], says: "I was invited to dine with a select party of [illegible] who were just from the mines [illegible] with them [illegible] an abundance of [illegible]. [illegible] was a judge, a seven footer, who, being called upon for a speech, said [illegible] going to give a sentiment [illegible] never could, but even [illegible] slapping [illegible] who swallowed a big mouthful [illegible] name with something [illegible] Leatherbelly [illegible] acknowledge the truth [illegible] we all came here to [illegible] roar acknowledged the [illegible] of other men's intentions."

The only machine used for a year or so for gathering the gold was a cradle about three feet long and eighteen inches wide. [illegible] tom was usually flat. The back [illegible] was from two to three inches higher [illegible] ward [illegible] out at the [illegible] were [illegible] when they were [illegible] width, at the front [illegible] ends corresp[illegible] top, whe[illegible] placed [illegible] made of [illegible] thick and four [illegible] making an open box [illegible] the bottom of this frame was [illegible] of rawhide—st[illegible] iron was substituted—which was perforated with holes [illegible] fourths of an inch in diameter, [illegible] about two inches apart. On the [illegible] sieve was fastened [illegible] one foot long [illegible]. This sieve was held [illegible] on the outside top of the cradle, [illegible] from slipping off [illegible] screen was placed a cloth apron sloping toward the back end of the cradle to within [illegible] of the bottom. When the machine was [illegible] man sat down on anything which would answer the purpose, with the cradle [illegible] with the front or lower end to his left, taking hold of the upright handle with his left hand, he rocked it back and forth, while with some sort of a dipper in the right hand, he poured a continuous stream of water upon the dirt or gravel which had been placed in the sieve from some pool, or stream of water, on his right hand; the dirt and water in the sieve, moved back and forth, by the continuous rocking, [illegible] nothing but stones, too large to pass through the holes, remained in the sieve. The water, fine dirt and gold passed through the holes in the sieve fell upon the apron under it, passed on down the apron towards the right hand, or back end of the rocker, under which it passed, turning at the same time, at an acute angle to the left, passing on down the bottom of the rocker till intercepted by a cleet at the lower end, which retained a bed of sand into which the gold, as it came on down the bottom, was held—settled under the sand by the steady rocking of the cradle. If the diggings were rich, a half-hour's washing necessitated a clean up, when the gold and sand were scooped out with a piece of sheet-iron, tin plate, spoon, or any other suitable instrument, and placed in a pan, which was taken to a pool of water and the sand washed out by the miner, who, squatting down at the edge of the water, pan held firmly in his hands before him, sinks the pan and dirt under the water, then raising it to just the surface, at the same time shaking it from side to side, round and round, up and down, giving it all the excentricities of motion known and unknown to science. Closely watching the gold to prevent its escape, he works, and sifts, and splashes until nothing remains but the gold, and a plentiful supply of black sand.

At night, or when the day's work was over, the pan of black sand and gold was taken to the camp fire and held over it until the sand became perfectly dry. Then he takes a "blower"—a piece of tin five inches wide and eight inches long with two sides, and one end turned up about one inch high—into which he puts a quantity of gold and sand, then blows, and shakes, and puffs, until nothing but pure gold remains. The rocker, as the cradle was subsequently called, was good enough at first, but as time brings experience and necessities, it also brought the curious, prying Yankee from the east, who soon improved on the rocker by [illegible] out the "Long Tom," which was used with success for a few years, when it was displaced by the "sluice."

A pine tree, about twenty-four inches in diameter was cut down, a log ten or fifteen feet long cut off, and one side flattened to a width of sixteen inches; this flat surface was then dug out to a depth of twelve inches from end to end of the log. It was then turned over and the other three sides worked off until a square trough was made, with the sides and bottom about two inches thick. About thirty inches from one end a slanting cut was made, so that the trough had the appearance of two sled runners, held together by the bottom. A screen of rawhide, perforated like that forming the rocker sieve was nailed tightly over this slanting end, from the extreme points of the runner shaped sides, back to the remaining bottom of the tom. Thus when the tom was set for use this rawhide screen rose gradually from the bottom of the tom, along under the runners until it reached the top. Under this screen was placed a "riffle box," made of one inch boards, about four feet long, and six inches wider than the tom, the sides and back end of which were six inches higher, the sides sloping gradually toward the forward end, to a width at the end of two inches.

When it was used the whole thing was placed on some logs to keep it above the ground, with the back end six or eight inches higher than the front end. A stream of water would be introduced into the upper end of the tom, and passing on down, would carry dirt and rock down to the screen, where a man stood with a square pointed shovel, and rubbed and scraped the mass of dirt and stones until all had dropped through the screen into the riffle box below, except the large stones; these he threw out with his shovel. Three men were a full complement at a tom; two to shovel in dirt, one to rub, and throw out the dirt. Often a large nugget would be thrown into the tom with a shovel full of dirt, which would soon wash away, leaving the big bright apple of gold to be seized upon by some one and held up in view of the others.

"I tell you what it, that beats em all."

"Hi! we sleigh ride with the gals when we get back home!"

"I'm going to give my gal a gold ring as big as an ox bow, I am."

"The Digger Injuns'll get your scalp 'fore you get gold enough to make that ring."

"They killed all of that crowd that went up towards the rotten mountain last week to prospect."

"All of them?"

"All but old Knockknees, and he was so durned ugly they wouldn't kill him."

"It's possible they wouldn't kill you, either, for the same reason."

"We won't quarrel on that score, but I'll [illegible] safe if you can get such a chance."

"What kind of a chance does he want?"

"A chance to run."

All chuckled and worked on. The gals and [illegible] rings, and "Injuns" were for the moment forgotten; the picks sounded [illegible] dull as they sunk into the yielding ground; the shovels [illegible] scraped, and the water [illegible] rippled down the tom [illegible] box, gold in the tom [illegible] the big long [illegible] and away [illegible].

And so the miners mined, and [illegible] from creek to creek [illegible] [illegible] until the [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] the [illegible].

When new diggings were struck, the news would fly to the nearest camp, recruit [illegible] recruit again five-fold—but the work was done. From every camp within a hundred miles or more poured out a caravan of miners. A few pounds of flour, ditto of bacon, a little coffee or tea, some salt, a few spare shirts, tobacco, pipe and matches, all rolled up in a pair of old blankets or a tattered bed quilt. On the outside of this pack were tied a pick and shovel, frying pan and camp kettle, coffee pot and gold pan, and often, when he possessed such a luxury, an extra pair of old boots or shoes, making a pack often weighing seventy-five pounds. With such a load slung over his shoulder, with gun in hand, the miner climbed the rugged mountains, or crossed the valleys between, as he marched on to the better diggings just a little ahead; sleeping by his little camp fire under the tall pine trees, supping his black coffee from an old oyster can, and bathing his soggy bread in bacon grease before taking the delectable morsel between his teeth; disturbed at night by the creeping worm or whisking lizard, a grizzly bear, a jaguar, wildcat or panther, or the pelting rain from a lowering sky.

Perhaps, too, as he folded his blankets around him at night to recruit his weary limbs in sleep, or at early dawn, as he opened his drowsy eyes, his ears were saluted by an Indian yell, or the whistling of a flight of arrows, embedding themselves in the ground around him, in his blankets, or darting through the quivering flesh of limbs or body.

And so fared individual miners in thousands of cases as they tramped from camp to camp, or prospected alone in the wilderness for new diggings for their own.

Who was left to tell the fate of that little party of prospectors? See them as they lie wrapped around with scant and soiled bedding on the low bank of that little creek—feet to feet, and still footed heads in opposite directions, with their old tattered hats drawn over their faces; belts with knives and pistols still attached [illegible] and their bodies, guns lying by their sides ready for use—sleeping quietly. With the [illegible] [illegible].

And the tall pine trees, as though to warn the tired sleepers, [illegible] [illegible] their prostrate forms. [illegible] [illegible] sent from above, of love, [illegible] [illegible] these [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] the gray haired [illegible], the [illegible] loved sisters, and the [illegible] brothers, and feel the hearty clasp of their hands as they are welcomed home again—their wives too, as their weary footsteps near the open door, rush out to meet them, with cries of delight and they feel the pressure of their faithful arms around their necks; they feel the warmth of their welcome kisses upon their bearded lips. They see their happy children clustered [illegible] and the little ones [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] wrapped [illegible] deep oblivion. Then [illegible] to the ground, and their [illegible] by the fresh morning [illegible].

Hark! low creeping sounds are heard around these unconscious men. From behind every tree and shrub, rock [illegible] stealthily approach—with cat-like cunning they creep toward their prey [illegible] [illegible] these happy dreamers [illegible] [illegible] agency his work in these [illegible] fiends.

See there a circle of dark objects rising around that little group of silent sleepers—rising erect, the left arm of each is gripping with the hand the deadly bow, and with the right he draws back the fatal string,—hear the sharp twangs! A sound of arrows glint through the morning light, embedding their flinty heads and poisoned shafts in the warm, soft flesh of those unfortunate men. Good God! Those awful moans of pain—those words of agony—a rush of dark forms upon these prostrate bodies—dull, sickening blows, and struggles, and gurgling sounds—all is over, of that short carnival of death. The dusky forms dance wildly over their writhing prey, denude and mangle their quivering bodies, and leave them a prey, a feast for the hungry denizens of the forest.

And thus it was that the first miners worked the mines with crude machines. Thus it was that the miners tramped and prospected and opened to the waiting world a field of wealth, [illegible] purse of misery. And thus it was, too, that company after company of prospectors were murdered by the Indians, that pack-trains, loaded with supplies for the waiting miners were ambushed, the packers shot from the wayside bush, and the goods carried away to the strong holds of the savages, far away in dark gorges of the surrounding hills. At last harassed to the verge of desperation, no peaceful remedy possible, for forbearance ceased to be a duty, much less a virtue, and whenever a wild Indian was discovered he was shot down at sight. And so it was that the American miners, noble hearted and compassionate by nature, became inveterate, and in a degree, heartless Indian killers.

When, further on, I shall depict some desperate and bloody encounters between them and the Indians, do not imagine that I am bloodthirsty, but credit me with wishing to spread out before the reader a view of early days as they really were. Possibly, before we separate, we may be inclined to stoop in sympathy over a fallen, grasping foe, but when the divine law of human progress asserts its legitimate sway over our minds, and the equally binding instinct of self preservation shall have been recognized, then that fallen foe must remain unwept, and the hand that dealt the fatal stab uncolored by innocent blood. Nordhoff, in his sketches of Oregon and California, tells how he often met those old Indian fighters, and says: "But one of those old Indian fighters sat down after dinner, over a pipe, and related to me with horrifying coolness the details of the death which his rifle [illegible] on an Indian * * * How he lay on the grass and took aim at a tall savage who was in the moonlight, trying to steal a boat from a party of gold miners, and how, at the crack of his rifle, the Indian fell forward his full length in the boat and never stirred again. I confess I was dumb with amazement. The tragedy had [illegible] even the dignity of an event in this man's life. He [illegible] Indians as he ate his dinner—[illegible] as a matter of course. Nor was he a brute, but a kindly, honest, good fellow, not in the least blood-thirsty, and was the father of a family of happy, intellectual and kindly children."

We have now taken a peep into the state of affairs in the mines in 1848. Nor did they grow better, only by very slow degrees, for the incentives for dispute were strong on both sides—the one to dig up the soil in search of gold, to fence the swelling plains for agricultural uses, to fell the forests for lumber and fuel and to cover the rivers and lakes with vessels of steam and sail; on the other, to drive away the unwelcome strangers and to fatten upon the spoil from their desolated camps. The survival of the fittest has been amply verified in the last four decades.

It was the intention of Capt. Wright, when he formed his company, to set out on a hunt for the bandits, but the depredations of the Indians became more numerous and bolder as the months passed by and the country became more populous. Thousands of miners had passed on north, discovering the mines, afterwards so famous as the Shasta mines, together with many creeks and flats. The Trinity mountains had been reached and the rich diggings of Weaverville had been opened, and the footprints of the daring miners were blotting out those of the natives on the devious trails down the Trinity river. Log cabins were being erected in the most promising mines as bulwarks against the inclemency of approaching winter and the inroads of the surrounding savages.

The Indians inhabiting the country a little below and west of Capt. Wright's camp known as Cottonwood creek, were very numerous, warlike, and possessed with inordinate thieving propensities. They not only stole the miners' horses and mules, but often, under cover of bushes, rocks and trees, crept near to the miners while working their claims, and killed and wounded a great many. But still the Indians remained unpunished, so intent were the miners on the one pursuit of gathering gold. But at last, as Capt. Wright had perfected his arrangements to start after the Mexicans, a delegation of miners sent by a mass meeting held at Olney's trading post, for the purpose of devising means of defense against the savages, waited on him and solicited his aid in ridding them of the [illegible] of the Cottonwood and other [illegible] Indians, who were, or should be, guilty of [illegible] upon the miners and farmers, for a few of the latter class had located agricultural lands and were preparing for a crop the following year.

The bandits were, according to the [illegible] reports, on the east side of the Sacramento, a little below the ferry at the [illegible], where they had committed several robberies, [illegible] [illegible] defeated two attempts to capture, or drive them out of the country. Capt. Wright [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] Indians, because they [illegible] [illegible]. The Mexicans were [illegible] [illegible] them [illegible].

"Now, gentlemen," said the captain, "[illegible] my men [illegible] to go down after the Mexicans first, and then if we get back alive, we will turn our attention to the Indians. But you must know that [illegible] come back and fight for you, it is but just that you bear the expenses of our food and such other necessaries as we may require."

"Can you set any time for your return?"

"Not with any degree of certainty. We do not know where they are, how many they number, what difficulties we may encounter in our search for them, nor what the result of a fight may be if we do succeed in finding them."

"You will, then, when you return, give us your assistance?"

"Yes, if you will furnish us supplies."

"That we will do. We shall expect you back within one month."

"You may look for us sooner than that, unless our game compel us to take to the mountains before we sight them. In that case the hunt may be a longer one. But we will find them if it is possible to do so, and that very soon, too."

"Some of your men have only a rifle and knife. They ought to have each a revolver or pistol of some kind, for the greasers are all well armed, or ought to be so, as they have robbed and killed so many men that they should have more arms than they need by this time."

"I am well aware of that unpleasant fact, but where are we to get the pistols? There are none for sale unless the seller robs himself."

"We are anxious for you to succeed in your present expedition so that you may be better able to assist us, and we want you to bring back as many men as you can, and if you will delay your start for two days we will get sufficient arms for every man in your company."

"Exactly. Two days after to-day will see us all well armed and ready for a start."

"Yes."

"Good. We will wait, then. Is there any liquor left?"

"I'll see," and a tall, grizzled fellow [illegible] got up and went to his horse and took from his saddle four large canteens, which he had brought along in the shape of [illegible] on his saddle, and which the committee, all [illegible] men, had brought with them as a [illegible] for the [illegible], [illegible] making the men [illegible] willing to turn back after the Indians. Placing the canteens on the ground in the centre of the circle of men reclining on the grass under the trees, he said: "There, captain, help yourself. Come on, boys, and take something; it'll be your last chance for a [illegible]."

"Some of us don't drink such stuff."

"You ought to keep full of it every day, and then you'll be immune from these pesky fevers and agues."

"If [illegible] [illegible] What would you do [illegible] men?"

"We ought to be supplied with a good, cool headed surgeon, for some of us may need his attentions. We need a doctor as much for physic as for surgery, for the climate here is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

[illegible]

"It is a good recommendation [illegible] get him [illegible] Where is he [illegible]?"

"He is stopping [illegible] was only yesterday that I heard [illegible] that he would like to [illegible] believed that it was the same that [illegible] the pack train and carried off his medicines and surgical instruments, and wants you to look out for them, and if possible recapture them."

The committee returned to the mines and secured the services of Dr. Elliott, and succeeded in raising a sufficient number of revolvers to fully equip Wright's men. On the morning of the appointed day the company set out on their difficult and uncertain venture.

The company mustered forty-five men, including the packers, four in number, but who were also armed, and were well able to take care of themselves and to send a [illegible] shot [illegible] of their friends when it should be [illegible] necessary, they reached the ferry on the Sacramento, twenty miles below, early in the afternoon, and found the ferryman in a high stage of impotent rage because, that very day, while he was [illegible] and defenseless, the whole Mexican band had come to the ferry and compelled him to set them across the river, and did not pay him a single real. They did more. They took all his little stock of provisions, a few ounces of gold dust, his two horses, and one tall savage fellow playfully drew the edge of his long knife across the ferryman's throat, which caused the blood to ooze out in several spots near his valuable windpipe. And more than that they kept up a tirade of abuse during the time occupied in crossing the river. They also told him the pleasant fact that they would not kill him then, but at some future time they would make up in severity for their clemency then. Each of them had from two to four revolvers, besides a gun, and often more than one large knife.

They also informed him that they had whipped every party of cowardly gringos that had come after them, and that they could do it every time. They numbered, including women, of whom there were [illegible], [illegible] forty-five, and the worst set of humans he had ever seen, and for the balance of his life he was bent on killing greasers at sight, treaty or no treaty.

"They are not more than ten miles from here now, for the last one did not get across till after 5 o'clock and they rode off at a slow gait. It is only ten miles to that sharp mountain," pointing to the northeast, where the hills declined towards the river. "They'll be sure to camp there to-night. If you can trail them and find their camp to-night you can clean the whole nest out at daylight to-morrow morning. —— me, but I'd like to go along and take a hand. Who'll stay here in my place? He can keep all he makes, and if I'm killed he may have the ferry. I just want one chance at that long legged giraffe that cut my throat. I'll be —— if I don't go anyhow and—"

His volubility was interrupted by Capt. Wright, who said that if any one felt inclined to take up with the ferryman's liberal offer he might do so, but no one felt inclined to accept, because, "Are we not sure to capture old Joaquin and the [illegible]?"

"It is useless for us to attempt to follow them to-night, it will be so dark that we can not see their track," said First Lieutenant Landbauch—of whom we shall see much when we come to the Modoc campaigns.

"I believe that we can track them in the grass and wild oat straw which is thickly matted on the ground, and having so many animals I think that they will leave a well beaten track."

"Let us go on to-night, captain," was the general desire.

"Make some coffee, then, and fill yourselves, for if we once get on their trail we must hunt them up before morning. We will have no more chances to eat or sleep until we have learned more of them than we know now. Be active, boys, we must be well out on their trail before dark."

Capt. Wright concluded to leave the pack animals behind, as they would greatly retard the hunt and be difficult to control in the event of a serious fight, for he felt considerable assurance of being able to overtake them by morning. [illegible] were [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible] very easily provided [illegible] until [illegible] was determined. [illegible] two days rations at two meals per day, which he rolled up in a single blanket and tied on his horse behind the saddle.

When the sun was a quarter of an hour above the mountain summit on the west Wright gave the order to move. Two trips of the boat landed them safely on the opposite side, and they set off over the undulating plain in military order, by twos, with the ferryman at [illegible] [illegible] the Wasco—who would not leave [illegible] Wright—in the advance. The country was gently undulating for six miles, when it became more broken. The trail was easily followed through the matted oat stubble, which was dry and easily broken by the horses, so that a good plain trail was left behind.

When the broken country was reached it was found to be more difficult to follow the trail, because of the scant covering of oat stubble on the ground and the rapidly increasing darkness. The general course of the bandits was toward a [illegible] up in the hills, [illegible] a creek upon which, as a matter of course, they would camp for the night. There was no water on the plain none that could be [illegible] [illegible] a quart canteen full of water [illegible] to his saddle bow.

Just before dark the captain ordered his men to dismount, and thus addressed them:

"Boys, I want to give you a point or two, which I wish you would notice well. The greatest danger of our being first discovered is by the greasers' [illegible] or horses; and they expect [illegible] giving token of our approach, we must pinch their noses."

A general laugh went round at the [illegible] expense, but [illegible] in earnest [illegible] "It [illegible] when I was up in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when he was riding his way through the [illegible] country, with only one companion, they [illegible] their horses [illegible] while hid in a thicket of brush, and a large party of [illegible] [illegible] them. Their horses would try to neigh and they would seize their noses and [illegible] pressing their nostrils tightly together [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

It became necessary to [illegible] who were sent ahead to search out the trail in the deep darkness of the night. They succeeded with much difficulty in keeping the trail, but sometimes they would get completely off and the company would come to a halt, wait until the trail was found, and pinch their horses' noses.

They were in the foothills; their horses were thirsty and should have water. The grass was parched and did not quench their thirst.

A low "halt" stopped the advance.

"Dismount, boys, unbit and let your horses eat. We may stay here until daylight, for we do not know where to go."

Robin Hood, an English sailor, who obtained his nickname because he was brave and happy, and would sing his favorite song, beginning,

"Robin Hood was a forester good"

At all seasonable times, was the second lieutenant. Wright took him and Parnassus and went out to prospect the surroundings, and ordered First Lieutenant Landbauch to remain at that spot until he came back, or if he heard firing in any direction to come on at a gallop, as the firing would not be all for fun.

[To be continued.]

CONFEDERATE MONEY.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

The confederate government did not lack for money. In 1861 it issued $100,000,000, and until the last year of the war continued to send out bills of every convenient denomination, from $500 to 25 cents. There were green 5-cent postage stamps, with the profile of Jefferson Davis on them, and these were sometimes used in making "change," but the man who did it was always pitied as a penurious, rascally fellow. Confederate money is [illegible] handsome. Of course the paper is inferior, but some of the [illegible] designs are well executed. It has a blue back, on which are intricate curves [illegible] and curls and its value denoted by designs with letters an inch and a half tall. There is no uniformity in the designs. On some bills there will be imaginary scenes and sketches, a woman, a pile of arms, a rush to battle. On others appear likenesses of confederate heroes and confederate state houses—[illegible] Davis on the [illegible] and Alexander H. Stephens on the twenties; the Nashville, Tennessee, state house on the tens and the Richmond, Virginia state house on the [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] at different [illegible] treaty of peace between the Confederate States of America and the United States.

Confederate money was [illegible] going [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] rights and [illegible] was passed [illegible] for money to be exchanged for different values.

There has never been a [illegible] confederate money. The [illegible] [illegible] 50 cents, the others [illegible] [illegible] men and women [illegible] to know for a certainty that their money was valuable only as paper. The [illegible] [illegible] it as money [illegible] the walls with [illegible] and put on a border made of confederate money. Screens were made of [illegible] with money [illegible]—in fact everything susceptible of ornamentation received its supply of plate and pink treasury notes.

Dr. W. T. Barnard opens an able and elaborate discussion on "The Relations of Railway Managers and Employes," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September. This is an interesting branch of the great labor question, and presents many of its problems in a light especially favorable for critical study. Dr. W. G. Thomson considers "The Present Aspect of Medical Education," and gives much information and many valuable suggestions upon the subject. The "Insect Fertilization of Flowers" is an extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated article by the German botanist Behrens, and is full of nice points on this curious topic. No man in this country is better qualified than Professor E. D. Cope to treat of the "Origin of Man and the other Vertebrates." Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi concludes her essay, "An Experiment in Primary Education," in the present number.

Maurice Hageman is playing in "The Mikado" at Baltimore, taking the leading character. Having lived in Japan several years Mr. Hageman understands something of the language, and makes a sensation in the character.

PIONEER DAYS.

Battle of the Abiqua—A Story Never before Fully Told

The Good Effect it had on the Indians in those Days—The Immigration of 1846—The Kirk Family of Brownsville

ARTICLE XX.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

During the month of March, 1848, a large proportion of all the able bodied men of Oregon were away from their homes, fighting the murderers of the Whitman family and others killed the preceding fall at Waiilatpu. There was a general feeling of uneasiness among settlers, [illegible] stories were current, and apprehension felt that the Willamette tribes might be [illegible] the [illegible] tribes to commit some atrocity. It may be supposed, then, that the presence of a large party of Klamaths in this valley at that juncture created suspicion and caused no little excitement. Mrs. Hutchins, wife of [illegible] Hutchins, who is [illegible] on the Grand Ronde reservation, and who is a very intelligent and progressive Indian, says that many of these eighty Klamaths were her mother's family connexion and [illegible] came on a friendly visit to their kindred. Mrs. Hutchins is a daughter of the Molalla chief, Koastu, and is a niece of [illegible] Chinook, so is highly connected from an aboriginal standpoint.

INDIAN OUTLAWS IN PERILOUS TIMES.

Hutchins says their tribes signed away the east side of this valley—the Willamette—to the whites, so he has had to take up his residence on the Grande Ronde reservation. There were quite a number of outlaws among the Indians who roamed this valley in 1848, and they made themselves disgraceful in various ways. Many young men had taken up land claims and had left their cabins unprotected while they were gone to the Cayuse war or to the mines, a few months later. These desperate savages broke into these cabins and stole blankets, clothing and whatever was to be found there. They also killed stock on the ranges, and so helped themselves to meat. In fact, they transgressed against the settlers because they were left in a measure helpless and most of the men absent. The situation was considerably aggravated by the appearance of these eighty Klamaths on the scene, and they may have perpetrated much of the crime that was chargeable to the Indians. At least this was the common belief among the white settlers.

These Indians were especially fond of "Dicky Miller," and he [illegible] to do something to him. They dressed in their war paint and went about his neighborhood whooping and yelling furiously, but made no actual attack. Their actions alarmed the community, and as many families had merely women and children at home they were frightened to know that Indians were traveling about in their war paint. Many of the neighbors took refuge in Miller's house, for their common safety.

THE SITUATION IN 1848.

It is not the design [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] wilderness [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as we have already alluded to, in riding the wide country from Oregon City to the Santiam. To do justice to the settlers' fears, remember that they were already distracted by tales of Indian massacres, that the story of the death of the Whitman family and the terrible atrocities perpetrated on the living, was yet a horror that shocked their souls; that fathers, sons and husbands were absent in far distant regions answering the call for justice and vengeance on those murderers, leaving but few men in all western Oregon, and you will begin to realize that the fears of these settlers were not altogether groundless.

FOUND FOR DICKY MILLER'S.

Our story occupies three days of exciting interest. On the first day the fact was known that Klamaths and other Siwashes, horridly painted to indicate their threats of war, were coursing through this range of hills and prairies and making threats of murder. Such news spread fast. It is not necessary to repeat it many times to make a whole settlement act. One after another those people had hitched up oxen or horses and taken their way to Dicky Miller's, where they could at least be together and act in unison. They came in families and squads. Mothers with their children, sturdy lads shouldering the old man's rifle, or whatever weapon he left behind him when he became a crusader. Women were there who carried their own arms of defense and whose looks showed that the pioneer mothers of Oregon would defend their homes in the absence of the pioneer fathers. The scene grew dramatic as the day wore on and the gathering at Dicky Miller's became motley, but not uniform in its complexion. As to "Dicky Miller" himself, whose log walls [illegible] so many people sheltered, he was "thar or tharabouts." Miller was no mere braggart or coward; he made all welcome as they arrived and exchanged travel greetings. If he didn't undervalue the seriousness of the occasion, neither did he exaggerate the perils of the hour. He was cool and [illegible] and cheered all by his presence [illegible].

Lewis Miller [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] gave reminders [illegible] spoils of [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] but all possible hospitality was shown. Imagine that March day and its inclement weather, the throng of people seeking safety, and the glowing fires of kitchen and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

CARRYING THE "FIERY CROSS."

A [illegible] then established [illegible] length of the Willamette valley, and Mr. Knox [illegible] started out that very day to make [illegible] [illegible]. It was a new enterprise and very satisfactory to the settlers. As he went up from Oregon City to the Santiam he gathered items of more interest than ordinary mail matter can often possess. He met on his way a hideously painted crowd of savages, whose war whoop rang in his ears for many a mile thereafter. He was informed of their numerous outrages and how many families packing their cherished valuables—their household penates—to seek refuge for them and for themselves at Dicky Miller's. When he reached Miller's he found that veteran armed *cap-a-pie*, or fixed so [illegible] could be so, to encourage the brave and put heart into the timid among women and children. He lingered awhile at Miller's to take in the dramatic interest of the surroundings. Thereafter he sounded the "tocsin of war" and bore the "cross of fire," as the ancient lords sent their messengers to call the clans to arms. All over Upper French prairie, Howell and Salem prairies, and among the beautiful vistas and changing landscapes of the Waldo hills, and upon the delightful Red hills and rich bottoms that lie south of Salem,—though not much of Salem was there in '48—went the news of a possible Indian outbreak and rising. Where Knox couldn't go no messenger did go and carry the "fiery cross" to wake the clans.

It was midnight when Knox reached the Santiam and tied his panting steed at the gate of Jesse Looney. He had made the circuit needful to call out all the help that could reach the scene of action the ensuing day. One day of the three is over, and the braggart Klamaths and a few renegades besides, almost a hundred in all, had paraded their insolence and shouted their threats for the last time. The United States mail, or rather its carrier had sounded a war whoop that was comparatively noiseless, but the [illegible] human [illegible] it called out three score of brave men who met the emergency boldly, and sent the Klamaths home again with loss of a chief and half a dozen warriors.

ORGANIZING FOR WAR.

When the second day dawned it saw scores of resolute men, generally young men, too, wending their way towards Dicky Miller's house. They started at dawn, and formed squads as they came. Those who couldn't go themselves sent guns, and those who hadn't guns went themselves. Sundry yeomen whose fame as hunters was well established, and who had "locked horns" with Indians before that day, took down the good old piece from over the rough mantel and slinging it over one shoulder, saddled old Roan and started for Miller's. They knew there was hazard in it, but they never sounded a quaver as they gave the parting directions to wife and children. Those mothers were too Spartan like to grieve over possibilities, but not too strong to send a prayer on the road to Miller's. But most of them were young men who were [illegible], in a practical sense. These cleaned their rifles after a lively fashion, whistled a camp song of the plains as they saddled [illegible] and went galloping towards Miller's with all the abandon of our pioneer youth. A streak of war paint had no business in range of that boy's rifle-barrel—not just then.

Dan Waldo and Ralph Geer were young in '48. Uncle Dan has left us but Ralph is here yet. They lived even then in their Waldo hills homes and they did not bring up the rear of the clansmen who answered the "Fiery cross." The reader who seeks for the high, patriotic motives and gallant bearing of the Oregon settler of the former days has real history in view and has small appreciation of men and civilization. Wherever they were put those men who made "pioneer days" illustrious proved equal to every emergency.

Early in the forenoon sixty yeomen of the Home guard were assembled at Dicky Miller's, and with the self possession and confidence peculiar to our frontier, they proceeded to organize for action. Dan Waldo was elected colonel and commander in chief; Ralph Geer and [illegible] Mills captains, and minor officers in proper proportion. Having organized they moved rapidly up stream toward Koastu's camp. Their intention was to drive out of the country the marauding Klamaths and any other foreign savages to teach them and the Willamette Indians as well as all intruders that disorderly conduct or savage performances intended to alarm women and children would be resented promptly and seriously.

BATTLE OF THE FIRST DAY.

They had a small prairie to cross on the line of march, on the north side of which there was a thicket of brush. On the edge of this thicket there was a foot log across a small stream. The whites had sent a party into this brush to look for the Indians. When they came in sight the Indians, who had [illegible] into this thicket, disposed themselves in hostile attitude, and when the opposing forces met there the shooting commenced. The Indians, however, soon concluded to get out of that "neck of woods," and left by way of the foot log that crossed the stream which had quite a current, as will soon [illegible]. As they were recrossing this foot log one red blanket was seen to fall into the stream at the very moment that Churchill's gun went off. It was supposed that here was a man killed, but Mrs. Hutchins says the Indian who was shot [illegible] down stream a ways, then got out and went on [illegible] his business. Mrs. Hutchins is undoubtedly correct in her version.

BATTLE OF THE SECOND DAY.

The Indians ran away to above Koastu's camp and the fight of the first day ended without serious [illegible] [illegible] to the whites, some of them went home to look after their families and [illegible] [illegible], but the young men idled [illegible] the battle ground. A council was held that [illegible] the route and future course [illegible]. Next day they followed the [illegible] up stream [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and he was the chief of the marauding band it was considered fortunate [illegible] [illegible] some time that it was a rifle of [illegible] whose bullet did the work.

THE SAVAGES BROUGHT TO BAY.

After a while they came to where a ledge of rock jut into the stream. It was steep, and afforded no protection [illegible] the Indians or their pursuers. Water trickled over it. The whites staid behind [illegible] [illegible] some of the Indians climbed the ledge and got away, while others stood together and fought valiantly for their lives. [illegible] the rain especially uncomfortable, snow and rain fell during the whole day and many of the guns wouldn't go off. A few guns would clear all the time and did execution to this extent [illegible] seven Indians were left on the battle ground. They all fought bravely but they could not compete with their arrows against powder and ball. Finally the Indians scattered and got away. The design of the settlers was not to exterminate them, but to teach them a relentless lesson and drive them out of the country, in which they succeeded.

WHY THE STORY WAS NOT TOLD.

Considerable criticism has been uttered at one time and another, concerning this "Battle of the Abiqua," in some young fellows who were not fortunate enough to "flesh their maiden swords" in that contest, vented their jests because women were killed. It was a set up combat and a crisis in the affairs of Western Oregon might have been reached suddenly if those Klamaths had been permitted to commit outrages and incite the Calapooias to similar acts. The settlers turned out promptly and acted bravely, and very beneficent results came from it. The Indian women fought as well as their braves. One of them was killed with a drawn bow and arrow in her hands. Two women were also wounded and the whites made stretchers and carried them out. One lived and one died but they received the best treatment to be had.

There were serious reasons at that time to believe that efforts were making to bring about an Indian outbreak in this valley. Many foreign [illegible] Calapooia Indians were acting badly, and this "Battle of the Abiqua" taught them all to respect the whites and fear them. The day before the battle [illegible] a small party of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and dangerous; those proved to be Warm Springs [illegible] and it was thought they were [illegible] our Willamette Calapooias [illegible].

Molallas and Klamaths had intermarried [illegible] very intimate relations together. The Molallas occupied the mountains and foothills from the Columbia river to the Klamath in California, a distance of over three hundred miles. This battle of the Abiqua was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] power and manhood of this [illegible] [illegible]ters.

GOOD RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

If this affair showed [illegible] of the Cayuse War times we can claim for it consideration and a fidelity in exceeding in results some of the efforts of that time. It successfully quieted all the Indians native to this valley and sent to their homes marauding outlaws whose motives and effectually was to test the patience and courage of the settlers and incite all surrounding tribes to join in case that united action could be secured. The Klamaths were here in force and the Warm Springs band was duly represented. No man need doubt that a strong dread of them could have been summoned at short notice to do desperate deeds in case circumstances were considered favorable for an outbreak. They were wild and untamed—peculiarly so at that time. Imagine that organized Indian war had come upon our settlement, that a force of southern Indians were camped on the passes over the Calapooia mountains on the south, that Klamaths and Snakes were ready to descend on our people by the Three Sisters, and that Warm Springs savages were waiting like an avalanche at the foot of Mt. Jefferson, that when signal fires should blaze these savage hordes should come down with fire and sword and pour all the horrors of savage strife on an unsuspecting, unguarded and unarmed community.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The suggestion is not far fetched or improbable, for Indian runners were constantly going from tribe to tribe on messages of peace or war, and had the Calapooias proved treacherous and base, one of the most fearful episodes of all our history of Indian wars might have been located in this valley. Only five years later the settlers of Rogue river experienced all the horrors we have surmised and with greater organization the same desolation and atrocity that marked Rogue river's charming valley with blood and fire brands in 1853 could have desolated the Willamette in 1848.

Immigration of 1846.

Among the old settlers of Linn county must be counted the Kirk family, who are found at Brownsville, where they located almost forty years ago. I recently met my friend, W. R. Kirk, and "jotted down" some points of his own and the family history. He was raised partly in Indiana—which state his father left when the lad was ten years old—to settle in Missouri. Nine years later he came with his father and R. C. Finley, his brother-in-law, who lives at Crawfordsville, for the journey across the plains.

THEY LEAVE ST. JO.

They had four ox teams in their crowd, and left St. Jo, [illegible] on the 4th day of May, 1846. They were the first of that emigration to get to [illegible] City where they arrived on [illegible]. They reached The Dalles [illegible]. Being in the lead, they had good grass and water, and so were able to make excellent time. They had another advantage, for as they were in advance of the time usually [illegible] by emigrants the Indians were not on the lookout for them, so they had no trouble from Indians, and lost no stock stolen.

After they were acquainted with travel on the plains they became far more independent. The small company felt the advantage of being in the lead and pushed on to keep the advantage gained. One result was that as only six or eight wagons were in company and drove together, there was no cumbrous organization or attempt at discipline. But they took no chances and stood guard regularly. They saw Indians occasionally, but the savages didn't get ready to plunder and didn't care to have the whole emigration aroused against them by reports of trouble in the lead. They waited for the later trains, and "played havoc," if they didn't "let slip the dogs of war," on the belated travelers. By this time the Indians had [illegible] all apprehensions by quiet conduct and [illegible], but levy heavy tribute on [illegible] [illegible] who brought up the rear and [illegible] one to fall back on.

WHY THE KIRKS CAME TO OREGON.

The [illegible] that [illegible] to emigrate that was held out to the Kirk family was the hope of making themselves homes in a pleasanter climate than Missouri possessed, [illegible] of establishing good health instead of breathing the malaria that was terrible and almost [illegible] in that far west. Oregon with [illegible] sea breezes and mountains, with [illegible] springs and fountains, rolling hills and fertile prairies, with tall forests and everything else [illegible] in proportion—that was the [illegible] [illegible] the working problem. They started with high pressure, made a delightful [illegible] of the journey, and rolled into the Willamette valley in early autumn, when the first harvests were red and [illegible] [illegible] fullness of fruition. It is [illegible] [illegible] of 1846 have worn [illegible] years that have [illegible] Kirks have enjoyed and [illegible] [illegible] to give. One would be gifted, [illegible] to be able to depict the beautiful valleys of western Oregon as the sunlight of those pioneer days caught up their beauty and loveliness. They were all that pioneer fancies had painted them, the great trouble [illegible] was where to locate the magnificent [illegible] of [illegible] acres that was promised [illegible] [illegible] few years [illegible] pioneers and their wives. [illegible] was more beautiful than any other [illegible] were as attractive as the valleys [illegible] and sloping foothills [illegible] beauty that lingered and [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] they went [illegible] make a raft and [illegible]. The Indians there were [illegible] savage, though they had [illegible] the acts of emigrants. As they were [illegible] for the night an [illegible] horse ran against Frank [illegible] the [illegible] with his [illegible] was little doubt that he [illegible] annoyance. He [illegible] down as he was taking [illegible] the yoke, seized his [illegible] savage half a dozen licks with the [illegible]. The horse reared [illegible] so, but he got out of [illegible] lash instructed him and his [illegible] the scrape he got [illegible]. At [illegible] of the lash they echoed, [illegible] there was no indication that they resented the whipping his [illegible] him. Had the blows been given with [illegible] his brethren would have resented [illegible] perhaps fatally. The only [illegible] in their company was Mrs. Munkers, the eldest. She was a little unwell, but their party [illegible] on health.

[illegible] teams but eleven wagons on the [illegible] went ahead to make better time. At [illegible], this side the Rocky mountains, seven more wagons left them to push ahead. After that [illegible] time were left in the company the Kirks made part of. On the Boise Jonathan Keeney overtook them, and they afterwards traveled together. The company thenceforward consisted of, viz:

THE MUSTER ROLL, PEOPLE AND WAGONS.

Alex Kirk, wife and four children, 6; W. R. Kirk and his young wife, 2; R. C. Finley, wife and two children, 4; Hugh L. Brown and family, 6; Preston Munkers and wife, 2; James Blakely, wife and four children, 6; Frank Beeler and a man with him, 2; Wm. Martin, wife and family, [illegible]; Frank Martin, wife and family, 5; Wm. Burnett, wife and family, 6; Green McDonald and family, [illegible]; John Ladd and Gibson, 2; a total of [illegible] persons.

[illegible] the Cascades, and after [illegible] the [illegible] put them [illegible] as follows: John Keeney, [illegible] wagon; R. C. Finley, 2; the Kirks 2; Brown, [illegible]; Blakely, [illegible]; Ladd & Gibson 1.

Most of these people settled in Linn county and several near Brownsville.

In 1850 [illegible] W. R. Kirk went to California and remained there for some time, mining with [illegible] success. His partner was ill, and he came home again. The Rogue river Indians were hostile. He had a horse shot by them but not killed.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE.

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TALLY HO.

Joaquin Miller [illegible] of the [illegible] Theatre, New York.

[illegible] dramatizing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] theater in a [illegible] of "Tally [illegible]" [illegible] the pro[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] which large[illegible] The weird, wild [illegible] between his teeth [illegible] was Bob [illegible] The re[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] full of thrill[illegible] [illegible] was re[illegible] were only schoolboys [illegible] all spiritless and dull [illegible] came he [illegible] accused a young [illegible] made his wife, of [illegible]. All the while he was mildly [illegible] listlessly put into [illegible] through the accusation. [illegible] Then the tableaux [illegible] Monk, rangers, [illegible] piled upon the stage in [illegible]. But Miller, shaking his [illegible] be rehearsal satisfactory [illegible] his little form was [illegible] the center isle towards [illegible] great things of "Tally Ho" [illegible] caught the public taste [illegible].

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who seems to know what he is writing about, says:

The simple facts of the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, if [illegible] worth reciting again at this late day, are that the early melting of the snows in the Sierra Nevadas had swollen the the North Fork causing the water to back up into the race [illegible] at work at the mill that in one of his "hours of idleness" Marshall, the overseer, walking by the edge of the race, saw the shining particles through the clear waters at the bottom of the race that he "fished out" a specimen or two, carried them to camp, was laughed at by the boys, who pronounced the stuff "mica" and "fool's gold," obstinately persevered in thinking it was worth "something," tried it by boiling the specimens in lye, and finally gathered a dozen [illegible], put them in a quill plucked from some mountain bird, stopped them in with a peg, and hurried off one night to Captain Sutter at his fort on the Sacramento, fifty or sixty miles away, who made chemical tests and pronounced the specimens gold. This is the story, and its essential features may be relied upon as correct.

and with greater organization
tion and atrocity that marked
charming valley with blood and
could have desolated the Wil-
[illegible]

REBELLION SKETCHES.

Chickamauga—"The River of Death"—How Thomas Saved the Union Army

Campaign Against Tullahoma—Dissatisfaction at Washington—Narrow Escape of the Army—Battle of Chickamauga—Retreat.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

For nearly six months the army of Rosecrans, after the battle of Stone's river, remained in and around Murfreesboro. Here another reorganization took place, and that which had been known as right and left wing, and center, under Buell, was designated as the Fourteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first corps, in the army of the Cumberland.

The great deficiency was in cavalry and cavalry equipments. Rosecrans repeatedly urged upon the attention of Gen Halleck these necessities, and Halleck in reply urged that the army push on south This resulted in a spirited controversy between the two, and Rosecrans appealed to Secretary Stanton. In the interval of this delay Murfreesboro was strongly fortified, and various detachments were sent out to different points against the enemy. The cavalry commands of Wheeler, Forrest and John Morgan had been largely augmented, and were constantly doing great damage in Rosecrans's rear. For want of cavalry he could not prevent it. A number of expeditions against the enemy, for this reason, proved disastrous In one of these Col. Coburn found himself surrounded by the enemy in greatly superior numbers, and was compelled to surrender 1300 men—his entire command. It had now become a kind of piecemeal warfare throughout the whole department. Small bodies of men of a few thousand each held positions here and there, and some of these almost every day were met and defeated by the enemy, or in turn were themselves the victors but such battles decided nothing, and the whole north became clamorous The northern press teemed with correspondence on the conduct of the war All these wiseacres knew just what should be done, and all directed their blows against Commander-in-Chief Halleck At one time a most scathing placard denouncing Halleck and demanding in the name of the people a change in the policy of inaction, was posted in conspicuous places over the country It was sharp and scathing, but ungentlemanly in tone and as it was anonymous had no special weight or significance, save that it was indicative of the general dissatisfaction. Halleck in turn urged Rosecrans to move, and Rosecrans plead his inability to do so until he was properly equipped. Early in April he fitted out a brigade under Col Streight which he mounted as best he could on old horses and mules and started through the south in an attempt to harrass Bragg's communications, as an offset to the constant raids of Wheeler and Forrest. After sweeping on for several hundred miles burning bridges and doing considerable damage, he was at last compelled to surrender His ammunition was damaged fording streams, and his men were worn out by constant marching and fighting. It was a mistake to start the expedition on poor animals and without proper equipment. The whole south was a hive of spies, and partisans were ready to give information to the enemy at any moment night and day, while Streight traveled in an unknown country, compelled to find his way out and subsist his army as best he could. Other similar expeditions of cavalry and mounted infantry were made in various directions, but no great movement had yet begun It was now well on toward the last of June Bragg's main force was known to be in a strong position, with Tullahoma as his base of supplies The North still clamored, and Halleck still urged a forward movement. Grant's Vicksburg campaign had commenced, and Halleck thought the two armies should act at the same time. Rosecrans believed such a plan would result in driving Bragg to the support of the enemy before Grant, and thought it better to hold him in front of his own lines.

Garfield had taken his place as chief of Rosecrans' staff soon after the battle of Stone's river, and foreseeing the danger of delay repeatedly urged a forward movement. The delay was likely to prove politically disastrous in the northern elections The army was yet far behind the position it occupied more than one year before At that early day its success was measured principally by the square miles of territory it captured. The situation, because of the dissatisfaction at Washington, was becoming grave in the extreme and something had to be done Here again we find the meaning of Senator Blaine's reference to troubles in the department of the Cumberland Garfield urged that Rosecrans, though, as he admitted, not properly equipped, could move with an army of 65,000 men, while Bragg at most had but 41,000 The movement was accordingly commenced on the 23d of June Bragg's army was stretched across the state of Tennessee from east to west with cavalry on the flanks a distance of nearly one hundred miles. Rosecrans moved as before, on all the parallel roads, and skirmishing began almost immediately. Bragg retreated The campaign continued about one week. It was short, spirited and decisive The enemy did not risk a general engagement, but in the several engagements by detachments he lost heavily, and left behind, as prisoners fifty-nine officers, and 1575 men, eight field pieces, and three heavy siege guns

The position of the armies was now the same as one year before, Bragg concentrated at Chattanooga, and Rosecrans occupied the old positions of his predecessor Buell. Another month was consumed in building bridges and establishing his communications. Halleck could endure the delay no longer, and on the 4th of August he gave peremptory orders that Rosecrans move on Chattanooga The Union commander now found himself in the same condition General Buell was when on the same ground. He was even in a worse strait, because he no longer had a choice in the matter In reply to Halleck, Rosecrans asked to know if his order was "intended to take away" his "discretion as to the time and manner of moving, to which he received answer

"The orders for the advance of your army, and that its progress be reported daily, are peremptory" This settled the controversy, but not the nerves of the Union commander He was thus forced into the wake of Buell and reluctantly began digging his own grave. Rosecrans, like Buell, was too slow-motioned but the policy of Halleck was not endorsed latter in the war It took the authorities a long season to find that an army in the mid of a winter's campaign, and in the fastnesses of mountains almost impassable at best, cannot be operated successfully by a commander hundreds of miles to the rear, giving orders from a finely furnished office. But in this case there was nothing to do but to obey or resign the command, and the movement commenced Chattanooga could not be successfully approached directly from the north The Cumberland mountains closely hugged the Tennessee river, barring all possibility of approach along the banks of the stream. Chattanooga, nestled between Lookout mountain and Mission Ridge, at the head of Chattanooga valley, on the opposite side of the river from Rosecrans, and here was the problem before him Three sides of the enemy were protected by mountains almost impassable for artillery. He must cross the Cumberland mountains to reach the river, and then must cross both Sand and Lookout mountains to reach the city The roads in many places were little more than mountain trails He could not move his whole army on any single route He was compelled to divide his forces and take possession of all the passes While this movement was going on, his forces were absolutely independent of each other, and liable to be cut off in detail. On every road he moved, communication to the rear must be kept open, and a line of railroad back to Louisville—hundreds of miles—must be kept in repair in order to supply his army. It was a most herculean task. Its magnitude and danger never have been understood by the critics, and Halleck was not in a position to assume the responsibility of it. It was at a time of year when both food and water in these mountain regions were exceedingly scarce, and this greatly added to the difficulty.

The movement commenced about the middle of August. Rosecrans resolved to cross the river at and near Bridgeport, about thirty miles below Chattanooga, and by threatening Bragg's rear, cause him to evacuate. As a feint to cover his real design, he used the corps of Crittenden in front of the city and on the north, hoping to create the impression that his approach would be on Bragg's right flank, instead of left. Six days were occupied in crossing All the troops were passed over the spurs of Lookout mountain in safety, but now the more formidable barrier was at hand Rosecrans had literally to make roads over Sand mountain. In many places these routes were so steep that the teams had to be doubled in order to make the ascent. The soldiers by companies aided the mules, and worked day and night with but short intervals of rest between. When the army had at last reached Lookout valley, unless Bragg chose to evacuate the place, the city could only be reached by carrying the point of Lookout mountain, where it abuts the river. Rosecrans, however, had one other alternative. He could cross the mountain through gaps farther south, and thus move upon Bragg's communications to the rear. He determined upon the first plan, and gave orders to scale the mountain. Negley's division of Thomas's corps reached the top at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Contrary to expectations, Rosecrans met with no opposition. Bragg was again retreating. He supposed Burnside's army, which had been at Knoxville, had joined Rosecrans, and he estimated the united force now advancing upon him at 95,000 men. He could not hold his position and protect his communication to his rear His depots of supplies were already at the mercy of his enemy, who after reaching Lookout valley was as near them as he was, and with a greatly superior force. Lookout mountain, Sand mountain and Pigeon mountain, with their spurs intermixed and interspersed with small coves and valleys, constituted a rugged and dangerous route for Rosecrans.

Behind these mountains somewhere not clearly known, and with a force Rosecrans could not estimate, Bragg contemplated something which no one could even conjecture The Union forces slowly wound through the gaps and passes in detail on different roads, and without knowledge where the enemy would be found, or which detachment would strike him first. Had Bragg not overestimated the Union army and shrunk from a battle, he could have demolished Rosecrans, corps at a time

Negley's division encountered the enemy in force, and had he not hastily withdrawn to a strong position back in the mountain would have been annihilated It was evident to all, that Rosecrans' army was dangerously divided and scattered in mountain passes where he could neither know the movement of the enemy, nor properly support those of his own isolated detachments. Bragg had not overlooked the possibility of defeating Rosecrans in detail In deed, he had planned for it, but the exact movement of troops in such broken country could not be perfectly counted on and his plan failed His first movement was designed against Thomas He had been joined by troops from Mississippi, and now had about 50,000 men Negley's division was in advance, had pressed right into the teeth of this vast army, and he then saved himself as by a miracle McCook and Crittenden likewise were in positions where no support could reach them Bragg had planned well He committed the movement to Gen Hindman All was arranged, and other supports ordered to Hindman's help, but he proposed a different plan of attack, and while waiting for a reply from Bragg the day passed Bragg refused to entertain his plan, and at midnight peremptorily and with impatience demanded that his original order be executed It was now too late Negley had fallen back into the mountains and the force sent to his rear to act in concert with Hindman's attack in front failed to reach position in time. Bragg now turned attention to McCook's command, which was equally as isolated and helpless as Thomas, on the direct road from Chattanooga to Ringold and Lafayette Two corps were sent against him, but McCook for several days had clearly seen his own helpless condition, though he believed the enemy in full force in his front, and had carefully guarded every movement. For some reason, never clearly defined, this attempt also failed, and Crittenden, like Thomas, went free Some of McCook's brigades, in reconnoitering his front, came upon the enemy and a heavy skirmish ensued. The confederate commander, Polk, mistook this temporary advance for an attack in force, and failing to carry out his orders to advance at daylight upon McCook's position, fell back before a single brigade and called for reinforcement. Three distinct orders were given for Polk to give battle, but he failed, and the whole plan of "detail" attack was abandoned, and Bragg at once gave orders for the concentration of his army on the banks of the Chickamauga creek, to await the whole army of Rosecrans

It seems almost miraculous that Rosecrans, burdened with his trains, which for protection were compelled to move close to the main body of his troops, in these narrow mountain passes in such helpless division, should ever have escaped annihilation, and especially so since the confederate commander fully comprehended the situation, and planned to do that which seemed to be the most easily accomplished, and which the Union army was utterly powerless to prevent or to meet when once put into execution Bragg's orders were not once promptly obeyed by his subordinates, and every effort failed On the 17th of September the three corps of the Union army were again within supporting distance of each other When Bragg was attempting his attack in detail on the several corps of Rosecrans, his whole army was nearer the advancing head of each of these corps than any one of them was to either of the other two His whole army laid within striking distance of Crittenden's corps for three days, when it was not possible for Rosecrans to give Crittenden another man, in case of battle. No general during the war made such a blunder A vigorous carrying out of his plans would have demolished the whole Union army, and there could have been no help for it. The greatest chance of the war for an overwhelming defeat of a great army was lost because of a feeble execution of a most brilliant plan. On the night of the 17th the whole Union army was again united and in battle array before him, and his great opportunity had passed forever. Strangely enough, two days more were lost before the long delayed battle began Bragg had now in battle line five corps These occupied the following order from right to left Hood, Walker, Buckner, Polk and Hill Twelve days had passed and two of the greatest armies of the war had been within striking distance of each other, at any hour, day or night, and yet, no battle had been fought. Skirmishing here and there had occurred at intervals for ten days, but neither commanding officer was able to define the movements of the other. As it subsequently transpired, the battle was brought on by accident, and disclosed Bragg's plan to have been a concentration of his forces in such a manner as to hold all the highways leading into Chattanooga. At early morning on the 19th a brigade was sent on a reconnoissance on the left of Rosecrans' line, and striking the enemy in force, the battle spread unexpectedly to both commanders. Thomas' corps had brought on the fight, and several brigades were soon hotly engaged The country was heavily timbered All day the fight went on until the whole Union army had taken part, while only a portion of Bragg's troops had been engaged Rosecrans held his ground, and had greatly shattered the enemy's right wing, but the day's battle had been so unexpectedly opened, and fought with such courage and persistency that his own corps were not in their proper places, and the various divisions were badly mixed up They had been thrown in here and there as needed, and without reference to the corps to which they belonged. The day's battle entered far into the darkness, and the last council of generals was held at midnight, in preparation for the terrific work of the next day Some slight changes were ordered, as it was thought the attack on the left flank would be renewed early the following morning

The day dawned somewhat cool, and with a heavy damp fog hanging over the Chickamauga. It was Sunday Not a sound disturbed the silence. The sun arose clear and warm No one not conversant with the facts would have dreamed that hidden away in the timber, and waiting along the banks of that quiet and unpretentious stream more than one hundred thousand men were ready at any moment to spring upon each other in deadly conflict. Not a gun had yet been fired. The din and roar of the previous night had long ceased, and the sun mounted the sky and lifted the fog, as if the din of battle had passed forever Men in groups boiled their coffee, or smoked in indifferent composure about the camp-fire. Thomas had the left wing of the line and McCook the right, while Crittenden was in reserve but neither command was now made up of its own troops. The exigencies of battle the day previous had greatly demoralized the original organization, and each corps commander now had divisions belonging to the other. Thomas had three divisions from his own corps, and one from each of the other two These five divisions were placed from left to right in the following order: Baird, Johnson, Palmer, Reynolds and Brannan, At the midnight conference Thomas, whose command had brought on the battle the day before, requested the transfer of Negley's division from McCook's left to his own left, as he anticipated a renewal of the effort to turn his flank. Negley's at this time was the division joining the two wings of the army in the center and two brigades only those of Beatty and Stanley—were transferred to Thomas The other two, already in battle line on McCook's left, remained in their places, as it was not deemed wise to remove them. This change was made some time before daylight. Gen McCook was ordered to replace Negley's division, but by some oversight or necessity this part of the line was left weakened by this transfer, and thereby hangs a tale.

The hours wore on Silence still reigned. Hark! A single skirmisher fires far on the extreme left. It is 8 o'clock, and another and another follows, faster and faster. It is now a ceaseless roar and rattle. Artillery answers One, two, three, the great guns open and the reverberations continue far over the hills and down the stream. The battle has opened in deadly earnest, and just as Thomas predicted. The first troops struck are those of Beatty's brigade, moved to the left in answer to Thomas's call for Negley's division. Cleburne, and Helm, and Stewart, of Breckenridge's command, have fallen upon the extreme left in terrible fury, Beatty holds on, and with Baird and Stanley, though greatly outnumbered and with his extreme flank overlapped, fights a magnificent battle. The attack was repulsed with frightful slaughter. Cleburne admitted the loss of 500 men from his brigade in a few minutes, while another was almost annihilated. Both Cleburne and Stewart also admit in their reports that the Federal artillery fire was the most destructive they had ever experienced. When Beatty's line could no longer stand up against the fearful odds, Stanley's brigade and such of Beatty's shattered ranks as could be hastily collected, were ordered to form hurriedly behind some thickly-set cedars in an open space, and lying prone upon the ground, again receive the Confederate charge. The front line, now broken and scattered, was flying in confusion to the rear, while the whole right wing of the Confederate army was bearing down upon Thomas's left flank, in three parallel columns It was not apprised of the Federal line awaiting it. Emerging from the timber, it received a deadly volley, at not more than thirty paces. Not a moment was lost. Springing to their feet, these two brigades—or parts of brigades—charged headlong, without support, the whole Confederate line. It was at close quarters and so unexpected and sudden that in an instant it broke and scattered in every direction, while without stopping, and without support—on, on, on—these few hundred men pursued the flying ranks. Had Breckenridge known that at this time there was not 1500 men in his front on this part of the line, such a charge would have been no more against his solid columns than the spray from an Indian's paddle against the billows of the ocean It was the surprise and suddenness of the onslaught which threw him into confusion. A single volley only was fired, but it left a winrow of men on the ground, among whom was a brigadier-general, dangerously wounded In this affair these brigades did not lose twenty men Thomas knew this success was but momentary, and plead for help All had been silent on the right wing At about 10 o'clock Rosecrans had become convinced that the great battle was to be fought on the front of the left wing of his army, and gave orders to McCook to commence the movement of his corps to the left Two brigades of Van Cleve's division of Crittenden's corps were also hurried to the support of Thomas In these changes the center, already weakened by the removal of two brigades of Negley's division the night before, was left open. The enemy at once poured into the opening by brigades and divisions and turned two flanks—Thomas's right and McCook's left, which should have joined it.

The attack was overwhelming The artillery in the rear, with most of the ammunition train, was at once exposed, and the whole right wing in a moment was off its feet, and out of place. The best resistance was made possible under the circumstances, but this portion of the army was routed, and at once retreated toward Rossville, four or five miles to the rear, and in the direction of Chattanooga. McCook, Crittenden, Sheridan, Negley, and others of less note, all left the field with Rosecrans at their head, or soon after followed with such portions of their commands as they could pick up after the terrible rout. Some of these troops afterward left the line of retreat, and went back to Thomas, among them was Gen Wood and Gen. Garfield, Rosecrans's chief of staff. Another of Negley's brigades also reached him, and thus three of the four of his divisions remained in the fight, but without their commander Rosecrans believed the day lost, notwithstanding there had been no lull in the roar of battle for hours on Thomas's front.

When this mishap occurred, Thomas was ignorant of it It was immediately followed by the most terrific and oft repeated charges upon his lines—first the left, then the right, and at last on his whole line—ever experienced any where during the war. From noon till night he fought the whole confederate army with five divisions and such other troops as straggled to him from broken commands in the right wing, or had reached him under orders just as the rout occurred. The Forty-fourth Indiana and Seventeenth Kentucky regiments refused to retreat with Rosecrans, and, without orders, in a body returned to Thomas. This was, without doubt, the most persistent and remarkable military struggle of modern times—for true courage and pluck one of the grandest if not the grandest that ever occurred in this country

On his final line his force could not have exceeded 20,000 men, while the force in his front at that time, making ample allowance for all losses, must have been at least 50,000 Again and again his lines were charged. He fought the enemy on all sides,—right, left, front and rear. He was well posted on high ground His ammunition gave out and whole regiments with not two rounds to the man fixed bayonets, and lying upon the ground, without ability to reply to the enemy's deadly hail, remained in their places, while their officers carried loose cartridges to them in their hats, taken from the dead and wounded, or picked up from the ground His command was almost without organization So terrible had been the conflict, and so many were the points of attack, that between charges and necessary removals from point to point, he had regiments without officers and officers without regiments Longstreet, who had reached Bragg the night before, was repeatedly repulsed by about four thousand men, made up of fragments of regiments and brigades, some of which had come from McCook and Crittenden. At 3 o'clock, in despair of defeating Thomas, Longstreet called upon Bragg for reinforcements, but was informed that he could not furnish them, as his right wing was so cut up as to be useless to the left Again he threw forward his shattered ranks reinforced by two divisions, one of which had been in reserve. Brannan and Whittaker, and Mitchell, and Steedman, and Wood, with a few hundred men—fragments of commands which had been fighting with desperation for hours and were rightfully cut to pieces—met the onslaught. The odds were fearful Charge after charge was met and each time repulsed. Thus from right to left, and left to right, and on front and rear, the battle continued to rage until night again gave her friendly shadow and for the time this awful carnage ceased Thomas now built fires far on his right and left flanks, to indicate the continued presence of his troops, and with the most guarded silence slipped away under cover of the darkness and rejoined the remainder of the command at Rossville. The battle of Chickamauga was fought and lost, but not until there had been shown the best generalship and the best fighting of the war The loss is not exactly known. Reports do not agree. The lowest puts the Union loss in killed and wounded and missing at 16,336, but others at 18,000, while others still at 20,000, 994 officers were lost, of whom 724 were killed and wounded The killed and wounded among the enlisted men are reported at 10,885,

Between 2 P. M and dark, the divisions of Baird, Brannan, Palmer, Johnson, Steedman, and some fragments of Wood and Sherman, are said to have lost 40 per cent. of the number engaged. Among the officers who fell were Brigadier General Lytle, Colonels King, Hay and Baldwin, commanding brigades, and Colonels Jones, Bartleson, Alexander, Gilmer and McCreary, commanding regiments The loss in material was immense—51 pieces of artillery, 15,000 small arms, ambulances and wagons, and stores in large quantity. The damage to the enemy was also very great. Bragg admitted a loss of two-fifths of his army None of their histories, so far as the writer knows, give the number, but it was estimated by the Union commanders at 20,000 Gen Helm's brigade is said to have gone into battle with 1763 men and came out with its commander killed and but 432 men left. Bates' brigade of 1085 men lost 608, and a Mississippi brigade lost 780, and had but two regimental officers uninjured Gen. Hood was wounded and had his limb amputated on the field Many officers were killed

In reviewing this campaign several prominent features appear. First—Rosecrans commenced it reluctantly, under the solicitation of Gen Garfield, his chief of staff, and a peremptory order from Halleck Second—He narrowly escaped annihilation in the gaps of the mountains by having his corps isolated and not within supporting distance of each other Three—When the battle was finally opened, he was not well in battle-line, for he did not clearly comprehend the enemy's disposition of troops Fourth—The first day's fight greatly disorganized his command, by changes from one part of the field to the other, to meet pressing necessities. Fifth—The union of the right and left wing of his army was defective Sixth—The troops which left the field could have returned direct to Thomas, but did not. When Rosecrans continued on to Chattanooga, as he claims to look after the pontoon bridge, Garfield asked permission to return to Thomas, and did so. Others also returned, and all could have done so without the loss of a man The right wing was demoralized, virtually without a leader, and had it not been for Thomas the whole army would have been hopelessly routed, if not destroyed. The criticism that Thomas's corps did not do the fighting which saved the army, is only technically true, and a great injustice to that grand officer, Strictly speaking it did not, for the reasons already named, he did not have his own corps, but in part. Commands had been badly used up the first day, and he had troops that were out of their proper places. Some of these came to him after the disaster to McCook, and late in the day, but they were all under his immediate command, as he was the only corps commander on the field after 11 o'clock, and none of the fragments of divisions had their division commanders with them, except that of Wood. He had the divisions of Baird, Johnson, Palmer and Reynolds, twelve brigades from other divisions of McCook's and Crittenden's corps, and three brigades of Granger's reserve corps. Besides these there were some detached regiments. Strictly speaking, therefore, Thomas's corps did not save Rosecrans army at Chickamauga, but Thomas did. He fought alone and single handed the whole Confederate army for hours, flushed with a most signal victory over the whole right wing, and when it was known to all that he could not do more than simply hold his position, and to do this was an undertaking such as never fell to the lot of any officer during the whole war There is no counterpart to this determined and heroic resistance in the military history of this country. After the army had again waited at Rossville for twenty-four hours longer, a portion of his command held the gaps of the mountain, and covered the retreat to Chattanooga, were the last to enter the city, did so at 3 o'clock in the morning, and with the advance of Bragg's army on his heels. That Gen. Thomas never received just credit for his wonderful battle is one of the many unaccountable and unjust things of the late war It is all the more so, in that this battle was only in keeping with his whole military record It stands alone. He of all the great military leaders of the American army, never made a military mistake, though he repeatedly disagreed with his superiors in command At this battle he received the sobriquet of "The Rock of Chickamauga." It should have been "The Rock of the American Army" His cool determined bravery never received a greater compliment than when a rough soldier, during the battle, said

"Jim, the devil's to pay now"

"Why" said his companion

"Because," replied the first, "Pap Thomas just passed, and his old horse was in a trot"

J H ACTON

MADGE'S LETTER.

Correspondence The Oregonian

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. [illegible]

It is customary upon the death of an illustrious man to bring forth anecdotes of his early youth, of his private life, incidents of his public career evidences of the good and the bad that he has accomplished in the space of years allotted to him In view of this human custom the national scribblers, have, as it were, been lying in wait for the death of Gen Grant with volumes of accumulated trifles of interest, great, small, indifferent.

Not a newspaper but has its columns headed with a word or two indicative of an attack of the Grant reminiscence fever, and every periodical and magazine contains its article relative to the career of the great soldier and statesman

To the array has been added a contribution from the pen of Dr. Loryea, who for some years conducted the East Portland insane asylum and was a personal friend of Ulysses S. Grant.

This article treats chiefly of Grant's position toward the Pacific coast and is of interest to Oregon readers from the fact that it so flatly contradicts many popular impressions concerning the life of the young lieutenant stationed at Vancouver

As an example of the friendly feeling which Gen Grant bore toward the coast, Dr. Loryea cites the instance of his prompt request for the resignation of his attorney-general, Ackerman, of Georgia, when the latter made certain peculiar decisions concerning the Oregon land grants, which would have prevented the building of the Oregon & California railroad. He felt, and so expressed himself at the time, that so important a subject ought to be left in the hands of a man who was well acquainted with the needs of the states most interested, and in view of this belief appointed ex Senator George H Williams, of Oregon, to fill the position of attorney general That this position was thus satisfactorily and honorably filled there can be no doubt, and only the famous "Landaulet story" prevented his appointment to the supreme court to fill the place of Chief Justice Chase

According to Dr Loryea it was Grant who conceived the idea of having the Union and Central Pacific railroads extend a branch to Portland and Puget sound, thus doing the work for the great Northwest that the Northern Pacific has since accomplished, and its author quotes from a conversation between Grant, Ben Holladay and himself, in which the general remarked that the "Oregonians had been fairly robbed of a railroad"

A brief mention is here given to the days of the Holladay prosperity when the president of the Oregon & California railroad, keeping house on E street in Washington, entertained General Grant, General Phil Sheridan and other old Pacific coasters whose names have shone out upon the whole horizon of America

In speaking of Senator Nesmith of Oregon Dr Loryea says this prominent member of the committee on military affairs of the United States senate gave his hearty approval and support to all of Grant's measures During the darkest hours of the great general's career, Senator Nesmith, one of the best known of war democrats, was determined to sustain him, and Grant often made his headquarters while in Washington, at Senator Nesmith's house

Both Stanton and Halleck were often opposed by the energetic senator but no one ever heard a word of complaint from Grant, whose loyalty to the ideals of military obedience was an admirable and distinguished trait of his strong character Only President Lincoln and a few men such as Senator Nesmith knew how strong a pressure was brought to bear upon Grant at this time

Grant's arrival on the coast was in 1852 He brought government supplies and stores for use at Benicia, where he delivered them to the quartermaster-general. His regiment was for some time stationed in San Francisco, and while in this city he boarded at the Tehama house, one of the old, exclusive boarding-houses of pioneer days upon whose site the Bank of California now stands like a respectable and gloomy monument of its departed gayeties At this time George and John Dent were living at Knight's Ferry, and Grant visited them there during his first furlough It was during this visit that he explored the Stanislaus and Tuolumne hills, saw the miners at their work, helped the Dents build a bridge, and had what he afterward characterized as "one of the best vacations" of his life

His regiment was called to northern California and Oregon to quiet Indian troubles, and shortly after his return he wrote out and forwarded his resignation, immediately afterwards proceeding to the eastern states

In the following vigorous terms Dr. Loryea defends the character of the dead hero from whilom gossip "The stories which have been extensively circulated to the effect that while a young man on this coast Grant led a life of wildest dissipation may be briefly characterized as lies He was a quiet, nice fellow, who made friends on every side, was devoted to his chosen profession and conducted himself like a gentleman. There was a tale to the effect that Grant lived in Humboldt county for some years and was employed in the respectable but not noble pursuit of driving mules, which story was largely repeated in many parts of the Pacific coast, and generally credited, as such things are apt to be, and which emanated solely from the vivid imagination of a pioneer of this state, who related it for his own amusement and the pleasure of gulling a group of eager listeners on Pine street.

Another favorite yarn is that Grant kept a billiard saloon and prospered on the receipts for some years in Walla Walla. Yet another, that he went to the mines in [illegible] the Feather or upper Sacramento while yet a fourth is that he lived in Stockton and loafed penniless about its muddy streets an entire winter in the early fifties. These stories and similar ones are sufficiently set at rest by the evidence of George W Dent, late United States appraiser and Gen Grant's brother-in-law also by the statements of all of Grant's early Oregon friends.

Apropos to this subject I see that all the prominent artists of New York are debating the important question of

And their views are marked by the slight differences of opinion peculiar to writers in the same profession.

Launt Thompson writes to the *North American Review*

As the monument under consideration is to be national and to serve the double purpose of honoring the hero's memory and protecting his mortal part for future ages, I would suggest a mausoleum of Roman or Grecian Doric architecture, solid and simple, crowned with a dome, surmounted by an allegorical statue The general design should be simple, yet no materials should be used but bronze and stone The two entrances might be impressively guarded by colossal figures representing the North, South, East and West I would further suggest that an equestrian statue of the hero be placed on a green sward, circular in shape, at a proper distance from the west front on a pedestal, of such height that the features might be easily discerned

W. H. Beard expresses it as his view that no one mind is equal to the task and suggests that a committee should be appointed to secure from every quarter some one idea of value, all of which should be considered when received and a fitting decision rendered from them all.

Karl Gerhardt believes that painters, sculptors, carvers, artists of every description should be engaged to erect a mausoleum wherein shall be depicted the record of his life, with every act in detail.

Henry Van Brunt brings forth two pages of reasons why the monument should be distinctively American.

Clarence Cook, with his rare and happy taste, leaves the dates of battles and the detail of politics to history, advances somewhat the same idea theoretically as Thompson, and has so charmingly written and so artistically conveyed his artistic thought that one is well repaid by reading what he has to say in the *North American Review* for September, 1885.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Some of the Late Productions of our Publishing Houses

Personal Gossip and Literary Notes—Extracts and Information of Interest to all Book Lovers and Buyers

A PRINCE OF DARKNESS By F. Warden Published by D. Appleton & Co

Louis de Breteuil is a Frenchman, apparently without a conscience, who commits murders whenever he needs money, as a man would kill a sheep to stay the pangs of hunger He becomes acquainted with Madeline Meredith, wife of a good for-nothing Englishman, who wishes to get rid of her The two arrange a plan whereby Meredith is reported dead, and after a time Madeline marries Breteuil A few years pass and Breteuil tires of his wife, who really loves him, and in attempting to get rid of her, she discovers that he has murdered an English stock broker whose acquaintance they had recently formed, and also sees him in a resturant talking confidentially with her former husband, whom she had long supposed dead Her eyes at last opened to the cruel treatment she had received she vows to punish both, and the remaining chapters of the book are devoted to the accomplishment of this work The story is well told, the plot is intricate enough to suit the most jaded novel reader and there is sufficient excitement to keep up the interest

LORD HOUGHTON'S VERSE

The late Richard Monckton Milnes, (Baron Houghton) was not a great poet, and little of his verse is remembered now by those, even, who were his contemporaries in age As a recent writer says, "his mind was not instinctively and distinctively poetic it was not sensitively alive to beauty like the mind of Byron, nor to nature, like the mind of Wordsworth His was drawn to poetry by his culture, which was rather in the direction of the elegancies than the solidities of scholarship, and by his early friendships and associations, which were largely among poets." Several of his verses had melody in them, but exhibited little evidence of strength Perhaps the most enduring of his verses are those on the death of Thackeray, the concluding stanzas of which are given herewith

Gentle censor of our age,
Prime master of our ample tongue,
Whose word of wit and generous praise
Were never wroth except with wrong—

Fielding without the manners' dross
Scott with the spirit's larger room
What prelate deems thy grave his loss?
What Halifax erects thy tomb?

But may be, he who so could draw
The hidden great, the humble wise
Yielding with them to God's good law,
Makes the Pantheon where he lies

Lord Houghton published several collections of verse, but the substance of it—or so much of it as he considered worthy of preservation—will be found in two volumes—"Poems of Many Years," by Richard Monckton Milnes (Boston, William D. Ticknor & Co., 1846), and "A Selection from the Works of Lord Houghton" (London, Edmund Moxon & Co., 1868), which are hardly out of print, though they are not to be picked up every day

LITERARY NOTES

Bogus copies of the first editions of Burns' and Shelley's works have appeared in the English market.

Mr John Morley has retired from the editorship of *Macmillan's Magazine* to confine his entire attention to politics

A new and complete "Life of Gen Grant," by E. E. Brown, author of "Life of Garfield," will be published immediately by D. Lothrop & Co

Prof Vambery's new work, "The Coming Struggle for India," will be furnished with a colored map of central Asia showing the successive advances of Russia toward India.

Prof Huxley's ill health has obliged him to resign all his appointments in England He will hereafter reside altogether in Italy The English government will allow him a pension of £1500 yearly.

The recent subscription raised by the friends of Walt Whitman has been gratefully received by the gray haired old poet, and was evidently needed, as his entire income from the sale of his books during the past six months has been but $22 97

The original plates of the late Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor" have been purchased from the Harpers by Roberts Brothers, who have in preparation a new edition In addition to its former contents the volume will contain Mrs Jackson's report to the government on the condition of the mission Indians. The report is based on the information which led to the production of "Ramona."

The London *Athenæum* says that Mr Edmund Gosse has a new volume of poems in the press entitled "Firdausi in Exile and Other Poems" It is a collection of the narrative and lyric pieces he has produced since 1879 Mr Gosse's prose work on the transition from the romantic to the classical school in the seventeenth century will be issued about the same time under the title of "From Shakespeare to Pope"

Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce early publication of the following new books "Bryant and His Friends," by Gen James Grant Wilson "Hyperesthesia," by Mary Gruger "The Infant Philosopher," by Dr T S Verdi "Evolution and Religion," by Henry Ward Beecher "Reason and Revelation," by Rev. T M McWhinney, and new editions of "Aucassin and Nicolette," and Dr McCosh's delightful "Tenants of an Old Farm"

The Spanish poet, Rosalia Castro, died recently at Padron, near La Coruna. She wrote a number of novels which became very popular, but earned most fame as the author of "Cantares Gallegas" (Galician songs) and other poems. Her popularity was not confined to Spain, but extended to the Antilles and to South America. Castelar considered Rosalia Castro a literary star of the first magnitude.

"A well known firm of booksellers in the Strand," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "have on view what must be, we should think, one of the largest and most expensive extra illustrated books in existence It is a copy of Boydell's edition of Shakespeare's works, which by the insertion of many thousands of plates has been extended to thirty six volumes Some idea of the vast quantity of the plates and the labor involved in their collection may be gained from the price of the book £1,500 It is said that this by no means represents the original cost price

The letters of Thackeray, which are about to be published, are reported to be of more than ordinary interest, It is stated that "as was his wont, Thackeray enriched those letters with numberless little pen-and-ink sketches, all of which will be faithfully reproduced." Further, that "the letters are published with the full authorization of the surviving members of Thackeray's family. The gentleman to whom they were written was a very old friend of Thackeray, and also of Lord Tennyson, and one of the best of the poet laureate's sonnets is addressed to his memory"

The Sutro library of San Francisco was gathered chiefly from four resources The first was the collection formerly belonging to the Carthusian monastery at Buxheim, in Bavaria, the second the Dalberg library the third the Sunderland or Blenheim, and the fourth the collection of duplicates in the Royal library at Munich There are nearly 3000 books in the collection belonging to the years included between 1455 and 1500—a collection believed to stand unrivaled on this continent The total number of editions of all the works printed before 1500 is estimated to be about 20,000, so that the Sutro library is believed to contain more than one seventh of all the "cradle-books" of literature

The *Magazine of American History* for September is a number of extraordinary interest. It opens with an admirable steel portrait of Gen Grant in military uniform and its leading paper treats of the "Historical Associations of Gen Grant's Resting Place" at Riverside Park. This timely article is from the pen of the editor The second paper of the number, "Washington's First Public Service," is extremely entertaining Three excellent articles follow in the Civil War series—"Baltimore in 1861," by Maj.-Gen John C Robinson, in command of Fort McHenry when the Massachusetts troops were assaulted in that city "The Beginnings of the Civil War in America," by Gen. Thomas Jordan, who has traced the causes leading to the firing on Sumter, and Gen. Meredith Read's second contribution on the "Military Affairs of New York State in 1861" while he was adjutant-general of the state. Hon. James W Gerard writes a chapter of much interest on "The Closing Days of Louis XIV.;" and "Tributes to Gen. Grant," from eminent sources, complete the general contents of one of the strongest and best numbers ever issued of this periodical. Published at 30 Lafayette place, New York city.

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The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, DAY, SEPT , 1885

RIVER WORK REVOLUTIONIZED

The letter of Mayor Gates, in which he claims for his method of sluicing out our river bars results hitherto never gained elsewhere or even thought possible hitherto, does not overstate the case. It is simply a stupendous achievement. Do our people realize it? It is a practical demonstration that a very small expenditure of money will open and keep open the rivers from Portland to the sea, at a depth sufficient for the largest vessels. Moreover, it takes very little time. Mr. Gates was sluicing at St. Helens bar but forty hours. In that little time he opened a channel 150 feet wide and 1300 feet long removing not less than 60,000 cubic yards of material and opening a way for deepest ships through this worst of the river bars. The other bars he will treat similarly as soon as the smoke clears away so as to permit observations.

But some will ask, "Is the improvement permanent?" It is as permanent as any improvement can be. The channel will silt up again, of course. So it will if opened by dredger, in the old-fashioned way But expenditure of $5000 to $10,000 a year in Mr. Gates's way will be ample, in any circumstances, to keep open a deep ship channel from Portland to the sea. This now is demonstrated The old-fashioned dredgers may as well be broken up. After this exhibit they are as worthless as the old fashioned ship of the line was, just as soon as the performance was witnessed of the little iron clad Monitor at Hampton Roads.

The engineer's estimate of the cost of dredging, published in THE OREGONIAN of yesterday, puts the cost for the bars above and below St. Helens at about $407,000 for each division of the river, or $814,000 in all. About $254,000 have thus far been expended by the government. The expenditure by the city of Portland has also been considerable It is probable that expenditures will still be found, as the work goes on, to exceed the estimates. Put the total, then, for the bars, at $1,000,000 The Walla Walla's propeller will open the entire channel in thirty days, for less than two per cent. of the money, and after it is once opened will keep it open year after year, for a much less sum. Government operations necessarily are as slow as costly. Years must elapse before we can get the whole appropriations required, and the channels first opened will be gradually filling up as the later work is continued. For be it observed that although people talk of "permanent improvements," no improvement in a river that carries sand and soil, is permanent. The channels, as often as opened, will keep filling up. They will fill, whether opened by the government dredger or sluiced out by the propeller of a steamship, and we must keep on opening them as fast as they fill.

Mayor Gates has shown how to open them quickly, and at little cost, and to keep them open. Think of the removal of not less than 20,000 cubic yards of deposit in the working hours of a single day This revolutionizes the whole business of dredging It is a discovery of incomparable value to commerce It makes Portland a seaport, and does the same for all other places situated as Portland is There seems to be an impression that it will not work except in a river or tidal current which will carry off the sand and mud This is an error Doubtless the results will be something better where such current exists, but the current is not necessary The propeller of a large steamship at anchor for the work, makes a commotion that stirs the water all around it at a great distance It makes a current that carries the loosened material out of the channel, so that the difference is not perceptible whether there is a natural current or not. Mr Gates has solved a great problem That it will bring about a complete revolution in the methods of river work we have not the smallest doubt. With $8000 subscribed by citizens of Portland for the Walla Walla's work we shall have as much done in ten days' working time as could be done by dredging with an expenditure of $500,000 and, moreover, while the money was being sought for the dredging and the work was going on by little and little, commerce would be waiting and languishing from year to year

LAWYERS AND CRIMINALS

The law's delay is not the only abuse of the law which the legal profession should endeavor to remedy The profession ought to take higher ground in criminal practice, so as to clear itself of the imputation that it is largely in league with criminals, for their protection against law and justice

A lawyer of California, who has won enviable reputation and wealth, not long since caused to be published in the San Francisco papers, over his signature the following "Hereafter I will not defend any of the criminal class I prefer to aid in sending that class to state prison, where they more properly belong rather than in keeping them free to prey upon the community, as I have heretofore done to my sorrow"

If the purpose of that lawyer was to advertise himself, he has attained the end he sought for his peculiar announcement makes him much talked about. If his conscience has prompted him not to employ his professional talent any longer in shielding from just punishment those who have defied and broken the law and are known to have broken it, then he is to be warmly commended But if his new resolution means that he will no longer defend persons accused of crime, to the extent that they may have fair play, then he is to be censured not commended

Every criminal is entitled to have his case fairly and fully and skillfully presented before court and jury No lawyer compromises himself by so far defending a prisoner being called to the service, he comes short of fulfilling his professional obligation if he fails to make such defense.

If this lawyer of California and all criminal lawyers in their work of defending law-breakers, would draw the line where legitimate defense ceases and the effort to defeat justice by every form of subterfuge and technicality begins, the profession of the law would be much more esteemed than it is and [illegible] who belong behind prison bars [illegible] ing upon honest people

Even the best lawyers are not [illegible] to abandon defense of the criminal classes [illegible] that would be neither chivalric nor professional nor just. They are called upon only to abate their professional zeal at the point where their work of criminal defense becomes a championship of crime and a virtual warfare against law and against society

The cowardly murder of [illegible] Chinese laborers at Rock Springs loses nothing [illegible] of its brutality by later news The [illegible] exhibit a state of affairs in that region that is shameful alike to the territory in which it occurred and to the government [illegible] Chinese who drive foreigners from [illegible] through religious bigotry are far less [illegible] than these brutal ruffians and murderers of Rock Springs. The cause of the workingmen will never be made better by assassination [illegible] his wages be increased by incendiarism [illegible] to be hoped the ringleaders in the [illegible] may be dealt with as any other murderers [illegible] be.

The cackle among the democratic organs of Oregon over the postmaster at Toledo Ohio, who has gone over to their party in the hope of holding on to his office, continues. The Albany *Democrat* makes the praise of this mercenary apostate the subject of the leading editorial of its last issue But the democrats of Ohio are spitting upon him, as men who know a scurvy renegade always do

A Des Moines, Ia., letter says "The soldiers have been sent to [illegible] by the democratic party this year There is not a soldier on the state ticket. To the contrary, they have put a copperhead at the head of the ticket, who publicly declared during the war that he hoped no soldier who 'goes into the abolition war will ever come out alive.'"

A GREAT CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Cardinal Manning announces that a Catholic congress will be held in London, probably in June, 1886, composed of clerical and lay delegates from English-speaking countries. It will be held by authority of the Pope, who has examined and approved Cardinal Manning's plans. It will be a most distinguished congregation, as the Catholic church, among English-speaking peoples as among others, includes many men of the highest learning, genius and piety A congress of such men will be an event of the utmost importance in the religious moral and social world Among the subjects of deliberation proposed for the congress are these.

First—The question of education Second—Attitude of the church toward modern legislation. Third—Progress of the church in English speaking countries. Fourth—The condition of working people Fifth—The cure of social evils Sixth—Protection of the family Seventh—International correspondence and co-operation among Catholics in English speaking nations, and the use of the English language in devotions. These are important topics, and the proceedings of the congress will attract great attention, particularly in all English speaking countries

For reasons well known to students of history the Catholic church has never been as much at home in the English-speaking countries as in most others Through want of judgment on the part of its agents centuries ago it became identified in the English mind with the enemies of English nationality. Its representatives did not understand the temper of the English people For them some modification of the political and even the religious spirit of Latin Christianity was necessary A similar mistake was made in Germany These errors of judgment have borne fruit through many generations The connection of the church, centuries ago, with political and dynastic disputes, almost destroyed it in England, in Holland and in the north of Germany, and greatly weakened it in France. The policy that would do in Italy, in Spain and in south Germany would not do for the northern nations. The representatives of the Catholic church in those days did not understand the northern mind. The people of the United States, as an offshoot of the English people, inherited the old dislike and distrust of the Catholic church, and long retained it. Relics of it are still found, but during the last forty or fifty years they have been disappearing fast. The Catholic church, especially during the last quarter of a century has been rapidly adapting itself to conditions which it finds in English-speaking countries, and no longer attempts, as it once did, to reverse them Hence it is making rapid progress among English-speaking peoples, and no doubt will continue to do so

The very subjects which Cardinal Manning proposes for discussion at the congress show the growth of a new spirit, modified by time It is significant when a congress of the Catholics of English speaking countries proposes to discuss the question of education and the relation of the church toward it, the attitude of the church toward modern legislation, the use of the English language in devotions, and the methods best calculated to secure the progress of the church in English-speaking countries Even the Catholic church feels the influence of forces in these countries that it does not find elsewhere, and it is modified by them, not in its essential doctrines indeed, but its historical and characteristic methods The independent thought and action so characteristic of English-speaking peoples cannot but exert an influence even upon the most powerful and permanent organization that has ever yet appeared, among men The Catholic church, recognizing this, is adapting itself to the circumstances and it is consequently making a progress among English speaking peoples that it never made before

CYCLONES AND STORM SIGNALS

The terms cyclone, tornado and hurricane are generally applied indiscriminately to all wind storms of sufficient strength to tear off a roof or blow down a chimney The signal service bureau corrects this common mistake by furnishing considerable valuable and interesting information on the subject of storms and the service in general Tornadoes are different from cyclones or hurricanes in several particulars. Hurricanes are gales blowing at the rate of more than eighty miles an hour, and may be a thousand or more miles wide, their continuance being for many hours Cyclones are gyratory, taking a considerable distance together, and are strongest at their edges Tornadoes have their greatest force at their centers The latter at times move at the rate of two thousand miles an hour, mowing down everything in front of them with a velocity that is almost inconceivable. The most substantial buildings fall to pieces like houses built of cards, and even the sturdiest forest trees are swept to the earth in swaths The recent storm at Charleston was a cyclone. The terrible storm that swept through Grinnell, Iowa, a year or so ago, was a tornado. Nothing resists a tornado The Grinnell storm passed through the village and then attacked the college buildings, some of which were built solidly of stone to resist such storms The tornado went through them as if they had been built of paper The fact that the force of these storms is not abated by passage over undulating or hilly country is explained by stating that the swath it cuts is very narrow, and the only point which touches ground is that which corresponds with the point of a pencil touching the paper on which one writes The main body of the tornado is above the earth and does not touch. When a tornado first comes it descends in a curve and after passing its allotted course ascends in a curve that portion of it which strikes the ground preventing it from making the segment of a circle in its whole length In cyclones, on the contrary, the force is all at the earth, and when a substantial object is met the gyratory motion is broken. A cyclone appears to be a whirlwind on a very large scale

All that portion of the United States lying between the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains and the Atlantic coast is liable to visitations of one of these varieties of unpleasant storms, but some localities are more favored than others. The states lying south of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi are subject to frequent visits The states along the upper Mississippi valley are visited less frequently but the storms are generally of greater severity The New England and Middle states are comparatively free from them, and also the Atlantic seaboard states The Rocky mountain region and Pacific coast is never visited by them The winds in the latter regions have no general course They will begin and acquire some strength but lose themselves in fifty miles or more The signal service station at Deadwood in the Black Hills, is said to have no value whatever as a wind indicator, for this reason

Observations have not been made long enough to enable the signal service bureau to predict with accuracy the frequency and accompanying phenomena of tornadoes, but it is known that they follow certain laws They occur with more frequency at some hours of the day and at some times of the year They are always south of the line of depression and at an angle to that line They generally begin at the southwest and go northeast. None ever occur in Canada or in Florida, as the air in the former is too [illegible] cool and in the other too evenly warm The greatest number of storms is from [illegible] P M, and the fewest just before daylight. No storm occurred when the temperature was noted to be below 60 degrees, and in [illegible] it was indicated as warm After the [illegible] it is invariably cool, the highest thermometrical figure recorded being 80 degrees [illegible] begins the storm season usually, although last year February had the most, or forty-five. After August and September they begin to be less frequent The states in which the thermometer in some parts sinks to 20 degrees below zero had only forty-two tornadoes, those where cotton is grown 106, and the other states, occupying stations between, had the remainder Forty-four storms were noted on the 19th of February, 1885.

The advantages of systematic and regular observations of meteorological phenomena are steadily becoming known and appreciated throughout the world. In 1873 the meteorological congress then in session at Vienna recommended that a daily observation be taken in all countries interested in the subject at a certain time, and the results compared, with a view to the preparation of synoptic weather charts. Several years passed before this could be done properly, and the charts not being made up of observations made at the same time at all stations, they were not as valuable as desired Measures were taken to remedy the defects, however, and with success. The atmosphere, to be understood, must be studied as a unit. In order to comprehend the forces which unite to make a single cyclone it becomes necessary to extend the limits of observation beyond the immediate region in which the cyclone does its work, This has been done, and now simultaneous weather observations are taken throughout the world Report comes from Algiers, Australasia, Austria, Belgium, Central America, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Greenland, India, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Morocco the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Tunis, Turkey, British North America, the United States, the Azores Malta, Mauritius, the Sandwich Islands, South Africa, South America and the West Indies in addition, meteorological stations, maintained by the different governments, surround the North and South poles. The navies of all nations are taking part in the work, and the merchant marine observers are increasing in number every day

One of the most interesting features of the work of the signal service bureau is that of the coast service, which has become a valuable auxiliary to the life saving service along the Atlantic and other coasts. These coast signal stations warn vessels within signal distance of the approach of storms, and give life saving stations prompt notice of marine disasters calling for rescue, besides giving much valuable assistance in rendering that service more efficient. All Atlantic coast stations are connected by wire with the central signal office at Washington, and approaching storms are at once telegraphed, each station being advised of all changes in meteorological conditions. So arranged is this branch of the service that not only are its storm flags and danger warnings visible by vessels mooring off the coast, but even vessels on the voyage may inquire at stations if a storm is impending, and whether they will have time to reach a certain port in time to escape its fury. Full advice by telegraph may be obtained from Washington and signaled to the vessel in a few minutes The value of the system to the commerce of the country can not be over estimated, and is growing in value As the chief signal officer has said, "the time is not distant when the possession of a coast not covered by the sea coast storm signal service stations, watching as sentinels each its own beat of the sea and shore, and ready to summon aid by electric wires, will be held as much an evidence of semi-barbarism as is now among civilized nations the holding of any national coast without a system of lighthouse lights"

The fact that government positions have salaries attached to them is sufficient in the minds of most office seekers to assure their value as a means of obtaining a maximum of good living with a minimum of work The office of consul at St Paul de Londo a town on the west coast of Africa, is likely however, to be considered an exception hereafter Something over a year ago Mr Charles H Davis was given this consulship, the salary of which is $1000 per annum It cost Mr Davis, with his wife and one child $450 to get there His wife was taken sick as soon as he arrived and by sale of personal effects and assistance of friends he was enabled to send her back He was then seized with fever, and after lying ill some time was taken to sea by an American war vessel that chanced to touch there, and recovered Returning, he was again stricken with fever, and, disgusted with the country, sailed for Liverpool, and sent in his resignation Mr Davis says that since his appointment he has expended over $2000 for traveling and medical expenses It is safe to assume that the consulate at St. Paul de Londo will not be considered a sinecure by the brethren hereafter

The death of Rev. Stephen H Tyng, Sr, on Thursday last, was not unexpected, and yet the news came suddenly upon those who knew of him in his prime, but had almost forgotten him during his later years of affliction Born March 1, 1800, he had passed 85 years of life, nearly 60 of them in activity of a nature that has impressed his name conspicuously in the ecclesiastical history of America. He graduated at Harvard in 1817 and entered the ministry in 1821. From that year until 1878 he was constantly in the pulpit, the last 33 years in that of St George's Episcopal church in New York City, where he acquired his greatest fame. Dr Tyng was not only a great preacher, but an author and writer upon theological subjects, a conspicuous advocate of temperance and other reforms, and few pulpit orators have possessed greater eloquence During the past few years of his life he became childish in demeanor and lived in retirement at his beautiful home on the Hudson, where he died. He was almost the last of the famous preachers who took an active part in the history of our country in the days previous to the war

The situation in Spain is one of considerable interest, as well as excitement. The occupation of the Caroline islands by Germany is perhaps indefensible in grounds of international courtesy, and it is evident from the present exhibition of Spanish feeling is considered so by that country on any grounds The refusal of Spain to listen to arbitration places the matter in a condition where one or the other nation must give up its claim or fight The refusal of the German commander to retire from the island occupied and the dispatch of a German squadron to the scene indicate that Bismarck has settled the question, to his own mind, at least. His iron hand has held European affairs in a vigorous grasp for several years, but it is possible poor, helpless inoffensive Spain will set events in motion that may cause such a relaxation as he never will be able to recover

News of the death of that bloodthirsty leader of the Apaches, Geronimo, has been confirmed, and it is said his band wish to surrender if they can do so without being molested As bands of Apaches have been allowed to leave the reservation to kill and destroy nearly every year of the last decade, and have been allowed to return again when through with their plundering expeditions it is likely they will be again [illegible] for the good name of the country however the ringleaders in last spring's murderous raid should be punished to the full extent of the law

The ability to hold his tongue which is displayed by the person who says that he saw Preller in Philadelphia in May (several weeks after he was murdered in St. Louis), and yet never thought it worth while to mention it till just now, should be enough to make his fortune. He ought to command anything in the gift of the department of state, which has had some trouble lately from people whose tongues have been too much for them at various periods of their history

It being settled that Dr Leonard did drink a little ale for the stomach's sake, it is to be hoped that mighty issue may be allowed to simmer down Perhaps, however, that fact may inspire the prohibitionists in Ohio with a slight degree of toleration for the large number of sinners who do the same thing

The democratic Dubuque *Herald*, whose editor has recently been made a postmaster, gives a vivid illustration of the rush for office by saying that "not only have the stair carpets at the White house been worn out by the tread of office-seekers, but the main stairs themselves seem to be wearing out"

The young woman with whom John the son of Gen Howard was in love was a Miss Chase, of Omaha She is three years older than the silly youth whose addresses she declined

The publishers of Grant's memoirs announce that the first volume, an edition of 300,000 will be delivered to subscribers in December, and the second volume in March.

Republicans of Maine are urging Blaine to stand as their candidate for governor. But it is believed he will not accept.

THE POINT OF MISREPRESENTATION

THE OREGONIAN did say "There is no person of judgment who does not know that if the southern states were left to themselves slavery would be re-established" And that is a correct judgment. But it did not say, as the *Standard* alleged it did, that it could quote from the speeches of Lamar and others, in which this was avowed. They don't say that kind of thing, because it would be bad policy and bad politics

But it is inconceivable, on any honest principle of human action, that men who plunged the country into war as they did to uphold and perpetuate slavery, would not re-establish slavery if they could They would be the most fickle of changelings, the most inconstant and dishonest of knaves if they would not

The presence of so large a colored population in the South, together with the fact that it is increasing in a more rapid proportion than the whites, taken in connection moreover with the well-known hostility of the whites to the principle of equal rights for the colored race, makes it certain that but for the overwhelming pressure of northern opinion and northern power slavery would be restored But southern representative men will not say so, solely, however, because it would be the ruin of their party to say so. THE OREGONIAN never said it could quote anything of the kind from them, and therefore the *Standard* misrepresented it.

MADGE'S LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 31

Small flags printed "Mechanics' Fair Direct," are fluttering from the roof of every street car westward bound, small girls are fluttering from their windows and small boys from their rear platforms, also westward bound to the "Mechanics' Fair Direct" The streets are filled with people who are unlike the people we see every day because they are so palpably not only strangers to us but strangers to the city, and they wear a strange little expression of expectancy which is rather pleasant to meet They lend a new interest to the town, and the aborigine of San Francisco swells with native pride as he reflects upon the attraction which has drawn these good people from Sacramento, San Jose, Petaluma, Milpitas and the various localities far and near which empty their populations in our midst at the season of our great annual industrial exhibit.

Fair time to the average adult city born and bred does not signify a season of ecstatic bliss and unalloyed delight. We are apt to consider the unceasing clatter of the wonderful machinery as a noisy nuisance, the crowd of wondering humanity oppressive We perceive that the grotto in the garden is glassy and artificial, the ice cream is of no better flavor nor more cooling quality than that which is procurable nearer home, the charm of the indifferent brass band does not soothe our savage breast, the walk around the gallery does not exhilarate the consciousness of being *pro tem* the cynosure of many eyes does not enthrall our vain soul as it was wont to do. The Mechanics' Fair is no place for the cynic, unless indeed, he seeks a fair field for the observation of one changeless phase of human nature. The Mechanics' Fair is the paradise of the school girl, the Champs Elysees of the dude of tender years There is no exhibition covered by the spacious roof of the pavilion which is so largely displayed as the naive maneuvers of these young creatures to see and be seen by each other. The way in which the art gallery is skimmed through, the rush past the stalls, the frank oblivion to everything inanimate, the rank, rabid overpowering desire to get upon that gallery and walk around and around and around it until the heads of spectators begin to swim at the unceasing perambulation of the same figures, the smiles, the smirks, the glances, the grins, the fanning, the flirting, the marching, the mashing! *Mon Dieu!* the whole of it!

As usual, the fair opened with only half the exhibitors on the ground, as it were, and the great rambling vacant expression of the pavilion is intensified by the gaps between the booths. Those that are filled are very completely filled, however, and the mechanical contrivances fill the unscientific mind with an awe which very nearly amounts to a superstitious fear I do not know what process can be mentioned for which a "patent machine" has not been invented The nineteenth century can have its bread toasted and its biscuits baked, its linen mangled, its glasses cleaned, its clothing cut, sewed made, its teeth cleaned, its hair bleached, the color of its eye changed, its entire figure remodeled by patent contrivances Where will the ingenuity of mortal man find the boundary line this side of divine creative power? The next generation will probably be born, brought up, educated and buried upon an entirely new system, of which some one individual shall possess the patent.

San Francisco runs to extremes. It is as impossible for us to conduct ourselves upon the sober, well-regulated principles which control other cities as it would be to stretch forth a hand and stay the wild, contradictory, phases of our charming, changing climate The whole city is at present engaged in taking salt water baths, and taking them at a rate which has necessitated enlarging those establishments of the sort we have already and building new ones as rapidly as they can be put together I reprint a paragraph on the subject sent to a weekly paper, which covers the subject very neatly

We are always doing something violently in San Francisco Just now we are sea bathing Not moderately, rationally, reasonably sea bathing, but with that mad enthusiasm which is at once our pride and our charm We do not seek the shore at an early hour, take a bracing dip and walk home with a blushing cheek and an appetite for breakfast We make of sea-bathing nothing so prosaic as a healthful exercise We wait until about half past 8 in the evening, when fatigued by the duties of a fashionable day and a hearty dinner We drive to the Crystal Baths, which consist of a tank of warm salt water and by the light of the Brush electric lamps we swim idly about in the tepid pool until exhausted, debilitated, nervous and faint. We are dragged home through the chill night air with incipient tuberculosis and premature softening of the brain threatening our immediate futures Our bathing suits are free from the time-worn and tiresome attributes which have previously distinguished the costumes of the daughters of Neptune They are not made of cumbersome flannel and trimmed with conventional braid they are made of jersey and trimmed not at all fit very much, though there is little of them to fit, and leave nothing to the imagination save the absolute flesh tints We are chaperoned by our young married friend whose husband is East. She is plump, fair and pretty, and having passed the Rubicon of maidenly modesty, is privileged to cut her bathing suit shorter, lower, tighter than we. She can dive, she can dance, she can float, she can flirt in the water and she does

She devotes herself, in fact with such *abandon* to the pleasures of her accomplishment that she ignores us altogether and we practice her art and dote upon her and describe her as the most delightful of chaperones The young men we take with us are the nicest young men in the world They are so pure and unaffected in their manners and so utterly regardless of their personal appearance They may be young men of formal mien within the confines of the drawing room, beneath the constraining influence of the dress suit, but with the consideration of outward apparel reduced to a striped flannel rag and their fashions they are stripped as well of every restraint imposed upon gentlemen by the rules of society and disport themselves with an engaging freedom which wins every heart and attracts every eye Come! Let us wash and be clean

The theaters here have not yet recovered from the blight left on them by the departure of the Italy company At the California they have been playing "Pique." It was laboriously, conscientiously, indefatigably advertised and those who had not seen Fanny Davenport years ago in the play caught at the bait and went to witness Miss Isabel Morris attempt it. It was very sad and pathetic to witness this attempt, and one was divided throughout the performance between anger at her manager and pity for her insufficiency It was the flattest of the flat, and more than ever convinced that in this day of clever society plays it takes genius to awaken the public interest in melodrama. I made a firm and unalterable determination to wait till genius calls before I open my eyes upon sensation again

The Haverly combination introduce a remarkable family bearing the euphonious name of Cragg There is a father and four sons athletes of [illegible] skill who perform wonderful feats, and apologizing for the pun I must say that their feet are truly wonderful They are developed to a fine size, and are clothed in [illegible] rubber boots, and they cling and stick wherever they fall like flies on a wall These boys the [illegible] ages of whom are under 14, spring about like rubber balls, land on one another's heads, shoulders and hands, and finally pile one on top of the other into a pyramid, and at a word from the living base (Papa Cragg) this human pole sways gently forward, falls to the ground, and by a series of handsprings becomes again the rest of the Cragg family.

MADGE.

NEW TODAY.

I am now exhibiting the Grandest Pattern Dresses ever shown on this Coast. I can justly lay claim to the fact. The Leading Dressmaker of Portland.

Mrs. G. E. BURKE, 155 Third St.

Our Principal Aim, Our Determined Position, Our Imperative Rule,

—Is—

To Undersell Everybody!

Our establishment shall be for the people's benefit

You can come to us and feel sure in all you buy

You will be paying the lowest prices for your purchase

You will be told just what you are buying

We give a statement of the quality of our goods

We permit none of our employes to practice deception

You are welcome at all times whether you purchase or not

For a thorough reliable house, we are egotistical enough to say

[illegible]'S

IS THE PLACE.

[illegible]

Don't permit our low prices to prejudice the quality of our goods. We wish to attain the supremacy over all others, and to reach this point we know that only honest bargains are required, and AKERMAN's is the place for such

GENTLEMEN!

You have hitherto been paying $[illegible], $4 and $5 for your HATS Our $1 $1.50 and $2 Hats are exactly the same Remember charity begins at home. Don't blow it on high priced stores

You can buy at AKERMAN'S the very best quality of WHITE SHIRTS that retail everywhere else at $2.75 for $1.50 This shirt is the best quality ever made, and is guaranteed in every particular

Our good quality shirts at $1 are simply a duplicate of what everybody sells for $1.75

Gentlemen who have been paying $1 for their fancy Scarfs and Ties are throwing 75 away every time for we sell the identical goods for twenty five cents

LADIES!

Who wish to save money in buying their FALL BONNETS will remember AKERMAN's Consider our position We have bought

$10,000 WORTH

—OF—

NEW MILLINERY GOODS.

We know well where to expect to get your trade unless we sell cheap. We buy from first class houses, and then our prices on all our Millinery Goods are in almost every case lower than milliners' stores pay for them

Save money by buying New Fall Styles of Hats of us

Money [illegible] plentiful now and [illegible] can enjoy all the comfort a Stylish Hat finally brings by calling upon us and then have a neat sum left.

Just look at the [illegible] list of prices and call at [illegible]

Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, embroidered, worth [illegible] 5c

Ladies Hemstitched Handkerchiefs colored border worth 25c 10c

Ladies Hemstitched [illegible] Handkerchiefs [illegible] worth [illegible] [illegible]

White [illegible] worth $1 [illegible]

Jerseys [illegible]

Shetland Shawls worth $1.50 [illegible]

Shetland Shawls extra heavy worth $2.50 $1

Ladies Solid Color Hose [illegible]

Ladies Solid [illegible] Hose [illegible] 3 pairs for 50

Infants [illegible] 10

Children's [illegible] Hose [illegible] 3 prs for 50

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT

Is now ready for inspection and we can furnish the best quality and latest styles from [illegible] to $[illegible] each To those who may have been disappointed in procuring their [illegible] we will state that we have just received [illegible] Fringe TOWELS which we will sell at [illegible] very low prices

OUR CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

Department is complete in every particular with late large and handsome additions. Entirely new line of colored Glassware Decorated Dinner Tea and Chamber Set

"The Best Always the Cheapest"

NEW BRIGHTON STONEWARE.

Unequalled by any Stoneware Offered in this Market.

Is absolutely fine and acid proof stronger [illegible] than any other ware [illegible] Brush Electric Light [illegible] made by the Brighton Pottery Works [illegible] NEW BRIGHTON POTTERY for sale by all [illegible]

NEW BRIGHTON POTTERY

Once and you will have no other. For sale by all dealers.

M. SELLER & CO..

Sole Agts 13 & 15 N Front st Portland Or

DEALERS

—IN—

Musical Instruments

[illegible]

KOHLER & CHASE,

71 Morrison street, Portland.

[illegible]

They are Prepared to Supply the Trade

WITH—

Decker Bros', Fischer, Behr Bros', and other Pianos.

Mason & Hamlin and A. B. Chase Organs

And all kinds of Musical Instruments. K & C strings are superior to all others.

Postoffice Box 382.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

At Residence.

We will sell by auction at the residence No 41 Jefferson st, bet. Second and Third

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1885, At 10 o'clock A M

The Entire Furniture and Fittings of Residence.

COMPRISING

[illegible] Arm Chair [illegible] Carpets [illegible] Glassware, Clock [illegible] Spring Mattresses [illegible] Comforters [illegible] Brighton Range [illegible] Furniture

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

MUSICAL

—AND—

Literary Entertainment!

Given by the Ladies of the First Christian Church at

Masonic Hall, Wednesday Evening, Sept. 9.

Admission, Fifty Cents.

MEETING NOTICE.

Multnomah Typographical Union —Regular meeting to-[illegible] (Sunday) at 2:30 P M, at Union Hall First street. Special business to be transacted and a full attendance desired F C BAKER Pres. C H [illegible] Sec.

Cong. Ahavai Sholom.—Regular meeting of the above congregation will be held next Sunday Sept 6th at 1 P. M. Seats for the coming holidays can be secured at congregation next Sunday from 2 to 5 P M The Rev A W Edelman late of Los Angeles, will officiate at the above named congregation during all the coming holidays. By order of the President.

DIED.

In this city Sept. 5 Margaret, infant child of George and Agnes Eggert; aged 6 weeks.

Funeral will take place at 4 o'clock this afternoon from residence of parents, B street, between Fourth and Fifth

NEW TO-DAY.

Second Hand School Books Half Price

AT WILEY B. ALLEN'S BOOK AND MUSIC store 211 First street bet. Salmon and Taylor All new books sold, preferred at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful gift given with books. Covers Butterick etc [illegible] for WILEY B ALLEN'S [illegible] and save money these hard times. The second hand books are perfect and almost new 1sedt

MEALS AT THE KNICKERBOCKER HOUSE [illegible] Washington st 5s6

SEND YOUR MEASURE FOR ALL WOOL [illegible] LITT The Leader [illegible]

FOR RENT—A NEATLY FURNISHED ROOM with gas and use of bathroom Inquire at No 1[illegible] Seventh st.

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL WILLING TO work. Apply at the Windsor House Front and [illegible] 6ll

PERSONAL—BILLY, MEET ME AT THE [illegible] this evening, and get a [illegible] JOE

FOR RENT 3 SUITS OF ROOMS KITCHEN and bathroom [illegible] to good tenant Apply corner Third and Jefferson sts

S. M BARR HAS A LARGE STOCK OF BANKrupt boots and shoes which he is selling very cheap No [illegible] First st

OFFICE FOR RENT AND FURNITURE FOR sale centrally located suitable for doctor or law office. Apply to W A DALY & SON 106 First st.

COOKCOO—ELEGANT DINING ROOM AND [illegible] has just received direct from Europe WM FRIEDLAENDER 69 First st. cor Oak and Pine

CUTS OF BUILDINGS, MACHINERY AND [illegible] made at the West Shore office 122 Front st. Portland Or First class work in every respect 23at

LOST—A KEYSTONE TABLET IN GOLD WITH inscription engraved thereon Finder will be rewarded by leaving same with D. McKERCHER of McKercher & Thompson 52

LADY AND GENTLEMEN AGENTS TO INTRODUCE [illegible] all over the coast. Call or write for circulars giving particulars C R GALE, cor First and [illegible] Portland 4d2

ON FRIDAY OF THE 15th I WILL DISPLAY [illegible] novelties in garments novelties in dress goods and velvets, all of which I claim are superior to any in the Northwest [illegible] windows will be lit up every night till 9 o'clock LITT The Leader 6s3

MRS K W EATON WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform her friends and patrons that she is now prepared to furnish them with the latest and most fashionable styles Dressmaking Parlors No 105 Morrison st 6s4

PLEASANT LESSONS IN FRENCH GERMAN Spanish and English by foreign lady teacher of experience conversation a specialty terms 75 cents. Apply at room 10 Multnomah Block opp Postoffice

NOTICE—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has the exclusive shooting privileges on the H J McIntire place (Sauvies Island) and all persons trespassing in any way will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law DAVID MONASTES Aug 1, 1885 2sf

THE PORTLAND S TURNVEREIN SHALL form an extra class of boys from 9 to 15 years of age to [illegible] Monday and Thursday next at 4 P M Lessons will be given in English For further information apply at Turn Halle from 3 to [illegible] M until 5 P M [illegible] afternoon. Applications have to be made to the [illegible] H C SCHACHT Graduated as Teacher of Gymnastics in the Seminary of Milwaukee

WANTED—GENTLEMEN TO REPRESENT the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York as local special and traveling agents throughout the Pacific States and Territories where at present not represented The Mutual Reserve [illegible] address M G GRIFFIN Manager Pacific Coast Department Merchants' [illegible] Portland Oregon 6d

PARTNER WANTED

IN THE CITY DRY GOODS STORE, 114 THIRD street [illegible] The entire stock is first class and [illegible] easy terms. The business has been running successfully [illegible] 30 years [illegible] T A SHANE.

OREGON STATE FAIR.

At Salem Sept [illegible] to [illegible] J T GREGG Secy

PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR

October 8 to 24 A S WHITING Supt 16jy

Latest Styles Direct from Paris.

Mrs. G. E. BURKE, Dressmaker.

THE A. P. HOTALING CO.

Wholesale Liquor Dealers.

1 3 and 7 N First street.

SOLE AGENTS [illegible] CUTTER'S CELEBRATED Whiskey White Rock Mineral Water [illegible] Champagne [illegible] Heidsick Champagne [illegible] Blatz Wein Bier

[illegible]

FOR WHITENESS

IT IS UNSURPASSED.

MADE FROM—

Choicest Valley Wheat.

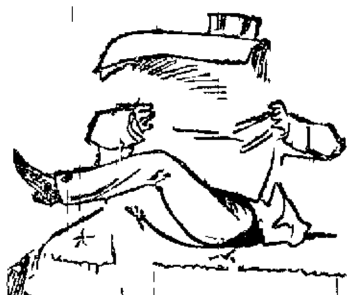
By the Gradual Reduction Process For sale by all grocers

W. DUNBAR,

General Agent.

ARTEUR KOEN

Cor. Second and Morrison Sts.



People who Read Never get Left

I have only a few words to say to-day. On account of not receiving the plate Glass Windows for my new store, I am greatly delayed in opening my store. I have been hard at work inside the [illegible] have opened my [illegible] stock am ready for business and ready to greet new friends and patrons as formerly and hope to see them very often. My stock has this advantage over all others. It is

NEW THROUGHOUT!

And all from New York and other Eastern cities. I have spared no expense in bringing to this city

The Very Latest Styles and Novelties

That I could purchase. I cordially invite you all to call on me at my new store.

MY HAT DEPARTMENT

Is in charge of a Practical Hatter. Every Hat will be [illegible] leaves the store. All [illegible] Hats [illegible] come and see the Latest Eastern Styles. It will pay you both in time and money.

[illegible] AND [illegible]

COR. 2d & MORRISON STS.

AMUSEMENTS

SEVENTH

[illegible]

PORTLAND

[illegible]

Opens October 8th,

Closes October 24th.

THE FINEST DISPLAY OF

MANUFACTURES, NATURAL PRODUCTS AND ART

To be Seen in the Northwest.

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals and Diplomas will be Awarded to Meritorious Exhibits when Entered for Competition.

Persons wishing to exhibit are earnestly requested to make application for space at once. No charge is made for space

Reduction in Rates has been secured from all transportation lines running into Portland, also for free return of exhibits which have not changed ownership

For further information apply to

2s A S WHITING Supt, 20 Stark st.

The Oregon State Fair

WILL BE HELD

At the State Fair Grounds, Salem,

FROM SEPT. 21 TO SEPT. 26, 1885.

It will be the Most Attractive ever held in Oregon, and the Great Event of the Year.

$10,000 IN CASH PREMIUMS

OFFERED.

Running and Trotting Races.

AMUSEMENTS FOR EVERYBODY!

4s1 d&w3 J T GREGG, Secy.

EDUCATIONAL

HOLY ANGELS' COLLEGE,

VANCOUVER, W. T.,

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

This well known institution will resume studies

SEPTEMBER 1, 1885.

Terms for Boarders

Board and Tuition per month	$15 00
Bed Bedding and Washing (except white shirts) and Mending	2 00

N B—No extra charges for French, German, Latin and [illegible]

Terms payable monthly in advance. Doctors' fees and incidentals will be charged to parents or guardians. [illegible] under the management of the Sisters of Charity For further particulars address REV L DE G SCHRAM, Director REV A BULLER Prefect of Studies. 22al mt

University of Oregon.

School will begin in the University of Oregon at Eugene City on Monday, September 14, 1885.

For further particulars or catalogue apply to J. W JOHNSON Pres. or [illegible] JOSHUA J WALTON Sec of Regents.

THE FROEBEL KINDERGARTEN AND CLASS for the instruction of kindergartners at 234 Washington st. MISS DUNLAP Principal

Young ladies will accompany the children in the north and south part of the city to and from the Kindergarten 5if

The Bishop Scott Grammar School.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. The eighth year under its present management begins Sept. 1. Boys of any age or degree of advancement admitted. Boys fitted for college or business. Three Yale graduates among the teachers. Special instruction in German drawing, music and modern languages. Discipline strict. No bad boys admitted. For catalogue and circular or any information address J W HILL, M D, Head Master,

23je d&w3m P O Drawer 17, Portland, Or.

KELLY, DUNNE & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers & Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes

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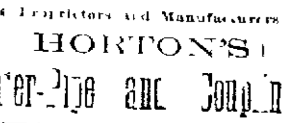
The Puget Sound Pipe Co.

Olympia, W. T.,

The Proprietors and Manufacturers of

HORTON'S Water-Pipe and Couplings.



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For further information Testimonials Circulars [illegible] address

THE PUGET SOUND PIPE CO.,

Olympia, W. T.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

THE OYSTER SEASON IS NOW OPEN, [illegible] all orders promptly [illegible] Eastern [illegible]

CHAS. A. MALARKEY,

Fourth and Morrison sts,

The Leading House of Portland.

Established 1873

[illegible] any kind, when it [illegible] well packed in ice, [illegible] to any part [illegible] solicited and [illegible]

WINDSOR HOUSE

REOPENED.

[illegible] thoroughly renovated and newly furnished. The house will be kept thoroughly respectable, [illegible]

LOOK AT THE LOW PRICES

Good Bed per night	[illegible]
Better Bed, "	[illegible]
Single Room, well furnished	[illegible]
Rooms, 3d floor, per month	[illegible]
Rooms, 2d floor, "	[illegible]
Rooms, 1st floor, "	[illegible]

268, 270 Front St.

MRS. S. A. KAIN, Manager.

The Oregonian

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND Sept 5—[illegible] P

Place of Observation	Height of Bar	Change last 24 Hrs	Ther	Wind Direction	Rain fall
Portland	29.85	-.07	[illegible]	Calm	00
Olympia	[illegible]	-.01	50	N	00
Roseburg	29.85	[illegible]	68	[illegible]	00
Red Bluff	29.78	-.07	[illegible]	Calm	00
Sacramento	[illegible]	-.07	66	SE	00
Fort Canby	29.84	-.04	[illegible]	N	00
Spokane	29.09	-.00	50	NE	00
Dayton	29.84	-.00	00	NW	00

Minimum thermometer 50 maximum [illegible]

GIVE NOTICE.

City Subscribers who have ordered T Oregonian temporarily to seaside or el where will please give immediate notice this office of return and avoid mistake

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern elfic to-day J J Leiser, Mrs D D Lar Mrs Conley, L D Lavin, H W Riley, M Riley Edson C Marshall, C. Jorgenson, M Annie Garvin and fifty-nine immigrants.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Sh Line Miss Nellie Kenny, John Miton, Ja A Fisher, E. Sheinwald, H. Weidman, John Meyers, R L Olmstead, K Seelig, F W he in and fifteen immigrants

PASSENGERS FOR PORTLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5—The steams Oregon sailed to-day with the following pass gers for Portland

J L Learon	J Dortmer
J C Bayer	W H Spear
C C Hamilton	R G Graham
Miss Roberts & 2 sisters	Mrs M Koshland & 2 s
A Goldman & wife	Miss Ida Achinson
Louise Scanlon	Jos Doheny
W Maroney	Mrs A M Wyman
Mrs M A Cook	J W Crawford
J R Smith	Chas H Miner
S Raynet,	F J Robinson
W P Jacoby	S Seldenbach
J L Moore	Mrs Selling
Miss Etta Goodman	Jos Waggoner
Dr W E Everett	Miss A L Jorgensen
F H Anderson	Mrs F W Wilkie
Miss G Stenart	Mrs H Chipp
Miss Powell	Mrs L H Griswold
Mrs S L Griswold	Mrs H B Jenkins
S L Lelling	M Cullen
M L Pierson	General Hunt
T Logan & wife	J Cesser
H C Breeden & wife	Louisa McAphee
John Tarrity	J S Gibbon
P Meyer	Minnie Baab
Mrs C F Kamman	Mrs Barton

CHURCH NOTICES.

First Congregational church—McMillen's a dition to East Portland Chaplain Stubbs w preach at 11 A M Other services as usual

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and streets—Services at 11 A M and 7:30 P Sunday school at 9 45 A. M. George W F rector

South Portland M. E. mission, Baker's ha corner Meade and Hood streets—Sunday sch 3 15 P M Gospel meeting 7 45 P M. Addres by L. M Parrish and others

St. Matthews's chapel—Episcopal missio First and Caruthers streets Sunday School 30 A M. Services at 11 A. M and 7:30 P Rev C E. Hubersham, minister

First Congregational church—Rev John Re Sr will conduct communion service in t morning Subject Tabernacle of the Lord Sunday school at the usual hour

South Portland chapel (Unitarian, Port street, west of First—Sunday school at 3 There will be religious services and sermon 7:30 P M, Rev Mr Eliot officiating

Lutheran divine service—Conducted by Re H Engh in the Norwegian-Danish languag will be held in the Lutheran church in Stephe addition, East Portland, at 10.30 A. M

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth a Montgomery streets, Wm R. Stevenson pas Services at 11 A M. Sabbath school at 1 P M A cordial invitation to all. Evening s vice omitted

St. Stephens Chapel corner of [illegible] Fifth streets.—Divine service, with [illegible] istration of the holy communion [illegible] in the chapel this day at 11 o clock. [illegible] school at 10 Seats free

Unitarian church, corner of Yamhill and Se enth, T L Eliot, minister—Services will resumed Sunday morning September 6 at o clock, and in the Sunday school at 12.30 Th evening service is omitted

There will be a Scandinavian preaching se vice to-morrow evening at 7 30 o clock in th American Baptist Sunday school room West Park between D and E streets All Sca dinavians are invited. Rev J S Cederbl pastor

Hall street M. E. church, corner Hall an Sixth streets.—Class meeting at 10 A. M Prea ing at 11 A. M and 7.30 P M Sund school at 12 15 P M General prayer meeti Thursday at 7 45 P M Free seats to all servic

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner of D an Twelfth streets—Preaching by the pastor R C N Hauge, at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M S day school at 12 15 praise service 6 30 P Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. A invited

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Churc Class meeting at 10 A. M Sunday scho 12 15 Young people's praise meeting 6 30 P M Public service morning and eve ing In the evening the sermon will be Rev Dr Harrington

First German Evangelical church, corner Eighth and [illegible] streets Services Sunday Sep 6 at 11 A M and 7 30 P M Sabbath sch 10 A M Preaching by the pastor A. Schen The public are cordially invited to attend the services

First Christian church, [illegible] and Ea Park streets [illegible] Lord's day the pastor [illegible] A Missionary Sermon [illegible] and Privilege of [illegible] at 12 30 Song service [illegible] M Prayer-meeting Thursday [illegible] at 7:30

First Presbyterian church corner Washingt and Third streets services morning and e ing, conducted by the pastor Rev [illegible] Sunday school at [illegible] lecture Thursday evening at 7 4 [illegible] tending to join by [illegible] take notice

Mariner's church Corner Third and Da Chaplain Stubbs, pastor [illegible] A M Preaching and praise service [illegible] M Workers from the Y M C A present, w add interest to the services Prayer mee Thursday Open temperance [illegible] by the ladies of the W C [illegible] A cordial invitation to a

The First Baptist church [illegible] and Alder streets—Rev J [illegible] Preaching services at 11 A. M and 7 30 P Morning theme, "Belonging to Christ" eve ing subject, "No Difference" Communion the morning The services of this church a free to all strangers welcome.

Grace M. E. Church, corner of Taylor an Eleventh streets—Quarterly meeting services be held in the morning, commencing with lov feast at 10 o clock Preaching at 11 A. M Rev Wm S Harrington, D D Sabb school at 12 15 J K Gill superintenden Preaching by the pastor at 7 30 P M Regu prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30 Sea free and invited

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS

Regular services will be held at St. Davi Episcopal church both morning and even Rev J W Sellwood will preach

At the M E church the usual services wi held both morning and evening Rev Wilson will preach Sabbath school at 1 o clock as usual

Rev C H Hobart will preach at the Ba church at both services to-morrow. Sabba school at 12 30 Strangers are invited

First Presbyterian church corner of [illegible] J streets Rev [illegible] pastor services at 11 A M and [illegible] M Sabbath s [illegible] Sab school at [illegible] Prayer meet Thursd evening at 7 30

Rev [illegible] will preach at the [illegible] Tabernacle at [illegible] Sabbath, [illegible] M Sacrament of the supper will be administered in [illegible] these services Sabbath s[illegible] are invited

SURGICAL & [illegible]

[illegible]

The U C & B T Co., corner of Second a Stark streets furnish first-class carriages with liable attendants on call, check baggage at re dence to any destination and sell tickets at reduc rates on the O. & C and the O. R. & N

AMUSEMENTS.
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EXHIBITION
PORTLAND
October 8th,
October 24th.
FINEST DISPLAY OF
MANUFACTURES,
NATURAL PRODUCTS
AND ART
seen in the Northwest.
and Bronze Medals and Di-
will be Awarded to Merit-
Exhibits when Ex-
for Competition.
to exhibit are earnestly requested
for space at once.
Rates has been secured from all
running into Portland also for
exhibits which have not changed
information apply to
S. WHITING Sept. 29 Stark st.

Oregon State Fair
WILL BE HELD
State Fair Grounds, Salem,
21 TO SEPT. 26, 1885.
Most Attractive ever held in
the Great Event of the Year.
CASH PREMIUMS
OFFERED.
and Trotting Races.
TS FOR EVERYBODY!
J T GREGG Sec'y

EDUCATIONAL.
ANGELS' COLLEGE,
VANCOUVER, W.T.,
SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Institution will resume studies
SEPTEMBER 1, 1885.
Terms for Boarders
per month $15 00
Washing (except white shirts) 2 00
Charges for French, German, Latin
monthly in advance. Doctor's fees
will be charged to parents or guar-
is under the manage-
of Charity. For further particu-
Prefect of Studies,

University of Oregon.
in the University of Ore-
gene City on Monday,
ember 14, 1885.
catalogue apply to J W
WALTON Sec of Regents.
KINDERGARTEN AND CLASS
MISS DUNLAP Principal
accompany the children in the
Scott Grammar School.
DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
under its present management
of any age or degree of advance-
fitted for college or business.
drawing music and mod-
No bad boys ad-
HILL, M D, Head Master.
P O Drawer 17, Portland, Or

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Varnishes.
Parkers' Mixed
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Oil Works
Trading Co's Refined
Phoenix Oil Works.
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Olympia, W. T.,
and Manufacturers of
ORTON'S
and Couplings.
Town Corporations, Farmers,
Irrigating Companies,
cheap to lay. Easy
SOUND PIPE CO.,
Olympia, W. T.

A. MALARKEY,
and Morrison sts
House of Portland,
1873,
HOUSE
OPENED.
thoroughly respectable. If
LOW PRICES
furnished
month
KAIN, Manager

The Oregonian.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND Sep. 5—6 49 P. M.

Place of Observation	Hgt of Bar.	Ch'ge last 8 H'rs	Ther	Wind Direction	R'n fall	State of Wthr
Portland	29.85	-.07	67	Calm	.00	Sm'ky
Olympia	29.88	-.01	50	N	.00	Smoky
Roseburg	29.85	-.07	58	S	.00	Clo'dy
Red Bluff	29.78	-.07	72	Calm	.00	Clo'dy
Sacramento	29.75	-.07	66	SE	.00	Clo'dy
Fort Canby	29.84	-.04	56	N	.00	Foggy
Spokane	29.89	-.00	59	NE	.00	Clo'dy
Dayton	29.84	-.00	60	NW	.00	Clear

Minimum thermometer 50 maximum 74

GIVE NOTICE.

City Subscribers who have ordered The Oregonian temporarily to Seaside or elsewhere will please give immediate notice at this office of return and avoid mistakes.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern Pacific to-day J J. Leiser, Mrs. D. D. Lavin, Mrs. Conley, D D. Lavin, H. W. Riley, Mrs Riley, Edson C. Marshall, C. Jorgenson, Miss Annie Garvin and fifty-nine immigrants.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Short Line. Miss Nellie Kenny, John Milton, James A Fisher, H. Sheinwald, H. Weicman, John H Meyers, F. L. Olmstead, K Seeling, F Wilhelm and fifteen immigrants.

PASSENGERS FOR PORTLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—The steamship Oregon sailed to-day with the following passengers for Portland

J L Fearon
J C Bayer
C C Hamilton
Miss Roberts & 3 sisters
A Goldman & wife
Louise Scanlon
W Maroney
Mrs M A Cook
J R Smith
S Raynet,
W P Jacoby
J L Moore
Miss Etta Goodman
Dr W E Everett
F H Anderson
Miss G Stenart
Miss Powell
Mrs S L Griswold
S L Lelling
M L Pierson
T Logan & wife
H C Breeden & wife
John Tarrity
P Meyer
Mrs O F Kamman

J Dortmer
W H Spear
R G Graham
Mrs M Eosbland & 2 sons
Miss Ida Achinson
Jos Doheny
Mrs A M Wyman
J W Crawford
Chas H Miner
F J Robinson
S Seidenbach
Mrs Selling
Jos Waggoner
Miss A L Jorgensen
Mrs F W Wilkie
Mrs H Chipp
Mrs E H Griswold
Mrs H B Jenkins
M Cullen
General Hunt
J Ceaser
Louisa McAphee
J S Gibbon
Minnie Raab
Mrs Barton

CHURCH NOTICES.

First Congregational church—McMillens' addition to East Portland Chaplain Stubbs will preach at 11 A. M Other services as usual.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets—Services at 11 A. M and 7:30 P. M Sunday school at 9 45 A. M. George W Foote rector.

South Portland M. E. mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets—Sunday school 3.15 P. M. Gospel meeting 7 45 P. M Addresses by L. M. Parrish and others

St. Matthews's chapel—Episcopal mission, First and Caruthers streets. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Services at 11 A M. and 7 30 P. M. Rev C E. Habersham, minister.

First Congregational church—Rev John Reed, Sr., will conduct communion service in the morning "Subject Tabernacle of the Lord" Sunday school at the usual hour

South Portland chapel (Unitarian), Porter street, west of First—Sunday school a 3 P. M There will be religious services and sermons at 7.30 P. M., Rev. Mr. Eliot officiating

Lutheran divine service—Conducted by Rev. H. Engh in the Norwegian-Danish language, will be held in the Lutheran church in Stephens' addition, East Portland, at 10.30 A. M.

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets, Wm R. Stevenson, pastor Services at 11 A M Sabbath school at 12 30 P. M. A cordial invitation to all. Evening service omitted.

St. Stephens Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets.—Divine service, with the administration of the holy communion will be held in the chapel this day at 11 o clock. Sunday school at 10, Seats free

Unitarian church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh, T. L. Eliot, minister—Services will be resumed Sunday morning, September 6, at 11 o'clock, and in the Sunday school at 12 30 The evening service is omitted.

There will be a Scandinavian preaching service to-morrow evening at 7 30 o clock in the American Baptist Sunday school room, on West Park between D and E streets All Scandinavians are invited Rev J. S Cederbig, pastor.

Hall street M. E church, corner Hall and Sixth streets.—Class meeting at 10 A. M Preaching at 11 A. M and 7.30 P. M Sunday school at 12 15 P M General prayer meeting Thursday at 7 45 P M Free seats to all services

Scandinavian M E. church, corner of D and Twelfth streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. C.N Hauge, at 11 A. M and 7 30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 15 praise service 6 30 P M Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night All invited.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Church—Class-meeting at 10 A. M. Sunday school at 12.15. Young people's praise meeting at 6.30 P. M. Public service morning and evening In the evening the sermon will be by Rev. Dr. Harrington

First German Evangelical church, corner of Eighth and Clay streets Services Sunday, Sept. 6, at 11 A M and 7 30 P M Sabbath school 9.30 A. M Preaching by the pastor, A. Schlenk The public are cordially invited to attend these services

First Christian church, Columbia and East Park streets—Preaching every Lord's day by the pastor, J W Webb. Morning subject, "A Missionary Sermon" At night, "The Duty and Privilege of Repentance" Sunday school at 12.30. Song service before preaching, 7 P M Prayer-meeting Thursday night at 7 30

First Presbyterian church, corner Washington and Third streets services morning and evening, conducted by the pastor, Rev A L Lindsley, D. D Sunday school at 9.45. Preparatory lecture Thursday evening at 7 45 Persons intending to join by letter or profession will please take notice.

Mariner's church—Corner Third and I streets, Chaplain Stubbs, pastor Sunday lesson at 11 A. M. Preaching and praise service at 7 30 P. M. Workers from the Y M. C A. present, will add interest to the services Prayer meeting Thursday. Open temperance meeting Friday by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. at 7 30 P M A cordial invitation to all

The First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets—Rev. J. Q. A Henry, pastor Preaching services at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M Morning theme "Belonging to Christ;" evening subject, "No Difference" Communion in the morning. The services of this church are free to all strangers welcome.

Grace M. E. Church, corner of Taylor and Eleventh streets—Quarterly meeting service will be held in the morning, commencing with love-feast at 9 30 o'clock Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev Wm S Harrington, D. D Sunday school at 12 15, J K Gill superintendent. Preaching by the pastor at 7 30 P M Regular prayer service Thursday evening at 7 30 Seats free all invited

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS

Regular services will be held at St David's Episcopal church both morning and evening. Rev. J. W Sellwood will preach.

At the M E. church the usual services will be held both morning and evening Rev S P Wilson will preach Sabbath school at 12 30 o'clock as usual

Rev C. H Hobart will preach at the Baptist church at both services to-morrow Sabbath school at 12.30 Strangers are invited.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and J streets—Rev D O Ghormly, pastor Divine services at 11 A M and 7 30 P M. Sabbath, September 6th, conducted by the pastor Sabbath school at 12 30 Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 30

Rev. D O Ghormly will preach at the temperance hall in Tibbett's addition, Sabbath, September 6th at 4 P M Sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered in connection with these services Sabbath school at 3 P M All are invited.

SURGICAL APPOINTMENT

Two or more surgeons from the State Surgical Dispensary 434 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., will be at the St Charles hotel Portland, from Wednesday Sept 16th to the 21st. They are prepared to examine and diagnose the treatment of all cases in any way crippled or deformed, and all cases of suffering from any disease of the eye, ear, nasal catarrh and all chronic diseases. As this institution has unequaled facilities and experience in the treatment of the cases and disabilities to which it gives special attention, it would be well for all who are interested to avail themselves of this rare opportunity

The U. C. & B. T. Co., corner of Second and Stark streets, furnish first-class carriages with reliable attendants on call, check baggage at residence to any destination, and sell tickets at regular rates on the O. & C. and the C. R. & N. railroads.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Graham Glass, of the Dallas *Itemizer*, is in the city

Little Tottie Dodge, the child actress, went up to Salem yesterday to enter the Sisters' school there.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Oliver Anderson and Mena Christianson, and to Thomas E. Hughes and Belle Patterson.

Edward Hall, secretary of the Oregon Fire and Marine Insurance company, leaves for San Francisco to-night on business. He will be gone two or three weeks.

They say there is some improvement in the real estate market, but there is not that increased call for cemetery property which THE OREGONIAN would like to see.

The machinery in the various engine houses, the right to use which Robert Bragg wished to sell the city, has all been laid aside and the city will try and get along without it.

Rolla Cannon, who robbed the postoffice at Forest Grove, was taken to the penitentiary yesterday by Deputy United States Marshal G. G. Smith to serve out his sentence of two years' imprisonment.

A party offered a half lot in the West end at probably $100 less than present values and announced it in THE OREGONIAN. He had some twenty-five bona fide offers and rushed into this office to order out the advertisement and thus save himself annoyance.

The "Paintin the Town Red" company leave to-day for the sound and Victoria and then return here and go east over the Northern Pacific. For the last two nights of the entertainment the specialties have gone with a snap that they ought to have had on the opening night.

Miss Nellie Williams, daughter of Hon G. H. Williams, met with a slight accident yesterday forenoon. She had driven her father down to his office and was returning home when in driving along Third street a wheel of the buggy caught in the car track, breaking an axle Miss Williams was thrown out, but fortunately escaped with slight injury.

TEMPORARY LOAN NEGOTIATED.

The city of Portland has $58,000 less in its sack now than it had at this time last year Yesterday the committee on ways and means borrowed $20,000 from the Portland Savings bank at 8 per cent. This will help along for a time, but it is only a drop in the bucket, as it will be six months before any taxes begin to come in The city seems to have increased its capacity for spending money faster than its power for collecting it. It is probable that a pretty heavy tax will be levied next year

FALL OF A BUILDING

Friday a Mr Hammond engaged his time in moving a house for the St. Clair family of the Geo Green farm, located on the Willamette Slough road, sixteen miles north of Portland All went well until near night fall, when as the house was being raised from the lower to the upper road, the whole business gave way The house went helter-skelter down a hill, the piano inside and furniture getting badly smashed Generally speaking the outcome was a total wreck to the building and all it contained.

ORCHESTRAL UNION

This society will resume its rehearsals to-morrow evening at Masonic hall. A full attendance of members is requested, as business of importance will be brought before the society They are also to bring their instruments Others, who feel themselves competent, are cordially invited to join the organization. If the union receives the encouragement of the musical people in the way of a subscription list sufficient to carry on its work during the coming season, it promises its patrons a successful series of orchestral concerts, equal if not surpassing the last season

ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

The following new books have been received and added to the Library association of Portland during the week.

Enthralled and Released By Dr Raphael

Natural Law in the Spiritual World. By Henry Drummond, F R S E, F. G. S

Life of Frank Buckland By George C Bompas

The Chemistry of Cookery By W Mattieu Williams.

Presented to the library by Mr H. Thielsen Heaven Revealed A popular representation of Swedenborg's disclosures about heaven By B F Barrett.

LAST OF THE CIRCUS

The circus has wound up its exhibitions in Oregon and will do Washington territory on its way East. The last performances in this state were given in East Portland yesterday, and every man, woman and child who had not been before, and some who had, must have gone, for the great tent was over half filled with people both afternoon and evening As the circus is an event that usually comes along but once a year, nearly every family purse loosens its strings for that occasion only, drawing them up again more tightly than ever afterward. Hence it is very likely that the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker will feel an unwonted stringency in the money market for a week or so.

RAIN WANTED

An old song says "You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry." Well, wells are running dry all over Oregon, and we are missing, sadly missing the water which should have descended from the clouds by this time. The public sentiment is in favor of rain just now by a large majority If we do not get some soon, the smoke will get more dense and street cars and vehicles of all sorts will have to carry fog horns in order to navigate our streets in safety Oh for a good rain of two or three days duration to wash the face of nature clean once more. The rain is the glory of Oregon, but it is safe to bet that no sooner has the dust been laid than some one will begin to make remarks about it raining thirteen months in the year. The rain will come sooner or later and it cannot come too soon If the smoke continues much longer there will be a large lot of the season's scenery undisposed of, although there has been plenty of takers.

THISTLES.

The rate at which thistles increase and spread over this state is proof of the truthfulness of the old adage, "Ill weeds thrive apace" In vacant places in and around the city and throughout this valley the crop is immense and at present the ground in these places is covered with thistle down in some places piled as high as the tops of the thistle plants An almost irresistible impulse comes over one on seeing this downy fleece to touch a match to it and so involve the plants and seeds in a common destruction Several instances are on record where his impulse has been indulged in to the destruction not only of the down and thistles, but fences and barns and crops as well So it is safer to leave the fleecy down alone till the first autumn storm shall wash it out of sight. If the thistles are not really such pests as they seem, unlike the Canada thistle they are easily eradicated by cultivation. Our genial climate and fertile soil allows them to prevail and flourish in uncultivated grounds, but the plough of the husbandman soon does away with them

WORK TO BE PUSHED ON THE C & O R. R.

Referring to the recent report that the cities of Portland and San Francisco were soon to be connected by the extension of the two railroads whose termini are now only 125 miles apart, the San Francisco *Examiner* of the second inst. says "Orders have been issued to engineers and bridge and stonework builders to commence work immediately on the California & Oregon road It is expected that the road will be completed as far as the Oregon boundary within one year Until next spring the work will be confined to the points which offer the greatest difficulty, such as tunneling, bridge-making and cutting through ledges The actual track laying will not be commenced until spring, when the road will be ready for rapid completion The road, when constructed, will open up some excellent farming lands. Railroad transit between Portland to this city is looked forward to by the merchants of this city with feelings of elation, for, by the connection, much of the Oregon trade which has been lost by the opening of the Northern Pacific and the steamer traffic may be recovered."

NEW WATERMELON THIEVES

A farmer from Mill Creek, Wasco county, who has a large watermelon patch, was in the city yesterday In speaking of his melons he said he was much annoyed by foxes These sharp-nosed, bushy-tailed vermin go through his patch and select the ripe melons gnaw a hole in them and then paw out the luscious inside and devour it. He could not imagine what animal it was which committed the depredations for some time, but at last watched and found out. He saw a fox go among the melons and smell of them, and tap them with his paw till he found one, the sound and smell of which showed it was ripe, when the animal at once commenced to devour it. The farmer was puzzled to know how the fox could have learned to tell a ripe melon so well in such a short time, as a year or two ago there were no melons raised in that vicinity. It is kind of funny. The writer in his younger days did his share of stealing watermelons, but he was never able to tell a ripe one from a green one, and although several years if not more have waxed and waned, and he is no longer able to steal melons, but has to put up his hard-earned cash for them, he has never yet been able to tell a ripe watermelon from a green one by thumping or smelling it, or in any other way than by tasting it. And after having toted home many times melons fit for nothing but to breed colic, cholera and other deadly diseases, he feels graveled to think that a miserable four-legged vermin of a fox can, in just one or two years' experience, prance through a melon patch and select the choicest. But foxes always have been knowing brutes, and have had a liking for grapes, poultry and cheese, and now they eat melons. Solomon, the wisest man the world ever saw—THE OREGONIAN had not been started then—said, "Take us the foxes the little foxes that spoil the vines," and everybody has read the fable of the fox and the grapes. The next Æsop will write something about the fox and the melons.

TRAIN DELAYED BY FIRE.

The Albany express train due here at 10 A. M yesterday did not arrive till 4 35 P M., the regular through passenger train arriving shortly after The delay was caused by the burning of a wood pile containing 1000 cords situated on both sides of the track between Salem and Brooks station The fire is supposed to have been set by an incendiary About 100 ties were burned and ten rails were so warped by the heat that they had to be replaced The Albany express remained at Salem and the engine and the yard engine there proceded to the fire, taking Capital Engine No 1 and a hand-engine on a flat car. Water was taken from the tender A large force of section men was also sent to the scene and as soon as the heat would allow, the work of laying new ties and track work was begun and pushed vigorously to completion The telegraph line was repaired, and after about five hours' delay the road was in running order and the Albany express came on toward this city The south bound train which stopped at Brooks was delayed only a short time The wood destroyed was worth about $2500 Half of the wood belonged to the railroad company and it is said that the other half had not yet been received from the contractor

MISS BELLE DUBOIS.

In writing to an old friend in this city, Miss DuBois states that since her last success she has had flattering offers from four managers, and will decide soon which she will accept Two came from Rome, and two from Spain. Concerning her last performance in "Sonnambula," a prominent musical critic writes to a Milan journal "I know Miss DuBois to be an excellent soprano, a sympathetic artist, with a beautiful quality of voice, of agreeable *timbre*, extensive compass and very scrupulous intonation She sang the rondo finale like an artist of experience"

Another journal remarks "Last evening 'La Sonnambula' was given for the last time in honor of the prima donna, Miss DuBois There was a great gathering of the public Besides the entire opera, the gracious artist executed the polka of Minder, with a bravura that evoked great enthusiasm, and rapturous encores. She retired amid a genuine rain of flowers Miss DuBois has made a happy beginning to her career" The following telegram was sent to Milan "First and second recitals 'Sonnambula' perfect. Prima Donna Belle DuBois created wild enthusiasm voice, execution, expression, dramatic action rare." COLETTI, Manager.

PORTLAND IN IDAHO

The *Inter Idaho*, a paper published at Hailey, says Of late several agents of Portland, Or., firms have been in Hailey making contracts to furnish different classes of goods to our business men, and the prospects are that a lively and lasting trade will spring up between the two sections. All reshipped goods are carried to all points on the Oregon Short Line from Portland to Shoshone on the main line, and Ketchum on the Wood River branch, for $2 per 100 pounds A good many of the business men think that this rate is the basis, and that the rate on some classes is higher, but an agent of a Portland firm informs us that such is not the case, goods not being classified The first cost of goods in the eastern market is of course, a little lower than at Portland, but owing to the merchants of that place purchasing in large quantities and the rates for reshipment being so low, the actual cost of goods from that city will average about 15 per cent lower than if purchased in the East. Any business man, we think, can readily see the advantage of purchasing in Portland, after figuring on the cost of goods, especially heavy articles, in the East, and that after taking the freight rates into consideration.

THAT BLIND BEGGAR.

Upon the days when the circus was in town there sat on the corner of First and Washington streets a man with only one arm, with which he turned a hand organ, bearing a placard stating that he was made blind by an explosion and was the sole support of a wife and two children Over his eyes he wore a great pair of green goggles which completely hid them from the public view There were no scars upon his face, such as one might expect to see upon a man who had been blinded by the explosion of a blast, and a few people who watched him from behind a few minutes noticed that his goggled eyes frequently followed forms that passed before him—especially those of women A good many people were compassionate and dropped nickels and dimes into his box and it is pretty safe to say that his collection averaged each day more than good wages He came with the circus, followed it up the valley and over to the Sound, returned here with it, and, it is a relief to say, went away with them this morning for good. It costs a great deal of money to travel in this country, over the long stretches between towns where the circus stops, and this blind beggar must have found a great number of charitably inclined people out here in order to have been able to pay his way and have anything left for his family His traveling with a circus, as he does, is pretty sure evidence that he is an impostor

COMING AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER.—"Only a Farmer's Daughter" will be the next attraction at the New Market, Monday and Tuesday September 14 and 15 On Wednesday and Thursday, 16th and 17th, a new and late success, "Marguerite, or Was She Right," will be produced. Friday and Saturday, September 18 and 19, Campbell's society play, "A Wife's Stratagem," will be the attraction Miss Blanche Curtesse, said to be the handsomest of all the famous stage beauties, is the leading attraction, and she will be supported throughout by a competent company

THE CASINO.—The arrangements for the return of the famous Wallack Theater company at the Casino during the week September 14, have now been completed by Managers Frohman and Gross, and the plays to be produced during the week will be "La Belle Russe," "Diplomacy," and by general request, "Moths" and "Victor Durand" This will be positively the last engagement that this company will play in Portland for fully a year, as they leave directly after the engagement for New York. No dramatic company the past season has given such general satisfaction as this organization, and their success here during their first engagement showed that they were thoroughly appreciated by our best theater going public By special arrangement with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg the management of the Wallack company have arranged for the appearance at each of their performances of the young and favorite violinist Miss Ollie Torbett, of the Kellogg Concert company. This young artist was considered the pleasing feature of the Kellogg company, and will add greatly to the Wallack engagement.

REAL ESTATE REPORT

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J Fred Clark, real estate and stock broker

The business of the week has been light and without special feature As the holiday season ends and the tourists and seaside visitors, like "the swallows homeward fly," there is a probability of a much better market following The primary cause of existing quietness is the high rate of interest commanded by money The owner of gold dollars, who can obtain 8 per cent. free of taxation on first-class security frequently looks askance at rentals of 10 or 12 per cent., on property. There are two subjects of speculation and wonder in connection with the present position of things First, why the people on the Atlantic seaboard, who are getting less than half our rate of interest on no better security than Oregon offers, do not send more money here second, why our own people do not recognize the fact that decline in rates of interest is inevitable, and that with cheaper money the rise in property values is certain The present apathy in the real estate market is due to two things, viz the action of the legislature in taxing mortgages in such manner that practically they pay three times as much as property, and the combined action of loaners by which rates of interest are kept up to the highest point the law allows The keen-sighted business man should readily perceive that the days of gouging interest grabbers are drawing to a close, and with the change will come the appreciation of real estate Observation points to the conclusion that the wise always buy in a depressed market and the fools in an inflated one

The following is a summary of the recorded transactions of the past week

	Deeds	Amount
Country	3	$[illegible] 00
City	5	3,365 25
Couch	1	1,500 00
Caruthers	3	2,250 00
East Portland	7	3,006 00
Albina	2	1,000 00
	27	$17,748 25

YESTERDAY'S TROT.

Katie Lynch Wins in Three Straight Heats—Altamont Takes the First—A Very Fine Race.

"The oldest inhabitant" could not recall a prettier exhibition of trotting than that which took place between Katie Lynch and Altamont at the Gentlemen's driving park yesterday afternoon Four heats were trotted, and the mare won. At no time during the four heats was there two lengths between Altamont and Lynch, and three of the finishes were as close as any visitor at a race course could wish to see. Mt. Vernon was also in the race, but acted badly in every heat, and never showed his nose to the front once.

The attendance was only fair Horse fanciers had not yet recovered from the ennui following the contest of last Monday. The track was in good order L P Bacon, Geo. C. Sears and J. Haas were chosen judges. It being a five-eighths track, a starter was necessary, and R. Everding filled this position Katie Lynch trotted to harness, and Altamont and Mount Vernon to carts Lynch was driven by James Misner and was in fine form Altamont looked first-rate, but two heats showed that he had not had sufficient work for a three in five contest. Jay Beach drove him Mount Vernon appeared in finer condition than either of the others. He is not accustomed to a cart, and Lindsey was not able to handle him well Before the race pools sold even on the three horses

Lynch won the pole, Altamont second and Mount Vernon third They got off to a good start between the mare and Altamont, with Mount Vernon a length behind Katie cut out the work for the first quarter, when she was lapped by Altamont and a blanket would have covered them both for the next half mile The mare gained on the last turn and entered the home stretch a length in the lead When within fifty yards of the wire, Altamont pulled up to the mare's sulky, when she left her feet for an instant, allowing the horse to forge ahead Misner brought her down in fine style, but not quick enough to save the heat, Altamont winning by a neck time, 2 32½ Mount Vernon broke half a dozen times, yet came in a good third

On the second heat pools sold Altamont $5, Mount Vernon, $4, Lynch $3 Mount Vernon got the worst of the start Katie took the lead at the turn and held it to the finish winning easily in 2 34¼ Altamont a good second

The wise ones asserted that, as the point to be gained was the defeat of Altamont, Mount Vernon would have to do the rest of the work, and a few pools sold Mount Vernon $5, Lynch $4, Altamont $3. As before, Vernon got the worst of the start. At the turn Altamont passed Lynch, and at the three-eighths led by a length He increased this lead slightly up to the three-quarters, when the mare began closing the gap and entered the home stretch less than a length behind the little stallion, Mount Vernon three lengths in the rear Every stride brought the little mare a little closer to Altamont and less than two feet inside of the wire, Katie thrust her nose ahead of the stallion's, and won by about three inches To those who did not sit directly opposite the judge's stand, it looked like a dead heat time 2 32.

Pools sold Lynch $5, Altamont $3, Mt Vernon $1 50 There was a great deal of jockeying for the start in the fourth heat Lynch took a slight lead and held it throughout the heat, closely pressed by Altamont, and won after a hard struggle, the stallion's nose at her saddle time 2 33¼

THE NEW RAPIDS TOW BOAT

PORTLAND, Sept. 5

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

In the last few days Mr McCormick has informed your readers of his successful attempt to go over the Cascade rapids by means of what we may call a self propelling boat.

Allow me to say in the beginning that I am in no way directly or indirectly concerned with the undertaking that these lines are penned without the knowledge of Mr McCormick, and that my only desire is to help the general public by affording greater facilities for navigation, thereby promoting public welfare

It has been doubted that such a scheme would be successful, and the undertaking has been condemned by men evidently but little acquainted with the subject.

I may here remark that when the locks were built at Oregon City, such a contrivance in a most primitive shape was used to take back to the quarries of the Clackamas river, the flat-bottomed boats employed in carrying the large blocks of stone forming the hollow quoins and copings of the breast walls. These boats were seventy feet long, twenty feet wide and about thirty inches deep The mechanism consisted simply of a sapling fir about six or seven inches in diameter, supported on each side of the boat and projecting some four feet, Augur holes were bored for the reception of arms, and buckets made fast at their extremities, forming a kind of steamer wheel This and a coil of one inch manila rope completed the whole outfit.

The two boats, so equipped, were used during the whole summer and fall without a single accident.

The aim of Mr McCormick is somewhat greater than the foregoing, but there is no new principle involved and the factors of the case are presumably, all known.

In order to make the whole project perfectly plain to your readers, you will allow me to state that in European countries principally a great number of their manufactories are driven by large water wheels, called undershot wheels, or current wheels, because they derive their power from the current of the stream alone on a very slight head of water Factories employing hundreds of men are so furnished with power.

The case under review is precisely analogous If we consider for a moment that the boat to be operated upon be in a state of quiescence and that the power to be derived from the machinery used is to be employed in pulling another boat, everyone will at once see the possibility of the project and that the question narrows itself to the time it will require to get over the obstruction, which certainly will be in ratio to the power developed by the operation of the machine, and now if we keep in mind that a chain is extending above the rapids to be passed over and that we may transfer the power by means of said chain, to the boat carrying the machinery it will certainly be evident that that one will also go ahead and get over said rapids

While I do not propose to discuss the question of power involved, I may say that it is almost unlimited and that while the form of wheel used would not probably give more than 40 per cent of the power due to the fall generating the current, when we remember that we may make a wheel of any size we wish, the problem is practically solved

The mechanism and form of boat proposed by Mr McCormick seems to me well designed for the end in view and I have no doubt that after a thorough study of the project it can be made a success. J. A. FESSLER

THE WALLA WALLA'S GREAT WORK

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 5

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

THE OREGONIAN of September 4, 1885, stated that the work of sluicing at St Helens bar this year by the steamship Walla Walla, under my supervision, was the best ever done by a steamship One would suppose by reading the article referred to that it was a common occurrence for a steamship to sluice out a ship channel 150 feet wide and as deep as is required for the largest vessels, and of any required length Now I wish it to be distinctly understood that there never was a channel anywhere nearly the dimensions of the one made at St. Helens sluiced by a steamship, and there never was a steamship used for that purpose before that was large and powerful enough to sluice a channel like the one made by the Walla Walla

And I claim the honor of being the first person to propose and execute a plan whereby the astonishing result was obtained, namely, the cutting of a ship channel deep enough and wide enough for the largest vessels afloat and of any required length, in the manner demonstrated at St Helens and Walker's island and I did it contrary to the advice of every one who took interest enough to give advice in regard to the matter except the officers of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company

It is well remembered by all river men what the opinion of those who had been long engaged in river improvements was at the time I went to work with the Walla Walla in 1882. The general verdict was, "It cannot be done He can't make a channel" Some said "Let him try" Others endeavored to persuade the O R. & N. Co. not to allow me to use the ship for that purpose Their reasons were that the machinery would be ruined, that I would pile up the sand and make the channel worse, if it was possible to make the channel that way, it would have been done before, and other similar remarks

Government several years ago had two double-ended screw propellers that were used to dislodge mud lumps that would form in the channel near the mouth of the Mississippi river. But there was not one-eighth enough power to do what has been done by the Walla Walla. It would be utterly impossible for them to sluice out a ship channel in the manner that the Walla Walla was worked. A certain U. S. engineer once suggested that he thought it was feasible to use a ship for that purpose. And perhaps a thousand other men have talked in that direction, at random without any very definite aim Every screw propeller or paddle-wheel steamer when aground will sluice more or less according to its ability and power

But to go to work systematically and make a ship channel of any considerable length large enough for the largest vessels in the manner that I did with the steamship Walla Walla, had never been done before And there is no history of a parallel case. Respectfully,

JOHN GATES.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

Personal News and General Gossip Concerning Well Known Stage People.

Mr W. E Sheridan opened his season last Monday in Wilkesbarre with "Louis XI" Miss Louise Davenport played Marie and Mr John T Malone the part of Nemours

Henry Irving is making a tour of Germany, amusing himself by sketching in Nuremberg the scenes which will be realistically presented in the coming production of "Faust."

Mr. Marcus Mayer has visited Mme Gerster in Milan Mlle Bernhardt in Paris, made with them final arrangements for their American tours, and sailed for New York yesterday

Mr. Lawrence Barrett began his season last Monday night at the Grand Opera house St. Paul, opening in "Yorick's Love" His company for the season numbers twenty-four people

Mr W T Carleton has signed a contract with Mr Al Hayman, of the Baldwin theater, San Francisco, to appear there the 1st of October "Nanon" is to be done first. Then "The Mikado" will follow. The season is to last for seven weeks

Mr. Osmond Tearle is playing "Virginius," "Hamlet" and "Richard III" through Great Britain He is supported by his wife, Miss Minnie Conway, and his cousin, Mr Edmund Tearle The Edinburgh papers give much praise to his "Virginius"

Miss Louise Pomeroy is to be a bright particular star in the American theatrical firmament this season She begins her season on September 21, appearing as Rosalind in "As You Like it" Hamlet in "Hamlet," Viola in "Twelfth Night" and Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr Digby Bell, the Jupiter in "Orpheus and Eurydice," in Portland last year, is to be Ko-ko in Col McCaull's production of "The Mikado" in Philadelphia on October 3 Miss Bertha Ricci will be Yum Yum, Miss Laura Joyce Bell, Katisha, Mr. Charles Plunkett, Pooh Bah, Mr E. S Grant, the Mikado, Miss Jennie Prince, Pith Sing Miss Nellie McCartee, Peep Bo, and Mr Charles Burgan, Pish Tush.

Mr Louis James, who has been with Mr Lawrence Barrett for a number of years, is to play in the legitimate on his own account next season He has signed with Mr Frank Farrell a three years' contract, beginning in September, 1886 Besides Virginius, Hamlet and Romeo, Mr. James is to play in "Gismonda" "Gismonda" was originally produced at the old Drury Lane theater in 1842, with Macready as the hero. Mr John McCullough once intended to play in it, but never did so The play is said to be an intensely strong one

Mr Louis Nathal, the author of "A Prisoner for Life," which is about to be reproduced at the Grand Opera house, in New York, has just finished and sold to the management of the California theater in San Francisco a new drama in five acts called "Jacques Mottier" Mr Jay Rial, one of the managers of the theater, who is now in New York, and who has purchased from Mr Nathal the right for the Pacific coast, says that the piece is remarkably well written and very strong, and he is convinced that McKee Rankin, who is to play the chief part, will make it a strong creation.

The New York *Herald* says Miss Louise Leste, the young and talented prima donna, who will be remembered as having created Rowena in the "Merry Duchess" at the Standard theater, and Anina, the leading part in "One Night in Venice," at Daly's theater, has signed a contract as leading lady with the management of Mr John Howson's Musical Comedy company Miss Lester has been on the stage only five years, but has in that lapse of time sung leading parts in fifty-six different operas. She was last year one of the favorite pupils of the late Dr Damrosch Miss Lester will prove a strong attraction with Mr. John Howson's company. In private life she is known as Mrs Louis Nathal, and is the wife of the author of "A Prisoner for Life"

THE EAST SIDE

THE BULL CASE

The charge against David L. Wallace for allowing a vicious bull to run at large, on complaint of John M Scott, who was attacked thereby, was examined before Justice Simpson Friday afternoon Complainant's description of the animal agreed exactly with that of one John Foster had seen in the possession of and claimed by defendant and S. T Scott, a son, and Henry Long, a son in-law of complainant, testified that they interviewed defendant the day after the attack, when he admitted the ownership of a bull running at large in Holladay's addition and gave the description similar to that testified to by witness. After he was notified of the attack, however, he claimed that his animal was a two-year-old, and subsequently that the animal referred to at first by him was sold some time previously to a man named Sprague to be taken to eastern Oregon. The evidence showed that the animal was running at large three days after Wallace had been notified of the attack, when it was killed to avoid further trouble Defendant did not testify in his own behalf, or produce any witnesses for his defense. He was defended by J C. Moreland who claimed that, admitting the defendant owned the animal in question, the evidence did not substantiate the charge of his knowing it to be vicious but W T Burney, for the prosecution claimed this was proven by his allowing it to run at large for several days after being notified of the attack on complainant The court took the case under advisement until yesterday morning when he bound the defendant over to appear before the grand jury

DIED OF HIS INJURIES

The man "Jimmie," who was injured by a bank caving on him at Lee Knott's farm Tuesday last, died yesterday morning at 4 o'clock The injuries received caused paralysis, which resulted in his death His correct name is Jim McDonough, and he is the owner of some mining stocks in California, certificates of which were found in his possession It is not known whether he has any relatives in this state The coroner has been notified but did not deem an inquest necessary

PERSONAL

Rev John W Sellwood, rector of St. David's church, with his wife and family, returned Friday from a very pleasant vacation, spent at Nestucca. The rector is very much improved by the rest and change, and will resume his duties at the church to-day with renewed vigor

THE CENTERVILLE FIRE.

CENTERVILLE, Sept 3

The loss sustained by the fire in Centerville on the morning of the 2d inst. proves to be nearly double the amount first reported Total loss amounts to $2960 without any insurance, distributed as follows D. E. Clemons, tools, stock and accounts, $1500 M. A. Rounds, buildings, $600; Titsworth & Follon, building, $300 N McEchern, tools, etc., $150, Cass Cahon, furniture and clothing, $100 A single door Hall safe belonging to Mr Clemons was opened this morning The contents were somewhat scorched and the books when taken out fell to pieces, but the writing is legible. The safe itself is in a dilapidated condition Orders for material with which to rebuild have been given and in a short time new buildings will be erected on the sites of the old ones

CATARRH AND HAY FEVER.—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 West King street, Toronto, Canada.

WEEKLY and SUNDAY OREGONIAN one year for THREE DOLLARS, WEEKLY one year and SUNDAY six months for $2 50 The offers open till January 1, 1886

W J Quinn, the merchant tailor, 23 Stark street has a full stock of new fall goods, which he is prepared to make up in the latest style.

Harry Richmond, who formerly played with Kate Castleton's "Pop" company, died at New York several days ago.

For all scrofulous disorders, or syphilitic and mercurial diseases, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Waukegan Boat House, south side Stark st.

[illegible]

THE [illegible]

200, 202 & 204 First St., and 6 Taylor St.

We respectfully announce to the public that we shall open our Fall Season on Monday, September 7, and in so doing we add another department to our immense Establishment, No. 204, [illegible]

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT,

Which is connected with our other departments through [illegible] The extraordinary good values which we have given are well known to all who have made purchases of us in the above line. We now occupy a space which will be devoted exclusively to

OUR BOOT and SHOE TRADE!

25 feet front, by 75 feet deep, and fitted up in a manner consistent to this department, making it the most convenient and comfortable ably arranged Boot and Shoe store in the city of Portland We shall carry in this department goods suitable for rich and poor, and only such goods as we can safely recommend, manufactured by white labor, from

The Very Best Manufactories

Of Boston, Philadelphia, Lynn and New York

OUR PRICES WILL BE MARKED IN PLAINEST FIGURES

And we shall not deviate from this rule. We [illegible] ask the public not to make us any less offer than the prices marked

[illegible] GOODS DEPARTMENT.

The immense volume of business transacted in this department during the depression was not only advantageous to the public, but was also very gratifying to ourselves. It was a convincing proof of the sympathy of the public and our patrons in our recent

Stand Against the Ruling High Prices.

While labor produce and everything else was down [illegible] We shall conduct our business on true business principles, and purchase goods at the lowest prices consistent with excellence of material, and give the public better goods at lower prices than can be obtained elsewhere This we shall continue to do regardless of what dissatisfied or evil minded competitors may say The increased patronage we are daily receiving is a sufficient proof of our success in satisfying the wants of the public Our fall and winter stock in this department is VERY large.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

A large stock of [illegible] Cashmeres comprising eighteen different grades of English and French make A most elegant line of [illegible] Ottoman Some rich pieces of Drap [illegible] A fine selection of [illegible] Serges Drap d'Royal, rich and fine Briars Cotes the elegant Cashmere Changes the latest in Dress Goods Handsome and remarkably low are our Velvet Cashmere Plaids, our Cardiff Plaids, our Mohair Plaids, our Heavy Wool Plaids and our Invisible Plaids

We have received something new and handsome in French Ladies Cloths Our De La Hussin Broadcloth all wool Dress Goods Invisible Stripes 54 inches wide, is the latest in Winter Dress Goods Our Dress Silks black and colored Satins Velvets and Plushes, have been bought at closing out sale from one of the largest Importers East, selling 30 per cent less than the regular [illegible] which we are value

FLANNELS.

We receive Flannels in case lots direct from [illegible] Our Red Flannel for 22½ and 25c per yard we would call special attention to being all wool Twilled and extra good value A large stock of Navy Blue and Gray all wool and also part Cotton Flannels received [illegible]

Ladies can find White Flannels twenty different grades ranging from 25c up to $1 10 per yard Cassimeres and all kind of Boys Cloths we have a fine line to select from

TABLE DAMASK.

We have a better and larger stock than ever before [illegible] prices which we would like to have you examine and [illegible] Covers you can find in White Unbleached and Turkey Red Damask, fancy and plain, Worst [illegible] embroidered [illegible]

Napkins and Towels a large quantity [illegible] by the yard, all grades, and a fine assortment to [illegible]

A tremendous stock of Gingham, [illegible] Muslins and Sheetings we are selling [illegible] advance in all Cotton Goods [illegible]

White and Colored Bed Spreads at [illegible] Comforters we have in ten different grades

BLANKETS.

In Blankets we take the lead, we [illegible] ranging from $1 25 per pair up to $20 per pair

CLOAKS.

We can give you Ladies' Misses and Children's Cloaks [illegible] great variety and the latest Eastern Styles at lower [illegible] to buy the material alone

Receiving new goods daily including [illegible] Underwear Ladies and Children Hosiery Corsets [illegible] Gloves Laces and many more articles too numerous to [illegible]

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS DEP'T.

[illegible] ago, in a time when the storekeepers [illegible]

WE CUT PRICES DOWN TO ONE-HALF

What other storekeepers then charged and ours [illegible] over the State,

THE POPULAR HOUSE!

And by constantly watching the interests [illegible] we shall maintain that position We have dressed more Men, [illegible] other clothing stores in Portland combined, and we are [illegible] Our stock in this department for the Fall and Winter Season of [illegible] No other clothing store can carry the stock that we [illegible] hands and be compelled to shop worn Our motto is and always [illegible] percentage [illegible] above New York cost thus giving [illegible] to buy new and desirable goods at the same prices the [illegible] for shoddy and shop worn, or we can [illegible]

Our Men's Boys' and Youths' Clothing is all made in New York, under the Supervision of Our Foreman.

Every garment is examined before [illegible] for our sales. It has been suggested by the press [illegible] establishment for the free and general inspection of [illegible] say that we think it unnecessary [illegible] make [illegible] the public is well aware [illegible]

ALWAYS WELCOME AT OUR HOUSE.

And we take pleasure in showing [illegible] and extend a hearty invitation to all, who are [illegible] our Fall Stock

[illegible] STORE,

200, 202, 204 First St., and 6 Taylor St.

ON CALAIS SANDS

BY ANDREW LANG

On Calais sands the grey began
Then rosy red above the grey
The Morn with many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May
The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands
The sea mews flitted white as they
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands must man with man
Wash honor clean in blood to-day
On spaces wet from waters wan
How white the flashing rapiers play—
Parry riposte and lunge The fray
Shifts for a while then mournful stands
The victor life ebbs fast away
On Calais sands

On Calais sands a little span
Of silence then the plash and spray
The sound of eager waves that ran
To kiss the perfumed locks astray
To touch the lips that ne er said 'nay
To dally with the helpless hands
Till the sea in silence lay
On Calais sands!

ENVOY

Between the lilac and the May
She waits he, Love from alien lands
Her Love is colder than the clay
On Calais sands!

A WEEK IN A DAY.

A POWERFUL AND WEIRD ORIENTAL TALE

BY SIDNEY LUSKA

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

I must begin somewhat back of the beginning with Saturday night the 28th of June I remember the events of that night with perfect distinctness I dined in the company of two of my friends in an Italian restaurant on Union Square Thence we adjourned to the theater in Fourteenth street and listened to an English adaptation of a French opera bouffe In the vestibule of the theater we parted Thence I went directly home to bed and in due course of time to sleep So much for the night of Saturday June 28

The next morning Sunday June 29—it is essential that I should insist on dates—I awoke as usual I congratulated myself on having a holiday in store for me and rolled over in accordance with my Sunday morning custom for another nap But in rolling over something struck me as somewhat unfamiliar I opened my eyes to their widest I could not see a great distance ahead however because my face was covered The covering proved to be a handkerchief I removed it—and thereby as it turned out lifted the curtain upon the first act of the odd little comedy that I have undertaken to put in writing

I was lying completely dressed upon a sofa in a strange room which by itself was sufficiently perplexing But the longer I regarded it the stranger the more extraordinary, the room appeared

It had no windows A hatchway in the ceiling provided light The four walls were hung with dark green cloth and only in a single spot their incontinuity was interrupted by a door This door was of some unpainted reddish wood, carved with a maze of intricate arabesques In the center of the floor a huge mass of bronze wrought into a semi human shape seemed to be an overgrown Chinese idol The couch on which I lay was simply a broad low cushion or divan upholstered in Turkey silk A heavy perfume like incense mixed with attar-of roses, impregnated the air and caused me a slight sickness But sickness was eclipsed by bewilderment Besides it soon passed off whereas the latter lasted What could have happened? Whither had I been conducted?

Dreams were out of the question My impressions were of a far more circumstantial texture than the stuff that dreams are made of But excluding dreams what remained to account for my situation?

A thousand hypotheses offered themselves each outvieing the others in improbability and extravagance Perhaps the least untenable of them was that in some inconceivable way and for some inconceivable purpose I had been kidnapped Less than a week ago I had read in the newspapers of a Spaniard who had been kidnapped on the Bowery in broad day

Obviously whatever the matter was it behooved me to take immediate action But how?

To start with make a careful inspection of my surroundings To that end get up I tried to do so To my infinite stupefaction I failed

I could move my hands and arms my feet and legs but move my body bend it by such substitute the sitting posture for the lying I could not

Thereat with hideous swiftness a portion at least of what seemed to be the truth flashed upon me kidnapped or not I had fractured my spinal column This was paralysis

Courage forsook me like a scared child I screamed at the top of my voice My voice was the wee small shred of itself precisely calculated to corroborate my fears

However it was enough The door swung on its hinges and a person entered

I am engaged in arranging in narrative a sequence of quasi-magnetic influences which were after their occurrence explained upon a quasi scientific basis For the sake of method I designate as number one the influence that transported me in a state of unconsciousness from my own pillow to my present windowless prison With the entrance of this person influence number two commenced to operate

An entire change swept over my frame of mind It is not easy to convey in a sentence a clear notion of what that change was like At the moment it did not excite my surprise and therefore I took no pains to observe it Speaking from memory I can only say that in the briefest appreciable fraction of a second I leaped from a condition of utmost mystification to one of unruffled mental tranquility I forgot all the singularity, at this point of my condition Suddenly it seemed as though I had never dwelt elsewhere or otherwise My former life faded away like an hallucination It was as if I awoke from [illegible] into my natural abode

The person entering was a tall young woman She was clad in a flowing white gown and a red rose flamed on her breast She bore a wilderness of black curls about her forehead and a pair of fathomless brown eyes beneath it On the instant I thought she was the most indescribably beautiful thing I had ever beheld and as I have not had reason to modify that opinion since I shall not contradict myself by endeavoring to describe her

I gazed and held my breath for I know not what length of time Finally I became aware that she had spoken 'Did you call?' she said

The thrill of her voice in my heart reminded me of the first evening I had heard Wilhelmj draw his bow across his violin string only it was incomparably keener Love at first sight by hard using has grown to be a threadbare set of words but for want of a better I must avail myself of it Love at first sight love at its incandescent maximum degree was what I experienced for this unknown beauty

'Did I call?' I echoed stupidly It was with difficulty that I could recall it 'Yes I think I did'

'Was there anything you need?' she pursued smiling with the lightest touch of a foreign accent

'I did not suspect it but now I know there was—I needed you,'' I answered

''I am at your service What are your commands?' she asked, courtesying

''Commands I have none ' said I 'They would seem more appropriate coming from your part. But if petitions are in order, I pray that you will stay here ''

''Through you put your command in the form of a petition, I shall not prove the less obedient, nay, but the more so, as token of my sensibility,'' she rejoined in her quaint English She seated herself on an ottoman at my side

'But tell me, why did you call? You were not frightened?''

'Why—why? Ah, yes, I wanted to ask some questions I have no further interest in them We will let them pass! If I have broken my back I am not sorry, if I have been kidnapped I am glad I don't care to penetrate the secret It is too precious—I dare not tamper with it, lest it might vanish, and I should have to go back to the old run of things '

'That is right'' she said very seriously piercing my heart with her eyes 'You don't understand how your presence here began nor how it may terminate but if it is agreeable why ask questions? Was it not the same before you arrived here in your daily life? Did you understand then how it had begun or what its destiny was? Yet how often did you join the metaphysicians and speculate about it?'

'But can this paradise endure?'' I ventured

'That depends upon you' she responded I did not notice the ambiguity I was satisfied We went on to other subjects

I have a long story to tell and I shall never reach the end if I tarry with details And, yet it is no child's play to skip across the happiest period of my whole life a period that compares to the years which preceded it as the first fresh radiant hour of the morning compares to the dark hours of the preceding night It requires firmness and self control to accomplish this

But it must suffice that my term of confinement extended over eight days and seven nights Damozel as I acquired the habit of calling her constantly officiating as my goaler During the totality of that time my wonder did not revive I accepted the whole paradox as a matter of course I did not even inquire her name From first to last I could not quit the divan Yet I did not even inquire whether I had indeed injured my spinal column

Our mode of existence was thus Shortly after dawn each morning Damozel wheeled our breakfast into the room upon a little table This we discussed in common We ate nothing more until nearly nightfall when we had strawberries crushed in wine During the day we never wearied of conversation Occasionally she would propose to read aloud but before she had finished a page I would stop her to resume our talk Sometimes tapping the floor ajar she would say 'Now we will have some music' whereupon a piano would be played in the adjoining room by an executant who understood his business Simultaneously would steal in the diluted fragrance of Russian cigarettes and when I commented upon the matter an abundance of these was supplied for my own consumption Once in a while I caught the sound of voices emanating whence I could not determine an speaking very rapidly a language that I could not distinguish At dusk Damozel bade me good bye until the morrow and with the thickening of darkness I invariably sank into a placid slumber Each day was pretty much the counterpart of its predecessor but each day was fraught with new intensity of delight

The above epitome brings me to the late afternoon of the eighth day—Sunday July 6

I was alone With half closed eyes I watched the blue sky shimmer through the hatchway over my head Only one thing was wanting to fill my cup of happiness full and that was soon going to obtain I had just settled affirmatively a resolution that I had been debating since early morning I had resolved to declare my sentiments to Damozel I was secure in the hope of a favorable answer

Presently she came in and sat down beside me

I had learned my speech by heart

I began 'I want you to give me a few statistics in feminine psychology It is usually asserted that a woman has the talent of divining a man's unconfessed love——'

With the utterance of the word *love* Damozel gave a little cry and fled across the floor where she stood crouching against the wall with her hands raised before her as though to avert a blow At the same moment a loud metallic clang resound through the room and I saw the Chinese idol rent asunder and from its bowels emerged a gray old man I can say nothing further A shock like that from twenty electric batteries contracted all my limbs and I lost consciousness with the abruptness of a flash of lightning

When recovered—and my recovery was a very gradual affair—when I recovered sufficiently to recognize myself I was seated bolt upright in the midst of Egyptian darkness Still too dazed to realize what had befallen I got up and groped my way in the direction where by instinct I believed should strike a window The air worked a miracle restoring my senses to perfect activity and at me Then began the era of astonishments

In the first place I was astonished to find myself standing up In the second place I was astonished to find myself standing by a window Evidently my location had been changed. I felt for a match for light I was oppressed by a vague nameless terror

My hand mechanically fumbling in the pocket of my waistcoat answered to my desire It produced a match and I scratched it on my boot heel

What I witnessed by the feeble illumination of that match overwhelmed me I dropped back into my chair

By and by I collected myself I procured a second match, marched straight ahead and lit the gas

I was in my own room the same identical room where I had gone to bed Saturday night June 28

All the amazement that had been held in abeyance for a week past now burst out like the fires of a long pent-up volcano Dumbfounded, I stood there waiting for the tumult in my brain to subside

Eventually, when I had regained sufficient of my shattered equanimity I said 'One thing is plain If this matter is to be cleared up at all I must start at the very end of it and proceed backward step by step The first step is to interview O Brien '

O Brien is a young lawyer who lodges on the floor above I climbed the staircase and rapped at O Brien's door By a happy chance O Brien was in He was extended in a big easy chair reading a big book and smoking a big meerschaum pipe

After the necessary interchange of civilities I said 'O Brien I wonder whether you can give me a little help The question I am going to ask will be of a sort to arouse your suspicions but I assure you I am not and have not been intoxicated Do you know anything about the manner of my getting into the house to-night?'

O Brien in spite of his Celtic blood is as phlegmatic as an Englishman He replied quietly 'Yes a good deal'

'Ah!' I continued 'Then tell me all about it '

'Tell you about it? What is there to tell about it? You came in as you generally do by means of the door We were out on the stoop to get a bit of the breeze after supper and you passed without so much as a nod or a how-de-do for a single one of us '

'Bless me' I could not help exclaiming 'how very strange!'

'What are you muttering about?' demanded O Brien

I was burning to tell my tale to somebody —why not to O Brien He had a legal mind and perhaps could aid me in my search for a solution I pledged him to secrecy With a nondescript noise between a sigh and a sneeze he laid aside his law book and composed himself to listen I told him the whole story suppressing none but the sentimental chapters

He did not once interrupt me After I had pronounced my last word he pulled at his pipe for a while in silence At length he announced with maddening deliberation, ''Stuart, you must be crazy ''

I jumped to my feet. This was too much ''Crazy! What the devil do you mean?''

''Yes, exactly insane; out of your head,'' he explained with judicial coolness.

'I ask again what do you mean?' I said

'There there my good fellow don't get on your dig,' urged O'Brien 'but let me lead you around to reason You say you have been in captivity a week do you not?'

'Yes a week and an extra day What then?'

'Then to-day according to your reckoning, is—'

'Is Sunday '

'Good To-day is Sunday the—'

''The 6th of July'

'The 6th of July? Well that's the pivot on which your mania hangs To-day is not Sunday the 6th of July To-day is Sunday the 29th of June'

'What!' I thundered the word was like an explosion

'Don't wake the household' said O Brien 'but hark to-day is the 29th of June If you doubt it here is the morning paper—is—but what's the use of arguing? Your dates are wrong and your allegations concerning acts are crooked Now, for example I saw you at breakfast this morning discussed politics with you and walked out at your side as far as Lexington avenue So all that stuff about your mysterious extraction from your bed is pure delusion''

I pleaded with O Brien to the limit of my capacity He was not to be shaken To-day was Sunday the 29th of June and no mistake and I had left the house that very morning on my own legs and in my ordinary health as nearly as he could judge

'Go down stairs and to bed' was his conclusion 'and to-morrow you will agree that you have had a dream and nothing else'

I went down and sat by my window and tried to persuade myself that it had indeed been a dream

It might have been extremely hot for the [illegible] of perspiration [illegible] on my temples and trickled down over my [illegible] I put my hand in my pockets and brought out a handkerchief As I rubbed the handkerchief across my face a faint incense like perfume assailed my nostrils—the same perfume that had offended me when I first awoke in the windowless chamber! Then I remembered that on that occasion a handkerchief had covered my face Doubtless this was the very one I had probably tucked it into my pocket unawares and now now I had a tangible proof that it had not all been a dream!

The handkerchief was a small square of delicate linen with a hemstitched border Embroidered in the corner were the letters IOSPU

Here was the clue upon which I would work Here was the cord that would surely lead me back to Damozel

The next morning I arose with red eyelids, but with a light heart I had passed a sleepless night but I had matured my plans O Brien was right about the dates—the morning papers confirmed him—but dates were a minor consideration I knew what I was about I knew I was in the thick of an anachronism But I knew that I should dissipate that anachronism though the skies should fall

At 11 o clock I walked into the office of a friend of mine who is a master of many languages

I transcribed the letters I o s p u upon a slip of paper and handed it to him saying 'Is that a word? If so of what language?'

It seemed as though my life hung on his answer

'Yes that is a word' he answered 'It is a proper name—a woman's name. It is Anthanian '

'Anthanian? Anthania is a dependency of Russia, is it not?'

'No of Turkey'

'Are there many Anthanians in New York?'

'How many I can't say Very few I should guess'

'Is there an Anthanian consul here?'

'Anthania is represented by the Turkish consul But there is an Anthanian merchant here who has, I believe some consular authority '

'His name is?'

'His name Monsieur Tako'

'Do you know him?'

'Slightly '

'Write me a note of introduction to him without more ado'

Half an hour later I was ensconced in Monsieur Tako's private office

Monsieur Tako was an excessively courtly little gentleman and encouraged me to speak as freely as I liked

'How many Anthanians are there in the city?' I inquired

'All told three and twenty families ' he answered 'Here is a list of them Every Anthanian upon his arrival is required to present himself here and I register his name upon this list Thus I have a personal acquaintance with every Anthanian in New York'

'To what class do the Anthanians here for the most part pertain?'

'They are all merchants and merchants servants'

'Have you any any woman upon your list by the name of Iospu?'

'Iospu? There is only one Iospu in New York She is my own little daughter, three years old'

'Thank you' I said rising 'I have occupied too much of your time already '

'Not at all' he responded 'Indeed I see that the information I have afforded you has not been satisfactory I have an hour to spare and I shall be delighted to place it at your command Meanwhile try a glass of Anthanian wine and an Anthanian cigarette'

'Monsieur Tako' I said 'you are kinder than I have any right to expect I am in a vexatious quandary I will tell you my story'

I told it to him again suppressing the sentimental passages

'I am not in the least surprised ' was his comment when I had done 'Anybody save an Anthanian would have said "Ridiculous! incredible! a fairy tale!" But we Anthanians are accustomed to this sort of thing In Anthania there is an established school or sect of philosophers who have cultivated what in English you would call mesmerism to a fine art Evidently one of these people has found his way to America and evidently you have fallen into his hands'

'Ah!' at length a gleam of light! 'Monsieur Tako is there any method you can suggest whereby I may be enabled to trace my mesmerist to his home?'

'I have no doubt that *we* can track him thither for I shall make your interests my own But it will be slow progress if he has any motive for concealment and I suspect he has from the fact that he has not reported to me However I shall take immediate measures Give me your address You may hear from me in a day you may not hear for a month For the present leave the matter in my charge If you have not heard from me at the expiration of six weeks come to see me'

'And am I to remain idle all this time?'

'If I should strike his trail in the city I will call you in at once I say six weeks because I may not learn anything satisfactory until I have written to Anthania and got an answer '

I did my best to thank Monsieur Tako adequately and accomplished my departure

How I dragged through the ensuing six weeks it would be equally futile and superfluous for me to attempt to say Every day I looked forward to a message from Monsieur Tako and every night I went to bed trusting that one would come to me on the morrow Every day I contemplated going to his office in spite of his recommendation of delay and every day I decided to defer my visit at least for another four and twenty hours I battered my poor wits until they were sore in the endeavor to conceive an independent line of investigation but with absolutely no result I consumed all my leisure in scouring the city pausing in front of each separate house and querying whether its appearance suggested the domicile of my sweetheart My single solace, my single comrade, was Iospu's little handkerchief, which I felt assured belonged to Damozel. It became a woefully crumpled little handkerchief and quite devoid of fragrance before those six weeks were out One thing I learned I learned at what a snail's pace the sun can travel when a lover's wish instead of an astronomer's telescope counts up his progress

The six weeks lacked but a few hours of being out when finally Monsieur Tako's message was delivered to me by the postman In a stiff European peninsular it requested 'Favor me with a call at 3 o clock to-day '

I was more than prompt At three quarters after noon I crossed Monsieur Tako's residence

'Ah,' he exclaimed 'here you are Well I have news I could discover nothing in the city I had to wait a response to my letter from Anthania Not until last night did one arrive'

'And it said?' I cried eagerly

'It said some very important things Before recurring to them I must thank you for having brought this business to my notice It seems that the Anthanian government is even more interested in it than you are'

'Indeed? How so?'

'Why—but we will come to that To begin your view of the old man who stepped from out the body of the statue—do I state it correctly?—was exceedingly transitory notwithstanding which would you know him if you should see him again?'

'I think I should His appearance was exceptional enough to impress me powerfully'

'Well and good Do you recognize that?'

Monsieur Tako passed me a carte de visite photograph

'By Heaven!' I cried 'It is he—it is he [illegible] Where is he? Lead me to him'

My voice broke with the emotion

'Ah not so fast' said Tako 'I can't lead you to him just at present But now for my information Are you composed sufficiently to attend?'

'Oh certainly certainly' I said striving to be polite

'Well then I wrote to Anthania as I promised to I simply inquired whether any of our noted mesmerists were absent from the country Last night I received the reply One mesmerist is absent from the county—the most skillful therefore the most dangerous one of all by name Tuli Lamm he whose likeness was enclosed and whom you have just identified He quitted Anthania a twelvemonth and more ago after having rendered himself liable to the gravest criminal penalties after having jeopardized the life of a member of the royal family by practicing upon him his diabolical art The government has been hunting for him high and low in every nook and corner of Europe Strangely they never thought of America But now grace to you we shall bring him to bay A decoration is the very least of the rewards I can anticipate'

Monsieur Tako was warming up His tawny cheeks flushed his lips quivered his eyes danced But I felt as though he was wrapping a wet blanket around my naked flesh This was more vastly more than I had bargained for To contribute toward delivering Damozel's father—I assumed that Tuli Lamm was her father—to contribute toward delivering him over to the police was not at all what I had designed Nevertheless it behooved me to be circumspect in dealing with Monsieur Tako

'And what next do you propose to do?' I asked

'I propose to employ a detective—in fact I have already summoned one I expect him every moment You will tell him the story and we can safely trust him to tell the sequel'

'Monsieur Tako' I said 'I owe a debt of gratitude to you but I would prefer not to tell my story to a detective Indeed I would prefer to remain in ignorance respecting the whole matter rather than to elucidate it by the service of a detective'

Monsieur Tako raised his palm to silence me

'Why what—what do you mean?' he spluttered with undisguised annoyance 'What is your objection to a detective?'

'Oh I have a constitutional prejudice against detectives Besides I hate notoriety I don't want to see myself in the newspapers Don't you think we can get along without the detective?'

'Impossible quite impossible We have neither the time nor the training A detective is indispensable'

'Then in that event I must beg leave to withdraw I am infinitely thankful to you and now I relinquish my claims in your behalf Follow the secret up with your detective if you wish But with his entrance I perform my exit'

Monsieur Tako lost his temper

'Eh, you are a chicken hearted American' he hissed 'an *American* Do you comprehend? I wash my hands of you Go get out of here at once'

I took his hint

But I was at the very acme of despair

What had I accomplished?

I had set a detective upon Damozel's father that is to say upon Damozel herself She was in peril in immediate peril With a prison or perhaps worse in store for her father what was her lot to be? And I I who had precipitated the mischief—I was impotent to rescue her I was really no closer to her than before I had admitted Tako to my confidence And yet what evil had I not wrought?

I spent the residue of the day in a fever I devised a hundred vain expedients How should I warn Tuli Lamm? I considered a personal address to him in the *Herald* But the detective would remark it as well as he and head me off I considered ninety nine other procedures equally absurd

At night I went home I sat in my room in the dark I believe a cyclone was raging in my skull Suddenly as suddenly as a gun shot an idea fell upon me.

'Thank God,' I cried 'Damozel is saved '

This was my idea

Tuli Lamm was a mesmerist consequently a thought-reader Now, argued I if I think very intently of Tuli Lamm will not Tuli Lamm become aware of it and take the warning?

At a soberer moment I should have [illegible] out [illegible] this idea as preposterous In my then mood I fancied it was the consummation of human logic

So I knit my brows and began repeating with the utmost emphasis I could instil into the words *Tuli Lamm you are in danger fly from New York Tuli Lamm you are in danger flee!*

I had repeated it thus perhaps a dozen times when the door leading into the hall creaked open

'Who is there?' I called startled

'Tuli Lamm' was the response

I bounded from my chair My blood curdled my hair rose on end 'Tuli Lamm!' I gasped

'You desired to speak to me did you not?'

A something in his tone soothed me as effectually as water soothes thirst My self possession returned to me unimpaired

'Yes' I said 'I was pronouncing your name even as you entered'

'Ah I knew it I knew it You are a marvelous subject'

'Excuse me Mr Lamm' I said 'while I light the gas'

'No stay don't light the gas We can say what we have to say to better advantage in the dark'

'But—'

'But I insist'

'Mr Lamm' I resumed 'you know that I was pronouncing your name as you entered this room Did you know what words I coupled with your name?'

'No I could not make them out ''

'Can you divine them now by reading in my mind?'

''No I confess I cannot. You are too much agitated '

''Do you know, Mr Lamm, that the Anthanian government has set a price upon your liberty?''

'Yes I know that''

'Do you know that Monsieur Tako the Anthanian representative is even now upon your tracks?'

'That I did not know '

'It is true You are in imminent danger He has employed a detective, and has staked his reputation upon catching you ''

'The bloodhound!'' muttered Tuli Lamm 'Then Give me the particulars ''

I gave them to him as amply as I could

'I thank you for the caution' he said when I had finished 'Is that all?'

'By no means If I have cautioned you it was not gratuitous One good turn deserves another Now I want to ask you some questions I want to ask—'

'I know what you want to ask You want to ask first how I got you into my possession secondly how having got you, I rendered you contented with your fortune thirdly and chiefly by what method I made a day seem to you as a week and lastly you want to ask why I got rid of you at the end of that length of time Well as you have said one good turn deserves another I will enlighten you'

Lamm laughed and went on

'You are aware that of old the alchemists sought the precious elixir that would prolong life balm of eternal youth Their efforts were fruitless Why? Because they were guided by superstition instead of science I have in truth discovered that elixir How? By consulting science instead of superstition

'What is life? The life of a man is simply a definite number of experiences bounded by a definite space of time Time is relative is longer or shorter as it seems so to us Time absolute is beyond our knowledge and thereupon beyond our care Now if by multiplying the number of a man's experiences within a given length of time I make that length of time seem longer to him have I not by just so much prolonged that man's life? If I compress the experiences of a week into a single day have I not virtually multiplied the life lived in that day by seven? If correspondingly I make the three score years and ten allotted to us by Scripture seem to be seven times as long have I not stretched it out to 490 years? Time my young friend, in my hands is as elastic as a rubber band

'Now in respect to yourself I first saw you some six months ago At the first glance I said, there is a splendid subject You had precisely the health and the sensitiveness I require I knew that if I asked you to submit to be experimented upon you would be frightened and refuse Yet I knew that I owed it to science not to permit so excellent a subject to escape me So I determined upon possessing you without your consent

'I watched my opportunity You would be startled to learn how many narrow escapes you had At last my opportunity confronted me You were alone in the street on Sunday morning June 29 I approached you spoke to you caught your eye and fixed it From that moment you were beneath my sway You followed me without resistance to my house

'Then I put you into a trance by means of a drug The result was that when you recovered you had forgotten all that had happened since the night before The more recent impressions upon your brain were simply rubbed out That was the function of the drug

'The next thing was to tranquilize you Excitement on your part would have defeated my aims So I dispatched Iospu to you Iospu has a few mesmeric faculties of her own One of these is to banish from the subject's mind all thoughts save the thoughts of her When you beheld Iospu you thought no more about the character of your adventure you thought of Iospu

'I was inclosed in that Indian idol—it is a genuine Indian idol brought from India by myself It was essential that I should see without being seen It is through my eyes that my mesmeric influence is transmitted I had to keep my eyes riveted upon you from first to last

'Well that is about all You know how my experiment succeeded You know how I extended a few hours into as many days'

Tuli Lamm paused

For a while wonder forbid me to speak Finally I said 'How did you provide night?'

'By the simplest of mechanical contrivances I darkened the room'

'Why was I as if paralyzed?' I continued 'Why could I not stir?'

'Ah young man' he said sighing 'there you put your finger on the sole flaw in my great system In order to multiply his experiences I am compelled to concentrate the subject's entire vital force upon his brain This robs the body The body has flaccid inert The energy of each organ is diminished more than 75 per cent'

'Furthermore' I resumed

'Yes yes I will explain all At the most I had not originally intended to retain you more than a day or so When you began talking love to Iospu your usefulness to me was past Indeed worse than that; Iospu's usefulness also must terminate upon the day when she falls in love So it was necessary that I should disembarrass myself of you You were inimical to Iospu's peace of heart

'The process was easy I made you lose consciousness Then I allowed your cerebellum to recover keeping your cerebrum still in coma In that state I marched you home I took leave of you within a few rods of this house The rest of the journey you managed by yourself Your cerebellum carried you up stairs to your room How long afterward your cerebrum began to work, I don't know'

'Mr Lamm' I said 'I begin to comprehend You have discharged the first installment of the debt you owe me It remains for you to discharge the rest Lead me back to Iospu'

A loud harsh mocking laugh rang out from Tuli Lamm's lips It was followed by a dead silence

The silence continued Tuli Lamm did not speak

'Well Mr Lamm'' I said 'I am waiting'

Still no answer

'Tuli Lamm' I called 'why don't you speak?'

Silence again

I peered into the darkness I fancied there was a void where before I had discerned the dim outline of Tuli Lamm's figure I stretched forth my arms Tuli Lamm's chair was vacant

I rose and lit the gas Tuli Lamm was no longer in my room

I bounded down the staircase and out into the street The street was deserted

In the hope of overtaking him and without reflecting that very likely he had gone the opposite way I hurried toward Madison avenue

Halting at the corner and glancing up and down the thoroughfare I could discover no human being that resembled Tuli Lamm Only one human being was in sight That one was a woman walking in my direction

Something in her carriage arrested my attention She passed under a lamp post For a single second her face flashed upon my vision

My legs trembled beneath my body The blood in my arteries commenced to beat like mad

Coincidence of coincidences! The woman —she was Iospu, she was Damozel

'Damozel! Damozel!' I cried seizing her arms

'God be praised' she exclaimed 'It is you—you whom I was seeking'

'Oh Damozel!' I murmured, at length 'I have found you '

For a time neither of us could speak

'And Tuli Lamm, your father' at last I said 'where is your father?'

'I have escaped from Tuli Lamm—escaped after all these years Tuli Lamm is not my father, he was my captor Oh, thank you, thank you, for my deliverance ''

''Thank me? Why thank me? How have I helped to deliver you?''

''Ah, that is what you don't understand. You made me love you When love rose in my heart Tuli Lamm's thraldom was over Before he had held me in the palm of his hand, to do as he would with me But when you came you broke the spell To-night I improved Tuli Lamm's absence to fly to you'

'And you do love me, you do love me, Damozel?'

Damozel is bending over my shoulder as I write She insists that I have reached precisely the right point for winding the story up.—[Copyrighted All rights reserved

ROME'S CAMPAGNA

From the London Globe

The condition of rural Italy may well be as it is a source of great anxiety to Italian statesmen The existence of this anxiety is indeed the only bright spot on a very dark horizon A few years ago a parliamentary commission of inquiry was appointed, with the Marquis Nobili Vitelleschi as its president whose labors have brought to light a state of things that might well have seemed incredible If however the knowledge of a disease is half the remedy the Italians may take heart There has evidently been no shrinking of facts and it now remains for the government and parliament to carry out such reforms as may be suggested though a foreigner may well be pardoned the opinion that while the country continues to be taxed as it is for the maintenance of enormous military and naval armaments any great improvement is impossible The president of the commission himself does not speak very hopefully In summing up the results of his labors and those of his colleagues he says that rural property suffers deplorably from malaria in its best regions it is cut up into over minute divisions fettered on the one side by collective ownership and yoked on the other to burdensome privileges and dues overwhelmed with taxes debt and mortgages wanting in every means of intercommunication and afflicted by the insecurity of life and property Nobody can wonder he continues in these circumstances at the barren aspect which it presents itself and one can only hope that the enigma or amelioration may be satisfactorily solved by the eminent men whose attention is now directed to it

The eleventh and final volume of the commissioners' report deals at length with the condition of the Campagna the desolate and pestiferous district which surrounds Rome which in classic times was covered with flourishing cities, inhabited by a prosperous population The Marquis Vitelleschi's report which has been admirably summarized by Mr W Beauclerk second secretary to the embassy at Rome gives a graphic account of this dreary region which we are told presents more evils to be cured than any other part of the entire kingdom Its desolation is strikingly shown by a few of the facts put on record The country is watered by the two rivers Tiber and Ombrone but not a single bridge spans the one or the other outside the walls of the capital so little attention has been paid to facilities of intercommunication There are 500 000 acres of unreclaimed soil in the country which once contained the flourishing Volscian and Etruscan towns that fell to waste when the empire was transferred to Constantinople and when the popes removed from Rome to Avignon The malaria hangs like a blight over the whole region and so far but little seems to have been done to get rid of the scourge Cultivation and drainage are effectual remedies as experience has abundantly proved but abortive attempts at drainage may do more harm than good In fact, it is stated that the population of Ozze Cor Sermoneta and Terracina are decimated every year A third of the people fall ill in a single day with symptoms more violent than were ever previously known The result is that many farms have gone out of cultivation and the country goes from bad to worse for where man disappears malaria takes his place Houses in the Campagna are few and far between The necessary labor which occupies eight months of the year is done for the most part by immigrants who live in huts or wigwams which they are so happy as to possess [illegible] A large proportion of [illegible] perhaps the principal one why he [illegible] not [illegible] is the payment of the house tax This impost is levied on farm buildings whether they are occupied or not Mr Beauclerk states that Prince Torlonia [illegible] in the neighborhood of Rome that he may not have to pay house tax on untenanted farm houses If this is a consideration to a millionaire it is little wonder that small landed proprietors should decline to build on their estates The Campagna has but one house to each four square miles of land

The condition of agriculture as it is at present carried on in the Campagna is little favorable to improvement The flocks are allowed to destroy shrubs and young trees and do so to an enormous extent while the destruction of timber goes on as if the importance of trees to the well being of a country had yet to be proved The province of Rome has been disafforested to the extent of some 60 000 acres during the last fifty years There are some 500 000 acres devoted to the growing of corn but manure is hardly ever used and thus the soil has become exhausted The use of machinery in agricultural operations is hardly known and the introduction of American wheat threatens to throw the cornfields of the Campagna out of cultivation So much is gardening neglected that the city of Rome depends for fruit and vegetables not on its own suburbs but chiefly on Naples Birds are ruthlessly destroyed in deference to the prejudice of the Romans against any approach to game preserving and thus insects are enabled to multiply to a dangerous extent Little advantage is taken of the climate and soil for the production of wine and oil The ravages of the phylloxera in France, which have given an impetus to the wine manufacture in other parts of Italy have had no effect in this unfortunate district The appliances for the production of oil are insufficient and the article poor in quality originally is frequently adulterated Much the same may be said of nearly every other industry It is little to be wondered at in these circumstances, that the profit from land is very small—not more than an average of 22s per acre From this however, 30 or 40 per cent has to be deducted for taxes and thus the actual net profit is reduced to something like 15s per acre

To Clean Piano Keys

When the white pianoforte keys become discolored we should remove the front fall and slip of wood just over them then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a white cloth slightly damped with cold water and dry off with a cloth lightly warm Should the keys be sticky first damp the cloth with a little spirits of wine or gin Soap or washing powder should not be used It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household in case we wish to remove finger marks from paint or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans A teaspoonful in a basin of warm water will make hair brushes beautifully white but care must be taken not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface Rinse them with clean warm water and put in a sunny window to dry —[Philadelphia Call

A German physician, Dr Wilhelm Schmoele, recently set forth at great length the doctrine that he who eats lemons in sufficient abundance need never die. About the same time a certain Count Waldeck gave up the ghost at the advanced age of 120, having discovered the true elixir vitæ in horse-radish soaked in lemon juice An English surgeon has more recently still published a book designed to show that eternity on a reduced scale is within the reach, here upon earth, of almost any one who will take the proper precautions to secure it, and many persons seem nowadays to be possessed by the idea that it is their duty to spin out existence to the term of Methuselah.

AN OLD-TIME KENTUCKY LEGE

A Relic of Pioneer Days Near Elizabeth— Wedding of John Mulholland.

The oldest house in this county, and perhaps one of the oldest in the state, is situated on the banks of Valley creek, about eight miles from this place Its chimney bears the date of 1794, the year in which it was built It is an old wooden structure two stories high built of hewn walnut logs two or three feet thick which, of late years have been sheltered with weather boarding Tradition says this house was erected by the early settlers of this neighborhood to be used as a fortification against the ravages of Indians who were then numerous in this part of the state Now but three little Indian mounds in the neighborhood remain to mark the resting place of a race entirely passed from our midst The chimney of the old house is about ten feet wide, with a circular window in its center in the second story of the building through which the wives of the pioneers kept a lookout for the Indians while their husbands pursued their avocations A cannon was placed in the garret of the fort to be fired as a signal of danger to warn the settlers of the approaching foe and many times has its thundering peal caused the pioneers and their families to rush within its walls for safety, Many hard fought battles have raged around the old fort as told by the flinty war missiles of the foe that remain scattered in profusion around

There are many legends connected with this fort handed down by tradition, one of which may be of interest even in this late day A young pioneer named John Mulholland had wooed and won the heart and hand of a fair daughter of the pioneers, and the first wedding ever celebrated in this section was to take place It was a beautiful morning when all the inhabitants had assembled under the beechy bowers on the banks of Valley creek to witness the marriage All the old young, and the gay were there though not attired in silks and laces as is the custom at the present day but wearing that common garb woven on the old family loom a relic now passed almost out of existence The day was passed conversing swinging on grape-vines and strolling along the flowery banks of Valley creek

After the festivities of the day were over all returned to their several homes Late that evening just as the shades of night were falling over the land a horseman came galloping up to the fort with the sad announcement 'The Indians are raiding the country and have carried away the bride' In a few minutes the signal gun pealed out its warning and the inhabitants with their wives and children fled to the fort for safety That night all within the walls was sorrow and confusion The day before had been absorbed in the wedding, and no lookout kept for the foe which, unobserved had come into the settlement By early dawn next morning all were under arms and mounted set out in pursuit of the foe to recover the bride

All the day was spent in search, but no clue could be had save the tracks which showed the foe was beating a hasty retreat back toward the Ohio river and great haste was made to prevent them from crossing, for if they once reached the Indiana shore, there was no possible chance of capturing them That night when the pursuing party reached the river they could hear the faint sound of Indian canoes landing on the other shore Here the party halted All hope of recovering the bride had gone After some consideration they concluded to return but Mulholland hesitated on the bank and just as his comrades were turning away cried out 'I will have her or die with my wife' and with this his horse leaped in the river and disappeared in the fog while his friends remained on the bank entreating him to return and warning him of his certain death if he approached the Indian camp But his ears were shut to all their entreaties, and he pushed on across the stream

The party returned home in despair and all thought that Mulholland and wife had been killed by the Indians Years passed away and the occurrence had been almost forgotten when one evening a woman who was loitering along the stream [illegible] the fort was startled by the sound of footsteps behind her and on turning round saw the form of a pale, wan woman in an almost nude state approaching her She came on to her great surprise, [illegible] learned from her that it was Mrs Mulholland

After clothing her with some of the garments in the wash tub she took her to the house and listened to the thrilling story of her adventure Her husband had joined her in the Indian camp in Indiana the night he swam the river and they had remained prisoners together until her escape, wandering about from place to place with no other white person except a little boy, whose name was Hart in whose mind they had instilled a terror for the white race by cutting off the heads of animals and telling him that white people would do him that way if they caught him

She and her husband endured this hardship together until one of the redskins procured a mirror which was a wonder with them and all looked into it with great admiration One evening Mrs Mulholland accidentally broke the glass which caused a great uproar in the camp From their action she was led to believe they intended to put her to death and when they all fell asleep her belief ripened into conviction, as it had always been their habit to take a nap before they committed any outrage Knowing that it would be death to remain, she determined to attempt her escape of which she informed her husband and bidding him adieu stole away from the camp and wandered along through the dreary wilds. After she had been gone for some time, she heard the yelps of bloodhounds on her trail and knew the Indians were in pursuit She climbed a hollow tree and entering it at the top in breathless silence she listened to the yelping train drawing nearer and nearer until they halted at the foot of the tree In a few minutes the Indians were plunging their tomahawks into the trunk of the tree but being unable to find anything in it they whipped the dogs and went away For hours she remained in this tree afraid to move After she thought there was no danger she climbed down and waded in a little stream for miles to prevent the dogs from trailing her For days she wandered through the wood without food except bugs and worms, which she caught by turning over logs, and slept at night in the dismal forest where the hours were made hideous by the howling of wild beasts

One evening she saw a huge bear leaving his den and being almost frozen she crawled in to take a nap resolved rather to fall the prey of the wild beast than die at the hands of her foe Fortunately she awoke before the bear returned, and went on her way unmolested After several weeks wandering alone in the woods, she reached home and friends Her husband soon afterward was bought with a jug of whisky sent through the hands of a friendly Indian and the couple lived together in this county until separated by death.—[Elizabethtown (Ky.) Correspondence of Louisville (Ky.) Courier Journal

An Unreasonable Daughter

Louisville Courier Journal.

Mose Schaumburg is very arbitrary in the management of his family affairs He has been trying for some time to marry off his daughter Rebecca, and at last he succeeded in persuading an old man, who is rich, to marry her

"Rebecca, allow me to congratulate you on your engagement. I have you a husband got."

"Who vas he, vadder?"

"Who vas he! Vat a kevestion! Vat's dat your pishness, eh? Vy ton't you attend to your own affairs, don't it? You vas choost eaten up mit curiosity. Vat von't you vant to know next?"

Not a particle of quinine nor any mineral substance is contained in Ayer's Ague Cure—but it does the business. Warranted.

NEMESIS.

BY MONTE CRISTO

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

CHAPTER I

On a cloudy, sultry, midsummer night, [illegible] than a score of years ago, the solitary figure of a man was seen standing, in a leaning attitude against the railing of a bridge spanning a stream, in the suburbs of a certain city of southern California.

The dense darkness of the night, shut in by overhanging clouds, was unlit by a single ray from moon or stars, and the very air seemed to rest, heavy and hot, upon the lungs of the silent, sleeping city.

It was midnight, and the big clock in a tower far away in the heart of the city suddenly boomed out on the oppressive stillness slowly tolled the hour with weird, lingering strokes, each of which seemed to hang and reverberate on the heavy atmosphere though waiting to clasp hands and join its [illegible] with its successor and thus not go out alone into the silence and death awaiting it in the fathomless darkness of space

As the first stroke cleft the stillness, and its familiar sound reached the utmost confines of the city, the solitary figure on the bridge started and half turned, standing erect, [illegible] even in the darkness, [illegible]

For a minute or two he stood immovable then, as the last boom [illegible] among the distant mountains, he turned and resumed the measured tramp, tramp of his beat. But scarcely had he gone a dozen paces when he paused abruptly, and drawing close to the railing sent a piercing gaze into the impenetrable darkness ahead. A sound [illegible] to an ordinary person [illegible] notice [illegible] of light, cautious steps drawing closer to the little bridge [illegible] the pall of midnight gloom. At last, [illegible] a dozen steps in advance was dimly outlined a slender female form [illegible] for an instant by the railing [illegible] then ere the officer could move or utter a word, a low, quivering moan of agony, reached his ear, and the sound of a slight weight striking the water beneath [illegible] he ejaculated darting forward throwing the sharp rays of his bull's-eye [illegible] spot where the dim figure had stood [illegible]

Suspecting he scarcely knew what, he [illegible] at full speed after the mysterious figure, [illegible] paused until his heavy hand came down on the shrinking, trembling shoulder of a woman. Turning the full light of his lantern on a white, agitated face of the prisoner, he started and drew back half a pace, but still retained hold upon the slender arm. After a more close scrutiny, he said in a low, firm tone

"I cannot be mistaken you are Miss [illegible] daughter of [illegible] of No. 4 [illegible] Yet here you are, many [illegible] at midnight, under circumstances [illegible]

[illegible]

IME KENTUCKY LEGEND.

neer Days Near Elizabethtown—The dding of John Mulholland.

house in this county and per the oldest in the state is sit banks of Valley creek about from this place Its chimney e of 1794 the year in which it It is an old wooden structure, igh, built of hewn walnut logs, feet thick which, of late years, eltered with weather-boarding. ys this house was erected by the of this neighborhood to be used tion against the ravages of In were then numerous in this part Now but three little Indian the neighborhood remain to sting place of a race entirely our midst The chimney of the about ten feet wide, with a cir w in its center in the second building through which the pioneers kept a lookout for the le their husbands pursued their A cannon was placed in the e fort to be fired as a signal of arn the settlers of the approach many times has its thundering the pioneers and their families in its walls for safety Many battles have raged around this told by the flinty war missiles at remain scattered in profusion

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Unreasonable Daughter

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NEMESIS.

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CHAPTER I

On a cloudy, sultry, midsummer night, more than a score of years ago, the solitary figure of a man was seen standing, in a leaning attitude, against the railing of a bridge spanning a small stream, in the suburbs of a certain city in southern California.

The dense darkness of the night, shut in by overhanging clouds, was unlit by a single ray from moon or stars, and the very atmosphere seemed to rest, heavy and hot, upon the laboring lungs of the silent, sleeping city

It was midnight, and the big clock in the tower far away in the heart of the city suddenly boomed out on the oppressive stillness and slowly tolled the hour with twelve weird, lingering strokes, each of which seemed to hover and reverberate on the heavy atmosphere, as though waiting to clasp hands and join issues with its successor, and thus not go out all alone into the silence and death awaiting it in the unfathomed darkness of space.

As the first stroke cleft the stillness, and the familiar sound reached the utmost confines of the city, the solitary figure on the little bridge started and half turned standing erect, and showing, even in the darkness, the silvery gleam of a star on the left breast, thus proclaiming himself one of the guardian spirits of that peace for which poor, trusting humanity prays so assiduously when its heavy eyelids droop in helpless slumber

For a minute or two he stood immovable, then, as the last boom moaned itself away among the distant mountains, he turned and resumed the measured tramp, tramp of his lonely beat. But scarcely had he gone a dozen paces when he paused abruptly, and drawing close to the railing sent a piercing gaze into the impenetrable darkness ahead A sound, so slight that to an ordinary person it would have passed unnoticed, had reached his practiced ear, a sound of light, cautious steps drawing closer and closer to the little bridge beneath the friendly pall of midnight gloom At last, not more than a dozen steps in advance, was dimly outlined a slender female form which paused for an instant by the railing and then, ere the officer could move or utter a word, a low, quivering moan, as of agony, reached his ear, and the sound of a slight weight striking the water beneath "Suicide!" he ejaculated, darting forward and throwing the sharp rays of his bull's eye on the spot where the dim figure had stood It was gone, but the sound of light, quickly retreating footsteps told him it had been no suicide

Suspecting he scarcely knew what, he dashed at full speed after the mysterious fugitive, nor paused until his heavy hand came down upon the shrinking, trembling shoulder of a woman Turning the full light of his lantern upon the white, agitated face of the prisoner, he started, and drew back half a pace, but still retained his hold upon the slender arm After a moment of close scrutiny, he said in a low, firm tone

"I cannot be mistaken, you are Miss D——, daughter of Dr D—— of No [illegible] Regent street Yet here you are, many long blocks from your home, at midnight, under circumstances that are, to say the least, very strange As a police officer, it is my duty to inquire closely into your motive in being here" He paused as though awaiting a reply, but none was given The girl only shrank farther from him and covered her face with her hands, as though praying that the earth might open and hide her from his merciless scrutiny As he gazed down upon her, cowering there in such evident misery and shame, so entirely at his mercy, a feeling of pity came over him, and when he spoke again his tone was gentler though not less firm

"Do not think that I question you from mere idle curiosity, or that I will add anything to your trouble if I can avoid it I would rather, any time, help a woman up, than drag her down. Speak, and tell me why you are here?"

Something in his voice seemed to give her a faint hope, and suddenly grasping his arm, she cried imploringly

"Oh! if you have a heart in your breast, do not add another straw to my terrible load of trouble Do not ask me another question, only let me go! let me go"

"I sincerely wish that I could do so, consistently with my official duty, but I cannot, at least not until you have answered one question Tell me what it was you dropped from the bridge into the water?"

She started violently, then sprang erect and faced him as she had not done before,

"Are you a fiend" she cried, excitedly "Have you no heart, no pity for a wretched, disgraced girl? Then listen, Officer Herne,—ah you are surprised that I know you,—listen to me a moment. You were married a few short weeks ago, were you not? You have a fair young wife who is very dear to you, a little home that you would grieve to see broken up and destroyed Then have a care I am a desperate girl Goad me no further, or—" she paused.

"Pray continue," said he "I do not catch your meaning"

"No? Well I can make it plainer How would you like for your young wife to be informed of certain occurrences in which you were concerned about eighteen months ago?"

The guardian of the public peace and morals moved uneasily, but asked cautiously "To what occurrences do you allude?"

He felt her draw nearer, felt the scrutiny of a pair of piercing black eyes, as she said in a hissing undertone;

"Perchance you have forgotten *Bryan Dempsey*, and the little room up close to the roof of Madam S——'s establishment, in which the child of her shame and yours was born and——"

"Hush For God's sake be still!" he exclaimed hastily "Go your way, and fear nothing from me Every life has its shadows Go, go, before some one passes and sees you here"

"Ha, ha, ha," she laughed with an almost maniacal wildness "Yes, oh yes, I will go but listen a moment, Officer Herne If you go prowling around under the bridge after I am gone and chance to find something, be [illegible]!"

The last words were shrieked [illegible] and she vanished in the darkness.

"My God If she should [illegible] tongue run like that [illegible] he started off rapidly [illegible] with the intention [illegible] home knowing [illegible] she be [illegible] the hands [illegible]

But rapid [illegible] footsteps [illegible] died away [illegible] stood for a long time irresolute. His knowledge of his duty as an officer prompted him to return to the bridge at once and investigate, but the last wild words of the wretched girl, "be careful! be careful" kept ringing in his ears and a strange, almost superstitious [illegible] to get far away from the spot took possession of him and suddenly yielding to the impulse he turned and walked rapidly away On and on through street after street, he went without pausing until at last he drew near his own little home, where in unconscious sleep lay the bride of a few short weeks, the young wife whom he loved with all the [illegible] love [illegible] ghosts from the past to ever come between her and him No a thousand times no The thought was maddening, and occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else, and when suddenly the clock in a far off tower tolled one deep, solemn stroke he started and paused with his hand on his own gate, as though aroused from a dream

"Only 1 o'clock," he muttered "I [illegible] I must return to my beat and remain [illegible] for another hour Strange how some things will [illegible] a fellow"

Twenty minutes later he slowly approached the lonely little bridge, pausing once or twice as if listening, then starting on again, then pausing once more, and finally, with his lantern in his hand, he turned aside from the entrance to the bridge and slowly and cautiously descended the rugged bank of the stream until he stood beneath the bridge, at the water's edge. It was a narrow, deep, motionless sort of stream, with tangled weeds and brambles overhanging the edge and dipping far down into the silent waters. Beneath the bridge the impenetrable darkness of the night seemed to be, if possible, intensified, and officer Herne several minutes slowly threw the rays of his lantern about before he could distinguish the outlines of either bridge or stream.

"Oh, pshaw whatever it was has gone to the bottom long before this," he muttered as if impatient with himself He was just turning to ascend the bank when a slight sound on the water near by caught his quick ear With a start he turned quickly and threw the light in the direction from which the sound came. There, not more than three yards from him, floating silently on the still waters was an uncouth looking little skiff, manned by a diminutive negro of perhaps 10 years of age, whose big round eyes were rolling in wildest fright, as he stared helplessly at the dreaded knight of the star and bludgeon

"Aha! you're just the gent I'm looking for Come here, sir, and let me see what cargo you've got in that craft of yours," exclaimed the official, seeing and rather enjoying his dusky little victim's terror.

But instead of obeying the command the little monkey grasped a pair of broken oars and began rowing frantically away.

"Halt, sir, or you're a dead man!" cried the officer pretending to level a pistol, whereupon the bark suddenly altered its course, and a terrified voice cried

"Oh Mr P'liceman, don't shoot I's comin', 'deed I is, I's comin' straight to you, Mr P'liceman, dis very minute"

And straightway the little craft came crashing into the weeds and briers at the officer's feet

"Now, sir, unload, and let me see what you have here"

The command was quickly and mutely obeyed; An old piece of carpet that covered up something in the stern of the skiff was tossed ashore, leaving revealed two large watermelons and a dozen green cucumbers, which were nimbly transferred to terra firma.

"So my young gent, you've been stealing from the poor old Mexican gardener down here Now do you know where we put little darkeys for such business?"

"Oh Mr Policeman, don't put me nowhere, please don't I'll take 'em right straight back and stick 'em on de vines jus like I found 'em 'deed I will, Mr Policeman"

Officer Herne made no reply He had turned his light squarely into the skiff and was scanning a small bundle, rolled in a shawl, that lay almost under the seat. "What is in that bundle?" He sharply demanded

The poor little darkey, already frightened almost out of his wits, began to whimper at this question

"Now, Mr Policeman, if I tells you what dat is, you'll be a sayin' dat I stole it too, along wid de millions an' cowcumbers but I didn't, 'deed an' 'deed I didn't, 'cause it's someting dat dis darkey don't know what to do wid, no way in de world"

"Tell me what it is, and no falsehoods," was the stern command

"Oh, Mr Policeman, it's a little baby It ain't a white baby nor a black baby, it's just a pink baby, pink as—as [illegible] de water millions An' I jus' b'lieve it's dead, 'cause it don't open its eyes nor it don't holler when I shake it, an' no wonder, after such a tumble"

Officer Herne had taken the bundle and carefully unrolled it, finding that it contained a baby apparently about a week old, which if not dead, was nearly so from the effects of some powerful drug

"Where did you get it" he demanded of the trembling little negro

"Now, don't you go for to say dat I stole it Mr P'liceman, 'cause I didn't, no ways an' I'll put it right back in de water where I found it if you say so"

"You found it in the water, eh"

"Yes sah it jus' flipped down off from dis bridge like a fish and hit in de water wid a splash dat almos' capsized my boat den I grabbed it and hauled it aboard an' lit my candle to see what it was, an' when I unrolled it you could a knocked me overboard wid a toothpick De ideer of dat little picaninny a tryin' to commit suercide! An' it would a done it too Mr P'liceman, if I hadn't been here to pull it out ob de water"

"Suicide" said the officer smiling at the quaint conceit "Yes, it is evident that you have prevented a suicide What is your name my little man?"

"Othello, sah"

"Othello Shades of Shakespeare!"

"No, sah Othello Quackenbush"

"Oh Well all right, Othello I will not forget your name Now, tell me, did you hear any one on the bridge about the time that this youngster jumped over?"

"Oh yes, sah I heard somebody a runnin' an' I kep' still as a mice, 'cause I was afraid it might be a ——"

"A what" inquired the officer, as Othello hesitated

"A—a—p'liceman"

"Aha! You were thinking of your stolen cargo, eh"

Evidently Othello knew the value of silence at critical moments, for he was mum, and for several minutes officer Herne stood lost in serious meditation. His thoughts at that moment may be easily imagined Pity, for the poor little deserted waif in his arms was tugging at his heart-strings while in his ears yet rang the warning words of its wretched mother But at length the impulse of duty and common humanity overcame his selfish fears for his own welfare, and slowly tightening his clasp around the small bundle he resolved that if life were not extinct in the little form, it should have as fair a chance of existence as he could give it

"After all," he thought, "it may not live even if it be alive at this moment but if it should live and grow up, who can ever guess its origin so long as I keep silent? As for this little black rascal, I will find a means to silence him"

Then suddenly addressing Othello, he exclaimed

"Well, here, take this thing off my hands I don't want to get into any trouble about it and I advise you to keep dark about it, for if the mother of the child finds it in your hands she will have you hung!"

"Oh Lordy! I don't want it, Mr P'liceman You can have it to keep forever an' ever"

"Not much I am not so anxious to run my neck into a halter It's your baby now, since you found it, and you'll have to take it. I only hope they will send you to penitentiary instead of hanging you!"

"Oh Lord, ha' massy on my soul What's I gwine to do? Say Mr P'liceman, can't I chuck it back in de water?"

"What! Commit a murder, eh? Then they would hang you head downward, and every bit of kink would come out of your wool in no time and your corpse would look like a wild Comanche"

"Ooh, ooh ooh!" sobbed the poor little darkey, rocking back and forth in his skiff "I jes' wish I'd a stayed home wid my ol' mammy dis night Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I'm in a awful fix, sure"

"I am really sorry for you," said officer Herne, gravely, "and would like to help you out of this scrape if I knew how"

"Oh, sah, if you only would! If you only—"

"Well, now, see here," interrupted Herne "If I should take this baby off your hands and give it to a lady who would take good care of it, would you have sense enough to hold your tongue? Or would you blab and get yourself hung after all?"

"Oh no, sah hope to die if I will I'll keep as still as a tombstone sah, if only —"

"Well, well that will do I'll help you out this time But if I ever catch you in another [illegible] I'll be compelled to hand you over Now load up those melons and take them [illegible] where you got them then go home [illegible] for there will soon be one darkey less in California"

With this parting admonition officer Herne [illegible] little dreaming what part his little brain should play in the destiny of more than one human being

CHAPTER II

One night about a week subsequent to the events recorded in the foregoing chapter, as officer Herne, being "off duty," was returning to his home he was met by a messenger with the request that he repair as quickly as possible to the residence of Dr D——, No 4[illegible] Regent street as he was wanted there on business of the utmost importance

In a state of much inward trepidation, he obeyed the summons Following his guide, a woman of middle age, he was led into the handsome mansion by a small side entrance, and the woman, then turning to him, said in an undertone

"Move as quietly as possible It is Miss D—— who has sent for you, and no one else is to know of your visit!"

She then led the way up stairs to a chamber dimly lighted, where on a bed of snowy whiteness, he saw again the unhappy girl whose little ill-fated babe was at that moment resting on the tender bosom of his own wife

The instant he entered the apartment the great restless black eyes fastened upon him, and something seemed to tell him that her hours of life were numbered

Dismissing with a gesture the nurse who had been his guide, she motioned him to draw near

"Come closer," she said feebly "I am very weak, yet there is something I must say to you"

He approached and seated himself close beside the bed

"I fear you are very ill," he said gently

"Yes" was the faint answer, "I am very ill Such trouble as I have gone through is very terrible but it is also merciful—it kills"

Then suddenly grasping his hand and turning her wild, burning eyes upon him, she said imploringly

"That dreadful night! Tell me about it. Did you search for it?"

"Yes and found it," he answered gravely.

With a sudden fictitious strength she sprang erect.

"What? You found it? Was it —? Was it —"

"Alive," he answered quietly. "It is still alive and doing well"

With a burst of tears that touched his heart the poor young mother fell back upon the pillow

"Oh, God be thanked for taking that load off my sinful soul Now I can die in peace"

She was silent for a moment, breathing with difficulty, but soon spoke again, as though communing with herself

"Oh my little baby Why was I such a pitiful coward? Why did I so fear the scorn of a world that is wicked and false? Why did I not cling to you and live for your sweet little sake?"

Several minutes of silent thought, and then turning to the man beside her, she said earnestly

"Where is my child?"

"In my wife's care"

"Can I die knowing that you will keep it always and be kind to it?"

"You can Since I took it from the water I have regarded it as my own"

"God bless you You will never let my poor old father and mother know of my shame"

"Never" was his emphatic reply

"Now, I have one thing more to ask of you The father of my child—" She paused and gasped for breath while a flush stole over the pallor of her face

"Oh he was very cruel! When I appealed to him and told him my trouble, he went away and left me to bear it all alone Now listen I am going to tell you his name, and I want you to give me a solemn promise that if ever he crosses your path, you will force him to acknowledge his child, and to lift her to the station to which by right, she belongs Wait for years if necessary, until he marries and other children are growing up around him then go to him, and with proofs which I shall give you, force him, by threatening exposure to do justice to his and my child Oh, promise me this promise me before I die!" she wildly pleaded

"I promise," he said, and the solemnity of his tone seemed to satisfy her Instantly she touched a bell near her bed, and the nurse again entered

"The little Japanese box in the upper drawer," she said, pointing to a secretary at one side of the room The box was handed her and placing it in his hands, she said

"The name, and all, you will find in this Guard it well, and remember your promise to a dying girl

The last words died away in a faint gasp, and her eyes closed wearily Obeying a gesture from the nurse, he arose and followed her from the apartment

Half an hour later he examined the contents of the little box entrusted to his care and therein found the name of the man who had wrought all this misery and death

"I have not been a saint myself," he murmured, "but by heavens! I stood by the mother of my child until they were both laid in the grave and if she had lived she would have been my wife to-day But this heartless wretch [illegible] let him dream of happiness if he can, with such a Nemesis on his track"

CHAPTER III

'Tis sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard —*Hamlet.*

"Well, sir, as to grounds for a case against the man, if I have rightly understood your statement of the circumstances, you have none whatever You stated, I believe that you had no proof of a secret or sham marriage between the parties?"

"Nothing of the kind I simply charge the man with seduction, desertion, and the existence of an illegitimate daughter now 17 years of age for whose support he has never given a dollar and whose very existence he has always ignored"

Judge Claflin leaned back in his comfortable office chair, stroked his heavy iron gray moustache, and then looked shrewdly wise

"My dear sir the world is full of such cases. They are usually kept pretty well hidden from the world in general but we lawyers stumble over them at every turn [illegible] there is absolutely no law to compel them"

"Then there should be a law to protect [illegible]"

"Many things should be which are not," was the careful reply

"But, Judge, in this case there are [illegible] by which I could [illegible] this man, and force him to [illegible] his daughter [illegible] of his family"

[illegible]

"And what law may that be?"

"The law of [illegible] He should do his legitimate child justice or I will expose him to the world, to his wife, to his other daughter and son"

The judge brought his plump hand down on the polished surface of his desk, smiled approvingly, and said

"Ah now you are on the right track The same thought was in my mind but it was not exactly within my province to suggest it to you Now however, since you have expressed your intentions in plain words consider me at your service for any advice or assistance I can give If men will commit such unprincipled follies in their youth, they ought to be made to shoulder the consequences in after life"

As Judge Claflin enunciated this praiseworthy sentiment he met a keen and somewhat peculiar glance from his client, and for an instant, as his thoughts ran back to certain dark passages in his own youth, he felt a guilty twinge and moved a little uneasily in his comfortable chair But the qualm was only momentary for Judge Claflin's conscience had been from earliest youth so small as to be easily lost among other component parts, and with the wear and tear of years had grown beautifully less.

"I fully agree with that sentiment, Judge and I particularly desire your advice and instructions in this case I have come to you because I prefer your counsel to that of any other lawyer in San Francisco"

The judge bowed, looked mutually flattered and immediately settled down to the business in point

"Very well Now, let me see This case occurred, you say seventeen years ago, in—what place?"

"A city in southern California," was the guarded answer

"Ah, yes the exact locality is immaterial The mother of the child died at its birth, leaving the child in your hands together with positive proofs of the identity of its father Am I correct so far?"

"Quite correct"

"After seventeen years, during which time you supported and cared for the child as your own you have at last discovered the recreant father in a resident of San Francisco a wealthy and prominent citizen, I think you said"

"Wealthy and prominent, yes"

"So much the better for your scheme," responded the judge, with a chuckle "Now, my dear sir, if your proofs are good your case is very clear and simple Go to the man yourself or authorize me to go, just as you choose If you resolve to work the matter yourself, be very [illegible] with him Of course you cannot force him to [illegible] the girl his daughter but you can wring from him a very handsome settlement for the girl [illegible] If they should [illegible] you for attempted blackmail and nothing could save you Now I can advise no further until I have examined your proofs"

Judge Claflin leaned back and looked at his client expectantly. It seemed to him that the man's face grew a shade paler, and he was certain that his hand trembled as he drew a morocco case from his pocket, from which he produced some old, faded looking letters and a small locket of gold and enamel

Slowly and carefully he selected one of the letters the rest he returned to his pocket Spreading that one letter out on the desk before the judge he said, in a voice shaken with strong, suppressed emotion

"If the writer of these letters had been as wise as he was mean and cowardly he would not have signed his name in full to his love-letters and then my task would have been a much more difficult."

Judge Claflin leaned forward with a pompous carelessness of movement peculiar to men who have made their way in the world and felt the professional and social ground very firm beneath their feet. Reaching out his fine white hand, with the gleam of its seal ring, he took up the poor, shabby old letter and glanced at the signature

With a sudden start and a perceptible uplifting of the iron gray hair about his temples, he bent closer, and even brought his gold-mounted eyeglass to bear upon the startling signature

"*Henry C. Claflin*"

That was what he saw, what he stared at for more than a minute, in dumb, stony silence, many changes passing over his features ere he could lift his eyes and meet the keen, unflinching gaze of the man before him

When at last he looked up he found the little gold locket held open before his eyes and he recognized it as quickly and entirely as he did the pictured face it contained, which was his own taken seventeen years before.

"I think my proofs are good, Judge Claflin, and if you do not find them sufficient I have many more letters, besides a clear statement written out and signed by the dying girl, and a living witness in the person of her nurse who can testify to her child's birth, her subsequent illness and her death What do you think of my proofs, Judge Claflin?"

Where now was the ready wit the clear-brained reasoning, the overwhelming eloquence for which Judge Claflin was renowned throughout the Bay city? Why did he sit there so dumb staring so stonily into the face of his accuser?

Verily, "the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us."

CHAPTER IV

There was not, in all the city of San Francisco a more perfect home, seemingly, than that of Judge Claflin. In outward and inward adorning it was simply as near perfection as could be wrought with the aid of unlimited means and a refined, cultured taste The queenly woman who reigned over it had been his loyal wife for sixteen years, and the son and daughter born of this union were as nearly perfect in both physical and mental development as the fondest parent could reasonably desire The elder child Herbert, was at the time to which this chapter refers, a handsome, manly boy of 16, with, fortunately for him, very few of the traits which characterized his father at a similar age Alice the daughter, two years younger, was, if not positively beautiful at least a very fair and sweet embodiment of young girlhood, and to say that Judge Claflin was proud of his handsome home, of his wife and children, would surely not be too strong a description of his feelings That he had been through all the sixteen years of his wedded life, a loyal husband I dare not venture to assert but at least his wife was unconscious of any cause for complaint and if she were satisfied surely the outside world had no right to cavil at the judge's doings As genius commands freedom of action in this world so also, does wealth, talent and popularity "Wealthy, talented and popular men are not picked up on every corner, therefore handle them tenderly," saith the world.

Very tenderly indeed had the world handled Judge Claflin hitherto In looking back over forty seven years of life he could recall no wish that had ever been entirely thwarted, no design that had ever been finally frustrated, no hope that had not met with as fair a fruition as this life holds Cradled in luxury, reared amid all the surroundings and resources of wealth few had ventured to censure and none had cared to oppose Henry Claflin As for the dishonorable escapades of his bachelor days, they were as quickly forgotten as conceived, and if now in after life he ever allowed his memory to revert to the women who had trusted him and been deceived it was with much the same feeling of self satisfied pride that a general looks back upon the battles he has gained, and the trophies he has won, and his self complacent smile testified to the utter absence of anything like regret or remorse

That any ghosts should ever arise from the graves of the dead past, and have the unparalleled assurance to confront him and demand recognition, had never for an instant entered into his wildest fancies Very strong, very self assertive, very aggressive was the character of Judge Henry C Claflin, and as hitherto no victim had ventured to turn upon him, it is perhaps no strange that he had grown to feel very secure, very superior to the common [illegible] of humanity who seemed to bow their servile necks for him to set his kingly foot upon

And now, after almost half a century of immunity in the midst of all this peace power and security Judge Claflin suddenly and without the slightest warning found himself face to face with a very tangible very determined, very dangerous ghost from that hitherto silent past, in the person of Robert Herne, who sternly bade him take twenty four hours to decide whether he would receive his illegitimate child into his home, giving her every advantage enjoyed by his legitimate children, or have the whole infamous matter published to the world.

The healthy child unused to being dosed with physic, makes a very wry face over his first pill, and offers suggestions of his own as to how it shall be taken in order to facilitate the swallowing process Even so did Judge Claflin turn and return his nauseating pill, trying to find [illegible] it was sugar-coated trying to fix it in some shape that would ease its passage down and leave no bitter taste in its wake But all in vain There was the pill, held between the relentless thumb and finger of a [illegible] stern and inexorable as fate [illegible] with a spasmodic shudder and a great gulp, the judge swallowed it

[illegible]

And so when Judge Claflin left his office [illegible] that night, it was with a carefully contrived well woven [illegible] that must be repeated in turn to his credulous wife, innocent children and curious world

Judge Claflin was able to look into his wife's sympathetic eyes and tell this plausible tale through to the end without wavering, and to add that he hailed this opportunity with gladness as it would enable him to partially wipe out the wrong he had done his old time friend, which, though not an intentional wrong, was none the less bitter and lasting in its effects.

At the close of his well turned tale his wife expressed her entire sympathy and commendation in the just and generous course he had taken, and turning with a smile to Herbert and Alice said

"I suppose the children will not object to a young companion under such circumstances?"

Alice's blue eyes were dancing with animation

"Indeed mamma, I am delighted It will be almost as good as having a sister"

Herbert said nothing, but seemed lost in thought while his clear eyes were fixed upon his father

"Well Bertie, have you nothing to say?" asked his mother

"No, mother, none I'm going to keep all my brilliant sayings for the benefit of the young lady when she arrives But I can't help wondering—"

Herbert paused, and his clear eyes again sought his father's face

"Wondering what, my boy?" questioned his mother

"I can't help wondering why it has taken father so many years to get ready to cancel so just a debt"

"My son," said his mother reprovingly but the judge got up and silently paced the apartment for a long time, mentally spinning webs over the weak places in his recently woven fabric

That he arose equal to the emergency may be inferred from the fact that the next day it was understood and accepted in the household and among his immediate friends that there was soon to be an addition to the family circle in the person of a young girl, daughter of an old friend who had died leaving his only child to his guardianship That was all the explanation he vouchsafed to the world, but with his wife and children he was compelled to sink yet deeper into the intricacies of falsehood Calling a solemn conclave, he informed them that their orphan girl was rightfully entitled to a home with them, and to all the kindness, consideration and affection they could accord her inasmuch as many years ago he had been the cause of deep disaster to her parents [illegible] his wife [illegible] himself broken in health and spirits and no longer able to maintain a home suitable for a young girl In this emergency he had sought out Judge Claflin and appealed to him to right the old wrong by doing something for the orphan girl

I wonder what she is like was the question in the minds of all the Claflin family, the judge himself not excepted

"Heavens! I hope she has her features from the maternal side," he muttered while a cold shudder ran down his spinal column as he pictured the awkward predicament he would be in if perchance, this inconvenient young woman had presumed to copy the features of the true blooded Claflins

"To think that I, Henry Claflin should ever get into such a box as this It beats —"

And with all his selfishness, while he wished the unfortunate child of his folly lay sleeping on her dead mother's breast

Ah, wait, Henry Claflin If the first sip be so bitter what will be your feelings when you have drained to the dregs, the cup held to your unwilling lips by the unseen hand of her you wronged and sent to an early grave?

Going home one evening about a week later in the early dusk, Judge Claflin paused on the threshold of his drawing room and stood for several moments contemplating the picture within

In a low chair, beneath the lighted chandelier sat a young girl whom he had never seen before, but whose identity he at once surmised with a queer, unpleasant thrill somewhere near his heart.

On an ottoman at her feet sat Alice, holding an album, while over the low back of her chair leaned Herbert, both so deeply engrossed with their new companion as to be entirely oblivious of their father's presence, though his entrance had not been cautious, and he stood within ten feet of the little group, But he stood very still for his gaze was riveted upon the face of the beautiful young stranger and his thoughts, for once, were busy with the far-off past

"Thank God, she is like her mother, only a thousand times more beautiful," he thought, as he noticed the large flashing black eyes that he remembered so well now, the delicately tinted face, and the coronal of rippling, golden hair, forming a combination too rare and striking to be easily forgotten.

For the first time a feeling akin to compunction and self-reproach took possession of him as he saw this beautiful being, the offspring of his own dishonor, cast upon a merciless world, with no name, no honorable title to existence, and realized that his own hand had wrought this piece of black injustice. Every movement, every gesture betrayed the Claflin blood in her veins and when her voice reached his ear he started it was so similar to Alice's that he felt sure the resemblance could not pass unnoticed.

Presently the flashing eyes were lifted and wandered to the door where he stood, and rested upon him with a wondering expression Then as he advanced into the room, Alice sprang up, and leading her new friend forward, exclaimed

"Papa, she has come you see! This is Wanda Dentworth"

"My child, I am glad to see you," was all he could find to say, as her little hand rested in his and her thrilling eyes searched his face timidly, slowly filling with tears at last, as she murmured

"I cannot recollect my father or mother, but my uncle has told me that you were once a friend of them both, and upon that slender claim he has sent me to you I cannot understand it at all, and, oh! Judge Claflin tell me, have I any right to be here, or shall I be eating the bread of charity."

This fervent appeal was very abrupt and took the judge by surprise, and for a moment he was silent then every atom in his composition that could lay any claim to the name of heart was touched by the pleading, tearful eyes, and opening his arms impulsively he folded the lonely girl to his breast and said tenderly,

"Dear child, you have a right to my home and my love, as I will explain to you ere long There can be no question of charity between you and me Never use the word again unless you wish to pain me"

Thus met father and daughter for the first time in life Can we doubt that "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will"?

CHAPTER V

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of
—*Titus Andronicus*

As the weeks and months glided by, and the world seemed to accept, without question, Judge Claflin's version of Wanda Dentworth's history, and nothing ever occurred to startle him with fears of unwished for developments, he began to think that this ghost from his past was now forever quieted and there came to him a feeling of comparative resignation—a resignation that gradually and imperceptibly ripened into quiet satisfaction

For not only was Wanda a girl to be proud of, a spirit to bless and be blessed in any household, but the judge's rendering of her past history and her present position in his home, redounded greatly to his own credit before the world and the laudations that fell from the lips or were expressed in the demeanor of his friends and acquaintances proved most efficacious as a salve to the judge's wounded dignity

Besides, if a thing of beauty be forever a joy Wanda the poor little abandoned waif of my first chapter ripened now into the loveliest imaginable type of budding womanhood, must necessarily have carried joy wherever she went, and Judge Claflin soon perceived that his stately home had never been so full of the light and laughter of real happiness as had filled it with the advent of this little stray, disowned, neglected blossom

To say that Judge Claflin learned to love his long abandoned child would be an overdrawn statement, and not at all in unison with that gentleman's character Henry Claflin never had been guilty of the weakness of loving anything in all this world except himself, but as concentration strengthens all things so it strengthens love, and he loved himself so well that we ought, perchance, to pardon his characteristic indifference to others, and allow him a just meed of praise for the real, honest pride with which he ere long learned to regard his first born his lovely, winning Wanda

Meantime the months merged into years, and the finger of time, ever tender and caressing to the young and loved, had developed my heroine into a strikingly beautiful woman of 21 sought and courted everywhere in the higher circles of San Francisco society and sometimes, as Judge Claflin watched her graceful, queenly course, he would think, deep within himself "My God if it should ever be known!"

But such qualms were few and far between for the judge could foresee no chain of circumstances at all likely to lead to a disclosure Very keen and clear sighted was Judge Claflin, and very certain he felt that he had reviewed and fortified every weak or doubtful place in the bulwarks built so high and strong between the bright, canny present, and the ghostly past

Yet from the very evening of the innocent, unconscious girl's reception into her father's house, a silent, subtle fate had begun the weaving of the unseen web that was to work his entanglement and undoing, and he saw not, nor dreamed of its existence until when too late, his eyes were opened, only to find the meshes woven tightly about him.

One evening about four years subsequent to Wanda's advent into his house, Judge Claflin was sitting in his study a small, cozy apartment, opening off the library the door between the two rooms being slightly ajar, and the shadows of early twilight beginning to gather and settle in the corners

The judge was deeply engrossed in thought, being busy with the preparation of a defense in a noted criminal case and seemed oblivious of all about him Presently, however, the low hum of voices in the library reached his ear, and somewhat disturbed his train of thought. With a slight gesture of annoyance, he arose, and stepped with slippered feet, across the soft carpet, with the intention of closing the door of communication between his study and the library.

He had reached the door his hand was already half outstretched, when he paused, his gaze became riveted upon some spectacle in the library, and he stood silent and motionless as the stony Sphinx, straining his eyes through the mists of twilight, and his ears to catch the low murmur of voices.

What he saw was Herbert, his son, a manly young fellow of 19, standing with his arms closely clasped about a sylph like form, only too well known to the judge's staring eyes. Under different circumstances he might have seen nothing amiss in the little tableau, for he had endeavored from the first to establish a sisterly and brotherly affection between Wanda and his other children But now, the solitude of the place and hour, the unmistakably lover like attitude the tender intonation of the low toned, happy voices, all combined to tell a tale that struck cold as a breath from the grave upon Henry Claflin's guilty heart

It seemed to him, as he stood there so motionless, that the weight of a mountain hung suspended by the tenure of a hair above his defenceless head, ready to fall at any moment and crush him to the earth

Suddenly Herbert lifted his head and said in the tender tones of youthful [illegible]

[illegible] My [illegible]

[illegible] necessitated his [illegible]

Feeling as though he [illegible] out the awful sight, Henry Claflin groped his way, like one blind, from the room and seeking the solitude of his own chamber, sank down with a groan that shook his entire being

"Oh God! Oh God! I never dreamed of this! Oh fate! oh devils Can I not escape this [illegible]?"

Even so

[illegible]

CHAPTER VI

"No, Herbert, my son, it can never be You can never marry Wanda Dentworth"

"But why, father, why?" demanded Herbert, pale with an emotion he could not suppress "Surely father there can be nothing serious to stand between Wanda and me. I know she is two years my senior, and I am very young, but we love each other, father, and we can wait as long as you may wish Only do not say it can never be"

"I tell you it can never, *never* be!" thundered Henry Claflin, and for a moment Herbert almost quailed before the awful look in his father's eyes, but only for a moment he was Henry Claflin's son, and in his steady brown eyes there burned the fire of a purpose not to be easily thwarted

"Father we will not discuss this question further at present You say I shall start east to-morrow to commence my college course Very well, I will go, but I will return in three years, and then, unless you can give me some good reason for your unjust decision, I shall marry Wanda."

The young man spoke quietly, but very firmly, and turning left his father's presence without another word

That night he plighted anew his faith to Wanda, and though she looked pale, dejected and doubtful he succeeded in gaining from her a promise that she would be true to him during his enforced absence, and upon his return, if his father still declined to give a satisfactory reason for refusing to sanction their union would become his wife at all hazards. Wanda gave the promise but looked very little like a happy fiancee.

The next day, after Herbert's hurried departure, Judge Claflin sat down in the solitude of his study, and thought long and deeply. At length, with a deep sigh and an effort to throw the load from his heart, he muttered

"Well, I have at least a respite of three years now, and if I go to work wisely who knows what may be accomplished in three years?"

And Judge Claflin did go wisely to work, with what success remains yet to be shown

He came home one evening two or three months after Herbert's departure, bringing with him a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr Derwent, and whom he said was on the eve of becoming his partner in the law business, which was so rapidly growing and expanding that he could no longer conduct it successfully without assistance. Taking Alice and Wanda momentarily aside he informed them that Hugh Derwent was a stranger in the city, and requested them to entertain him with all possible cordiality, as he wished to retain his friendship, and draw him into a permanent connection with the business

"But, papa," said Alice, "I am engaged to attend the opera to-night with Mr Fenwood, and am looking for him every moment"

"Oh, you are you sly creature! It strikes me that Mr Fenwood is growing very devoted in a certain quarter," said her father, smiling and pinching her ear Alice blushed and ran away, just as the bell rang, and the gentleman in question made his appearance

"Then, Wanda, my dear, I must depend on you to entertain Mr Derwent," said the judge And Wanda, in the kindness of her heart, exerted herself to please the stranger guest. Exerted herself, did I say? Well, before the evening was an hour old, Wanda had lost all consciousness of exertion, and had she paused to question herself, frankness would have compelled her to admit that the task she had undertaken for the judge's sake was a very very pleasant one indeed

Hugh Derwent was 30 years of age, an intelligent, refined, cultured man of the world, with a charm of person and manner very rare and winning and when Wanda's shining hair pressed the pillow that night she suddenly discovered, with a conscientious qualm, that his smiling face and tender eyes had supplanted those of absent Herbert in the framework of her meditations

"Poor, dear Herbert!" she murmured, and loyally breathed a prayer for his welfare and safe return, then straightway fell to wondering how it was that, loving Herbert, as she did, better than all the world, his tenderest kiss had never sent such a strange, sweet thrill through her as did the mere clasp of Hugh Derwent's hand that night, when he bade her adieu It was very strange, she thought, and somehow she rather liked to dwell upon the problem

"Dear Herbert!" she murmured again, as her eyelids drooped then fell asleep and saw in her dreams a face that surely was not poor Herbert's

And perchance the spirit of her unfortunate mother hovered above the restless couch of Henry Claflin, for in the midnight stillness he seemed to hear a voice from the mists of some distant shore whispering

"Henry Claflin, you are subtle, you are cunning, you may yet stay the relentless hand of the Nemesis that follows you but think not to come from the fray unscathed The scars shall be deep and shall cling to you even unto the grave"

The name of Hugh Derwent was soon associated in business with that of Henry Claflin, constituting a law firm than which there were none stronger or more popular in San Francisco

Derwent became a very frequent visitor at the Claflin mansion For general society he seemed to care but little, although well fitted in manly beauty grace and intelligence to cross any or all of the aristocratic thresholds so cordially thrown open to him For social conquests and follies of that sort he had the innate contempt always born of a superior intelligence and broad earnest views of life and its more serious obligations

Judge Claflin was not slow to perceive the high and noble traits of this man, whom, in his secret heart he had long since decided to use as an instrument to extricate himself from a terrible predicament He had fully resolved that it should be no fault of his if this man did not step in between Herbert and Wanda, and thus save him the awful alternative of a revelation of his relationship to the young girl For, if worst came to worst that was what it would finally come to if the young people persisted in their folly

Base and wicked as his nature really was, he could not stand by and see his own son and daughter innocently become husband and wife And on the other hand was the dread alternative of self humiliation The thought never failed to bring a shudder and a shiver of dread Could he ever look into the clear honest, trusting eyes of his wife, and confess the dishonor of his past, and worse, the recent fraud and falsehoods he had spun so nimbly in order to conceal the real history of his illegitimate child That was worst of all, and would be, he well knew, by far the hardest to forgive No he felt that he could never confess all and live If it came to the worst, however, he would confess he would save his children then—he could die But, if human ingenuity availed anything, this last dread alternative was to be avoided and as time passed on and he marked the ever growing intimacy between Wanda and Derwent, he often smiled in a satisfied way and rubbed his soft hands together in self gratulation

That Hugh Derwent was deeply, madly in love with Wanda was plainly evident, not only to the ever-watchful judge, but to all who ever saw him near her

But how was it with Wanda? That was a problem that often troubled the astute judge There was much to encourage him in the belief that Wanda was not indifferent many a tender smile, many an electric flash from the liquid depths of her dark eyes, that, while they set poor Derwent's heart in a flutter, did not escape the judge's keen eyes

Yet through it all he was troubled with a haunting uncertainty Letters still came and went regularly between her and Herbert, and he was terribly afraid that folly was still kept alive between them

When two years and a half of Herbert's college course had passed, and only six months remained ere the young man would return to claim his bride, and still nothing definite had been said or done, the judge's anxiety grew beyond all bounds, and he was thinking seriously of trying to interfere and bring things to some sort of crisis, when suddenly fate interfered with his intentions, and produced a ready made crisis without his assistance, though it proved to be one from which his soul revolted.

Very abruptly Hugh Derwent's daily visits at the Claflin mansion ceased, and all the judge's pressing invitations met with a quiet, firm refusal Henry Claflin's heart grew cold and heavy as an iceberg in a polar sea but carefully concealing his dismay, he approached Hugh Derwent in a sympathetic, paternal way, and ere long drew from the poor fellow the real state of the case

"Judge Claflin, you are doubtless aware that I have long loved your beautiful ward I had [illegible] finally at least, he rose bent his proud head to its crushing force

Going straight home, he went into his study and sent for Wanda.

Over an hour they were together in the solitude of that little room then Wanda came forth with a face colorless as death, and in her beautiful eyes that would have touched a heart of granite

As she crossed the threshold her father's voice detained her

"My child, my child, can you ever forgive me?"

She turned and laid her hand on his, almost tenderly

"Let me go now, I am very wretched The time may come when I can forgive you But now my soul is crushed."

"You will now strive against your unholy love for Herbert, my child, and endeavor to feel for him only the calm affection of a sister?"

A quick flush mantled the whiteness of her cheek she hesitated an instant, then looking up to the judge's anxious eyes, she answered

"Father," and her voice trembled as she uttered the unwonted name, "since the first night of my acquaintance with Hugh Derwent I have known that my love for dear Herbert was only that of a sister Yet I had plighted my troth, and meant to be true to Herbert forever at all hazards Now, however, all is different and——"

"Thank God, you may now be happy with the man you love," interrupted her father, glad, so glad that anything good could arise from all this evil and humiliation

"But Wanda, why need Herbert ever know of his father's shame? Why not let him forever think that Derwent has simply come between you and him?" pleaded Henry Claflin But in vain

"Herbert shall never think me false He must know," was all she answered, as she walked slowly away from the unworthy father she had only just found.

An hour later the following letter was written and dispatched to Herbert

Dear dear Herbert —A terrible blow has fallen upon me I have learned Judge Claflin's reason for refusing to sanction our intended union Herbert I am your *sister!* but a sister for whom you must ever blush. I am your father's daughter, born of a wronged, unwedded mother

Herbert, dear brother I can say no more.

WANDA

When, on the following morning, Wanda gravely informed the household that she had received a letter from her uncle Robert, requesting her to pay him a protracted visit, as his health was rapidly failing, and expressed her desire to go at once, no one thought of opposing her wish least of all Judge Claflin, who, in the depths of his heart, knew that the supposed letter was but a pretext on her part to escape from a home that had become hateful to her.

Comprehending, all too keenly, her feelings, he quietly gave his consent, while in his heart of hearts resolving that if any intervention of his could avail, Wanda should yet find happiness

CHAPTER VII.

Overwhelmed with a shame for which she was blameless and weighted down by a nameless pain at her heart, Wanda wended her way from San Francisco southward to the city of her birth Arrived there she at once sought the little suburban vine wreathed cottage where she had passed so many happy, peaceful years in her childhood and early girlhood

"Whatever else may fail me, I have dear kind uncle Robert left to me," she thought gratefully as she traversed the well-remembered streets.

But when at length she drew near the little cottage and put out her hand to open the gate she started, her white face grew, if possible, whiter and a great fear settled down upon her, shutting out what little was left of the sunlight of hope in her heart From the shining handle of the bell her childish hands had so often pulled was suspended that ominous token that holds ever but one dread meaning—a long, flowing [illegible] of black crape

"[illegible] Lord bless us, if it ain't Miss Wanda!" exclaimed a well known voice at this moment, and turning Wanda met the kindly, though sable face of an old time friend

"Oh Othello, I am so glad to see you," she said impulsively "But what does that mean?" pointing a trembling hand at the drapery on the door

"Bless my soul Miss Wanda, don't yer know? Don't yer know dat yer uncle, Robert, done died all of a sudden wid apperplexy, and been buried in his grave dis [illegible]"

With a moan of utter hopelessness Wanda sank down on the time-worn steps.

"Now, Miss Wanda, don't yer go for to give up dat way Dis house is yer own now, an' me an' my ol' woman is here to take care ob yer. He left yer dis house in his will, Miss Wanda, so come in an' don't cry yer lubly eyes out," pleaded kind hearted Othello, who, by the way, had so grown and changed with time since last we saw him as to be utterly unrecognizable as the little dusky knight who had so opportunely prevented the infant Wanda from committing suicide From that eventful night henceforth Robert Herne had never lost sight of the little negro and when fourteen years afterwards he laid his beloved wife in the grave, Othello and his 'ol' woman' had come to live with the lonely man, and now at last, had closed his eyes in the sleep that knows no waking.

Wanda in her utter loneliness, gratefully entered the little house that was now her own, and gave herself up to long days of sorrow and hopelessness She grieved for the loss of her kind [illegible] friend, whom all her life hitherto, she had believed to be her uncle, but whom she now knew was not related to her by any tie of blood, but only by the milk of human kindness, [illegible] in her eyes, a thousand fold, all he had ever done for her He had been taken so suddenly that there had been no time to send for her and it grieved her to think of his lonely death Oh, why did he ever send me from him she moaned as she remembered all the shame and misery that had settled down upon her in the past few days

One evening about three weeks subsequent to Robert Herne's death she was sitting, silent and alone in the little parlor The door was open and outside she could see the shades of twilight deepening and gathering.

She was striving to look her future squarely in the face, and to mark out for herself some course of action by which she might live her life independently of the father whose name [illegible] and whose home she was [illegible] again to share Her thoughts [illegible] Herbert and Alice, and [illegible] whom she had received [illegible] kindness.

[illegible] there. Ah there, after all, [illegible]

It seemed fated that something must forever stand between her and Hugh Derwent. First it [illegible] her betrothal to Herbert, now it was [illegible] even more insurmountable, a wall of [illegible] and frowning, between her [illegible] loved

As this thought, like a poisoned dagger, [illegible] heart a shadow fell across the darkening [illegible] and lifting her heavy eyes she saw [illegible] in the low, vine wreathed doorway the [illegible] form of Hugh Derwent.

Totally unprepared for such a surprise, is it strange that all thoughts of formality fled from her? Is it strange that the next thing she fully realized was that her tired head was pillowed upon the throbbing heart of the faithful man who loved her, and whom she loved better than all the world?

But suddenly a thought struck her like the sharp, jagged flint of an arrow

"Oh, Hugh! you do not know, you cannot know, or you would not be here"

"Wanda, love I know all, and have your father's injunction to hasten to you, and endeavor to bestow upon you some of the peace and happiness of which your young life has been defrauded Love are you content?"

"Bless my soul, ole woman!" whispered Othello out in the kitchen, "dere's something wrong sure's yer born Dere's a high-toned gent in de parlor a holdin' on ter Miss Wanda, an' a talkin' all kinds o' high falutin' trash to her I 'spects we is gwine to lose dat little gal, arter all"

Poor old Othello His prophecy proved true. He lost Miss Wanda but she made him a parting present of the little house and lot, and thus [illegible] the sting of her desertion

And now, what more remains to be told of Wanda the child of sorrow and shame?

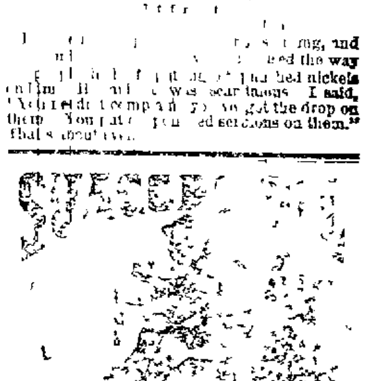
From the dark shadow of that shame she has just stepped out into the sunlight of an honest heartfelt love On one of San Francisco's loveliest avenues there is a beautiful home, presided over by the spirit of peace and content as nearly perfect as ever springs from poor, imperfect human love

In that home a baby voice makes sweetest music in paternal ears and crows a glad welcome to "Uncle Herbert," who is a frequent visitor, and ever sure of a warm reception.

Sometimes but very rarely, Judge Claflin crosses the threshold of that innocent home, and then, with eyes full of sorrowful pride, [illegible] the grandchild who knows him not as a [illegible] and at such times he [illegible] the heartless sin of [illegible] with terrible [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ing, and [illegible] the way [illegible] nickels [illegible] was [illegible] I said, 'Ye [illegible] got the drop on them You [illegible] sermons on them.' That's about even.



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ANOTHER WAR-CLOUD

A German Gunboat Seizes the Island of Yap.

MADRID WILD WITH EXCITEMENT

The German Embassy Mobbed and the Coat of Arms Broken and Trampled upon—War or Revolution Declared Certain.

MADRID, Sept 5.—A sensation was caused here this morning on receipt of important news from Caroline islands. A Spanish war ship reached Yap, one of the islands, August 21st and prepared to occupy it in the name of Spain. The Spanish officers were dilatory in landing troops, and on the 24th of the same month a German gunboat arrived. Although it was 7 o'clock in the evening, the German commander instantly landed a body of marines and sailors and hoisted the German flag over the island. The Spanish officials made an energetic protest against the action of the German commander, and on the latter's refusal to recede from the position he had taken, telegraphed to Madrid for instructions. A conflict between the Germans and Spaniards at Yap is feared. On receipt of the above news the ministers were immediately summoned to a cabinet council and King Alfonso was advised of the strained situation. His majesty telegraphs he will arrive in Madrid to-morrow.

EXCITEMENT INTENSE.

NOON.—Excitement over the German occupation of Yap is intense and the populace is wild with rage. A large crowd gathered in front of the German embassy. They attacked the building, tore off the coat of arms and dragged it through the streets to the Puerta del Sol, where they burned it in front of the office of the minister of the interior amid yells of "Down with Germany." After venting their spleen there the mob proceeded to the French embassy and cheered frantically. The crowd had by this time grown to considerable proportions and fears are being entertained of a serious riot. Troops were ordered out to clear the streets and the crowd slowly retired before the military. The situation is very grave. The council of ministers has accepted the proposition to court martial the governor of Yap and commanders of the two Spanish war ships which arrived on the 21st ult. for neglect of duty, the latter in not immediately garrisoning the island with Spanish soldiers on their arrival there, and the former in not hoisting the Spanish flag and proclaiming the sovereignty of Spain over the island.

A report that a German squadron had sailed for the Caroline islands is confirmed.

Fifty-six leaders of the mob were arrested before the crowd retired.

MORE PARTICULARS.

MADRID, Sept. 5.—Last night official dispatches were received by the government that a German gunboat had landed troops at Yap on the night of the 24th of August, and hoisted the German flag there. The Spanish vessels San Fuenta and Manila were at Yap at the time. The captains of Spanish vessels and the Spanish government protested against the occupation. The Spanish gunboats cleared their decks for action, and the Manila was about to fire on the German gunboat when she was signaled to desist, which she did most reluctantly. A third Spanish vessel, the Velastoro, has arrived at Yap bay.

This news caused the wildest excitement throughout Spain. Crowds gathered in the streets of Madrid all night long, frantically gesticulating and calling Emperor William, the crown prince, and Bismarck the vilest names. Several thousand people, shouting "Death to Bismarck" and "*Viva Espana*," mobbed the German embassy, smashing windows, breaking into a thousand pieces the German arms on the embassy building and trampling the fragments under their feet. The embassy was completely mobbed, and the furniture and mirrors were dashed to pieces, the people almost foaming at their mouths with frenzy. Several of the soberest Spaniards with whom your correspondent talked were confident that the affair must now end either by war or revolution.

PARTICULARS OF THE OCCUPATION.

Later dispatches respecting the German occupation of Yap state that the governor of that island wished to resist the landing of German marines and sailors, but that the commander of the Spanish man-of-war San Quentin, which was the only vessel of that nationality in the harbor, refused to agree with the governor as to the adoption of such a course or to lend the latter assistance. It is generally believed that the commander of the Spanish man-of-war Velasco, which was expected at Yap on the 25th of August, carries with him energetic orders.

The ministers and civil and military authorities met King Alfonso at the depot on his arrival in this city. Large crowds of people lined the route taken by the royal party in going from the depot to the palace, and shouted "Long live Spain." The king was repeatedly greeted with cheers. Notwithstanding the excitement, the most perfect order prevailed.

THE LIBERALS FOR WAR.

An important meeting of leading liberals was held to-day, at the residence of Senor Sagasta. After discussing the Carolines question it was resolved that the occupation of the island of Yap by a German gunboat should be considered equivalent to a declaration of war, that if a crisis in the government should occur, and the liberals be called into power, they would withdraw Count Debenomar, Spanish ambassador at Berlin, and hand Count Solms Sonnewalde, German ambassador at Madrid, his passport. The revolutionists also declared that the liberals would order the Spanish authorities at Philippines to recover territory in the Caroline islands taken possession of by Germany, and to use force if necessary to regain it. The adoption of the above resolutions has created a great sensation. The government has dismissed from the service the commanders of two Spanish men-of-war stationed at Yap.

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR RETURNS.

1 P. M.—Count Solms Sonnewalde, German ambassador, has returned to the legation in this city from La Granja. He was escorted by a strong military guard. King Alfonso has also returned to the city, and is now presiding at the cabinet council. Everything now is orderly throughout the city, although the most intense excitement prevails.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

An official report has been made concerning the cabinet council held this afternoon, presided over by King Alfonso. The report says the government cannot now make public all the measures decided upon, but that the country may be assured they were of an energetic character. The report further says the government has decided that "negotiations respecting an outrage on an integral part of the Spanish territory are impossible."

EAGER FOR NEWS.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The *Standard's* Madrid correspondent telegraphs that successive editions of newspapers, containing an account of the German occupation of Yap, were eagerly bought by the people last evening, and that excited groups stood around lamp posts and doorways of cafes, heatedly discussing the situation. The people are intensely angered against Germany for the steps taken, and the greatest irritation prevails in naval and military circles over the affair. Civil guards succeeded in saving fragments of the coat of arms from a bonfire in front of the office of the minister of the interior. The German legation is guarded by cavalry, infantry and artillery. The German consul, Baron De Gutschmidt, in the absence of Count Solms Sonnewalde, German ambassador, asked Senor Canovas del Castillo, president of the council of ministers, for permission to telegraph to his government at Berlin respecting the situation of affairs at Madrid. The request was granted.

ARBITRATION DECLINED.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—A *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says: "Spain has finally and decidedly declined to submit the Caroline's affair to arbitration. Spain argues that the question of Spanish jurisdiction over the islands has been a fact too well known to admit of discussion. German government officials still scout the idea of war over the dispute."

THE NEWS IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 5.—The events in Madrid are causing a sensation in this city. Arbitration for the settlement of the Carolines question is now considered impossible, and the position of King Alfonso and his ministry is regarded as precarious. Leading Spanish residents in this city say that war between Germany and Spain, or a revolution, is now certain. *La France* and *La Paris* say Alfonso will be overthrown unless he heads the war party.

The French minister of foreign affairs has telegraphed the French ambassador at Madrid to observe the greatest prudence during the difficulties at Madrid over the Carolines affairs.

GERMANY MUST HAVE SATISFACTION.

BERLIN, Sept. 5.—The *National Zeitung*, commenting on the scenes enacted in Madrid on receipt of the news of German occupation of Yap, says Spain must give Germany the necessary satisfaction for the events of last evening. Other papers are silent in regard to the affair.

THE NEWS RIDICULED.

BERLIN, Sept. 5.—News from Madrid concerning the Carolines affair is ridiculed here. It is believed the reports are overdrawn.

CANADA.

THE WRECKED STEAMER.

ST. JOHN, N. F., Sept. 5.—The steamer Hercules this morning brought in the rest of the passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer Hungarian. Interviews with Professor Bell, of Washington, Mr Starr, of Halifax, and other passengers, disclosed the following additional particulars: The loss of the ship is attributable to miscalculation in her running. On the day before the disaster no sights were obtainable, and the ship was sailing on dead reckoning. The day's run was first published on the tablet as 252, but afterward altered to 262 miles. This discrepancy was the exact difference between the safety and destruction of the ship. The first figures were absolutely correct, as shown by the position of the steamer. All the passengers and crew will be comfortably lodged at St. John, where they will embark on the Polynesian, which is due here from Montreal Tuesday.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

CHOLERA AT BARCELONA.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The secretary of state has received a dispatch from Consul French at Barcelona, saying since August 1 cholera has slowly spread to all the city districts, so that the governor could no longer deny its existence, and so it was officially declared on August 17. The community in general takes the situation with reserve and surprising calmness. The city council has voted 500,000 pesetas, the county commissioners an equal amount, and by private subscription 100,000 pesetas has been raised for the immediate wants of the poorer working classes, who will have their house rent paid during the time of the epidemic. Public kitchens are to be opened at once in each district, and two special hospitals are ready and complete for the reception of cholera patients. As in all former epidemics the month of September has been the one marking the largest number of victims, medical men predict the same this year.

A STEAMER INFECTED.

CARDIFF, Sept. 5.—The steamer Grenada, from Barcelona, arrived at this port yesterday. Since then one man on her has died from a disease supposed to be cholera. Four others of the crew are reported sick. The vessel has been ordered to quit here.

Later information in regard to the sickness on board the steamer Grenada is to the effect that the deceased only joined the crew after the arrival of the vessel at this port. It is now believed the disease is Asiatic cholera.

CARDIFF, Sept. 5.—Doctors, after examination into the death of the man on the steamer here, have decided that he died of Asiatic cholera. It was declared that he had drunk of water from a cask which had been filled at Barcelona, and his death occurred quickly after drinking. The remainder of the crew all passed under the doctor's inspection, but no symptoms of cholera were found. The steamer has been placed in quarantine and will be thoroughly fumigated.

CHOLERA IN ITALY.

ROME, Sept. 5.—Two cases of cholera were reported at Novara yesterday, two deaths reported in the Commune of Vergano and scattered cases in Liguria. The patients are mostly French refugees. The disease shows no tendency to spread.

ROME, Sept. 5.—Cholera is spreading in Parma. Additional cases are also reported in Novara.

AT TOULON.

TOULON, Sept. 5.—Twelve deaths occurred from cholera at Toulon last night. The situation continues serious. The course of the epidemic appears to defy the calculation of the most experienced experts.

IN ITALY.

ROME, Sept. 5.—The five cases of cholera reported at Novara yesterday were among troops engaged in maneuvers, at that place. Ten more serious cases of sickness have occurred at Parma, Novara and Genoa.

AT MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES, Sept. 5.—Eleven deaths from cholera occurred here to-day. At the Pharo hospital two patients were admitted, five died, four were discharged as cured, and five remain under treatment.

AT TOULON.

TOULON, Sept. 5.—Fifteen persons ill with cholera were admitted at five hospitals here to-day. Of the patients in the hospitals one died. There has been one fatal case of the disease at Lagarde.

FRIDAY'S RECORD.

MADRID, Sept. 5.—One thousand two hundred and thirty-eight new cases of cholera and 487 deaths occurred from cholera yesterday throughout Spain.

CABLE NOTES.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—It is reported that Sir Francis Hart, British ambassador to China, is very actively engaged in endeavoring to induce the Peking government to so execute the provisions of the Anglo-Chinese commercial understanding recently reached between the two nations as to give English firms a preference in the work of constructing various railways and other internal improvements decided on and for which the Germans have recently been making such strong overtures.

The new United States minister at Rome has been heartily welcomed by the Italian press. He will visit Signor De Pretis, president of the Italian ministry, at his villa in Bellagio, near Lake Como, before presenting his credentials.

From Berlin it is rumored that Prince Bismarck intends to propose to the reichstag a further increase of duties on cereals, against all countries but Austria and Hungary.

Prussia has sanctioned a plan for a projected ship canal which it is proposed to cut from Kiel on the Baltic to a point on the lower Elbe, near Cuxhaven on the German ocean. The entire cost of the work is placed at 56,000,000 marks, of which Prussia stands ready to contribute 50,000,000 marks. A bill for the construction of this canal will be submitted to the Bundesrath after the vacation.

Artists from Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Dresden, Carlsruhe and Vienna have been invited to attend sixteen gratuitous performances of "Parsifal," "Tristan" and "Isolde," to be given at the Bayreuth theater. Herren Richter, Mattell and Levi are to conduct the performances.

AUSTRIA.

THE BOHEMIAN RIOTS.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—Riots between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia continue and greatly disturb the Austrian government. It is feared Germany may take umbrage at the state of affairs and demand heavy indemnities for Germans injured by the rows. Many riots have occurred, but the majority have been hushed up by government officials in order to prevent the hostile spirit between the conflicting parties from spreading.

A BOOM FOR BICYCLISTS.

VIENNA, Sept. 5.—Employment of bicyclists as scouts for the intelligence department of the military maneuvers here has proved a great success. They surpass the horsemen in endurance.

FRANCE.

DISORDER IN ANNAM.

PARIS, Sept. 5.—Gen. DeCourcey, French commander in Annam, telegraphs from Hue: "Serious disorders have occurred in Quinhon. Numerous Christians were massacred and a number of villages burned."

CYCLONE IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 5.—The Rhone valley has been swept by a terrible cyclone, which uprooted many trees and destroyed large numbers of houses.

DEATH OF AN AERONAUT.

PARIS, Sept. 5.—M. Godard, the aeronaut, is dead.

SOUTH AMERICA.

CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.

SANTIAGO DE CHILI (via Galveston), Sept. 5.—The following ministers' resignations have been tendered and accepted: Interior, J. M. Balmacea; foreign affairs, A. Veragara Albano; finance, R. Barros Luca. New appointments are as follows: Interior, R. Barros Luca; public works, Pedro Nolasco Grandarillos; foreign affairs, Annibal Zanarata. Senors Jovergara, minister of justice, and C. Antunez, minister of war, will retain their portfolios. The new ministry, it is said, is favorable to Balmacea.

GERMANY.

ENTHUSIASTIC CATHOLICS.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—At a meeting in Munster, Prussia, Dr. Windhorst, the Prussian Catholic leader, said the pope still ruled the world. The holy chair must be made independent of the powers. "We now," he said, "stand steadfast for the pope through life or death." The speaker asked for three cheers for Pope Leo, which were given with enthusiasm. Several resolutions were passed demanding the unconditional repeal of the laws dealing with religious orders and education of the clergy.

ENGLAND.

THE GENESTA RACE.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The *Telegraph* to-day editorially says: "Thousands of Englishmen and Americans who can't tell a yawl from a schooner, await with intense interest the Genesta and Puritan race Monday. If the Genesta loses the race she will be beaten by the best yacht the Americans can produce."

ASIA.

WANTS INDIAN ARMY INCREASED.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—Advices from Allahabad say it is believed there that General Roberts will urge an increase of the Indian army by 10,000 British troops and 17,000 natives.

THE EAST.

Hoadly Makes a Campaign Speech in Ohio.

NOTES FROM VARIOUS POINTS.

Cattle being Rapidly Removed from the Indian Territory—More Troops Ordered to the Scene of the Wyoming Outrage.

HAMILTON, Ohio, Sept. 5.—Gov. Hoadly opened the campaign here this evening in a speech which occupied two hours in its delivery. He faced a very large audience. He said: "The Ohio election will express the opinion of the people of my administration, and that of the sixty-sixth general assembly. It is the first state election after the inauguration of Cleveland and Hendricks. It will therefore be regarded as the expression of popular judgment upon the politics of the president and his advisors. Of these I ask your approval, confident that democratic success means good government—state and national—which ought not to be rebuked by defeat. The leader of the republicans of Ohio has carefully prepared the appeal of his party and sent it from the stump through the press of the country. He waves the bloody shirt, he indorses a policy of alienation and hate, he seeks to transplant and cultivate in this country the feelings of the English aristocracy toward the Irish, to array section against section, to govern the South from the North, as Dublin castle governs Ireland, as a conquered province, and all this in the year of grace 1885—twenty years and more after the close of the war. Five sixths, perhaps more, of the men who devised the rebellion, the men who fought its battles, and the men who overcame it, have passed away. There is a new South and a new North, a new generation full of new life. White men and black men are side by side at work. The South is developing new industries, is weaving cotton cloth, digging coal and iron and forging steel. God and nature, religion and the human heart are forces against which Sherman and Foraker contend and Foster plots."

THE PARTY'S RECORD.

"The policy of alienation," the speaker said, "the democratic party opposed with union, and for hate it substitutes love. Now, I ask more. I solicit approval, not forbearance. Mr. Cleveland has had office six months. Congress has not been in session, yet much has been accomplished. The spirit of reform and economy has entered all the departments. Useless offices and expenses have been done away, while the performance of duty, civil and military, has been enforced. The government is not solicitous to provide soft places for pets, but to save money for the people and keep the faith pledged in the platform. If the navy which the republican party destroyed be restored it is now certain that it will be honestly done. Under this administration there will be no loose contracting, no jobs let at prices nominally low to be made high by extra or by scrimping the work. The remainder of the national domain which the democratic presidents Jefferson, Monroe and Polk added to our territory, the residue which republican extravagance has not wasted on corporations and favorites, is saved from cattle kings and other plunderers for the benefit of the people. It may be that the revivals of industry that we read of are not the results of democratic success. They are at any rate coincident. Republican prophesy is falsified and the republican prophets silenced."

The speaker defended the supreme court against criticisms passed upon it by Senator Sherman, and after speaking of the fate of the Scott law he said: "We are opposed to sumptuary legislation and in favor of licensing intoxicating liquors. We believe in self-control, and that the true remedy against the temptation of liquor drinking is to make happy homes, and that personal liberty should not be destroyed by law, excepting where its exercise is a ways wrong."

THE CATTLEMEN ACQUIESCE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Reports received at the war department from Indian territory indicate that the terms of the president's proclamation in regard to the removal of cattle are being fully complied with, and that cattlemen are moving their cattle as rapidly as possible. As long as the authorities are satisfied that the cattlemen are acting in good faith in the matter, using due vigilance in moving their herds, no interference will be allowed, but if it is found they unnecessarily prolong their departure, and are willfully disregarding the proclamation, United States troops will be ordered to drive them and their cattle from the territory.

ONLY A FRIENDLY SUIT.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—A prominent officer of the government to-day expressed a belief that the suit brought yesterday in New York against the civil service commissioners is in reality a friendly suit instigated by the civil service advocates, with a view of securing judicial affirmation of the legality of the civil service act. He added that prominent civil service advocates contemplated the institution of such a suit last spring, and that he had been invited before his appointment to office to assist in its prosecution. It was the purpose then to carry the case to the supreme court of the United States, to secure final judgment by the highest judicial authority.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Gen. Rosecrans said to-day that there could be no reason for believing that the massacre of Chinese by miners in Wyoming Territory could lead to serious troubles on the Pacific coast.

Hugh J. Mahan, a prominent Californian politician and campaign speaker here, takes a contrary view of the situation. He says unemployed laborers of California who attribute their lack of employment to the presence of Chinamen, need only the slightest excitement to make an attack on the Chinese settlements.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY.

ADIRONDACKS, Sept. 5.—President Cleveland and Dr. Ward, accompanied by Paul Smith, left here at 8:53 this morning in a carriage for Ausable. Weather cold and clear.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., Sept. 5.—President Cleveland and Dr. Ward arrived from Au Sable at 6 o'clock this evening. After having supper Cleveland held an informal reception, and left at 9:15, in a special car attached to the regular train on the Delaware & Hudson company's road, for south New York.

THE DEMAND FOR SMALL NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—One of the effects of the withdrawal of $1 and $2 notes from circulation is shown in the increased demand on the treasury for $5 and $10 bills. It was found necessary to transfer a large amount of these notes to New York yesterday. They were taken over by a special committee of treasury clerks, who returned this afternoon. Treasurer Jordan prefers this method of transportal where large amounts are moved.

BROTHER TABOR EXPELLED.

BOSTON, Sept. 5.—At a special meeting of Bowdoin square Baptist church, held last evening, Frederick J. Tabor, upon the recommendation of the prudential committee of the church, was expelled by a unanimous vote. This action is said to be for reasons largely independent of his recent action in causing the arrest of Rev. Mr. Downs, on a charge of adultery with Mrs. Tabor.

A DENIAL.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Adjutant General Drum is authority for the statement that there is no foundation whatever for the published report that antagonism exists between Secretary Endicott and Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan. He says their relations are of the pleasantest character, and that nothing of an official nature has occurred to make them otherwise.

AUSTRIA TO BE DENOUNCED.

AUBURN, N. Y., Sept. 5.—J. R. Shehan, who left last evening as delegate to the Irish Catholic Benevolent union convention in Brooklyn next week, carried with him a set of resolutions denouncing the action of Austria towards United States Minister Keiley. The convention will be asked to adopt them. Keiley was president of the union for twelve years.

THE CATTLE ALL REMOVED.

GALVESTON, Sept. 5.—*News* Dallas special: Col. Herring, of the Dominion Cattle company, just in from the Indian territory, says all the cattle have been removed from the territory in conformity to President Cleveland's proclamation, except a few that may have strayed off during the round up.

PROHIBITION DEFEATED.

GALVESTON, Sept. 5.—*News* Palestine special: A local option election held in Anderson county to-day the prohibitionists were defeated by 600 majority. This is the home of Congressman Reagan who took no active part in the canvass, beyond expressing an opinion that local option should not be made a party issue.

CHANGE OF HEADQUARTERS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—The board of directors of the Travelers' Protective association of the United States to-day ordered the headquarters of the association removed to Chicago within thirty days. The exact locality of the headquarters will be determined by Secretary J. R. Stone.

DICKERSON ACQUITTED.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The case of John H. Dickerson, ex-superintendent of the Washington pension building, charged with stealing a flag, was before the court to-day, but the government failed to prove its charge and Dickerson was acquitted.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—The weekly statement of the associated banks shows a reserve decrease of $3,013,000. Banks now hold $51,898,000 in excess of 25 per cent. rule.

RESIGNED.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—J. G. McCallum, Indian agent at the Mission agency, California, has resigned.

RESUMES HIS DUTIES.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Secretary Manning resumed his duties at the treasury department to-day.

THE WYOMING OUTRAGE.

More Troops Ordered to the Scene—The Diplomatic Aspect.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Adjutant-Gen. Drum to-day telegraphed instructions to Major-Gen. Schofield in Chicago, to order additional United States troops to Evanston, Wyoming, where fleeing Chinese are concentrating, and to all other points along United States mail routes in that territory where there are indications of trouble.

Information was received to-day that the two companies of soldiers ordered to the scene of the disturbance yesterday arrived at Evanston this morning and that the condition of affairs there is threatening. Instructions already given United States troops in Wyoming contemplate only the protection of mails, but it is understood that in case the troubles continue the president and cabinet will consider the general question of the direction of military for the suppression of the disorder by the use of arms if necessary.

Dr. McCartee, now an attache of the Japanese legation, who resided in China for forty years part of the time as a representative of this country, and again as an official in the Chinese diplomatic service, speaking concerning the diplomatic aspect of the massacre of the Chinese in Wyoming, says he thinks it may be the subject of correspondence between the Chinese foreign office and the state department here, but he does not think China is likely to use vigorous action in the matter. In the first place, he says, the Chinese government is opposed to the emigration of her subjects. There is in China a law which has been in force until within a few years which absolutely prohibited Chinamen leaving the country to make their homes elsewhere. Through the intervention of the English Chinese officials were induced to relax the rigor of this law, and it has of late years become almost a dead letter, but still the policy of the government is against Chinamen leaving the country. Chinese immigrants in this country, while not exactly outlawed in their own country, are looked upon with disfavor. The Chinese government does all it can to prevent Chinamen leaving the country, and it is only through the efforts of foreigners that a large number of coolies are brought here. Under these circumstances Dr. McCartee thinks the Chinese officials do not care much about the Wyoming affair and it has not become generally known in China.

The attache in charge of the Chinese legation here in the absence of the minister, stated that they had not communicated with the state department. They are waiting to hear from the minister, who is in New York. He thought, however, that correspondence on the subject would be opened, and said that notwithstanding his country's opposition to her subjects leaving home, these had not done so in violation of any law, and had a claim upon their country.

ALL QUIET AT ROCK SPRINGS.

CHEYENNE, Sept. 5.—A *Leader's* special from Rock Springs gives the latest that can be obtained from the scene of the recent anti-Chinese troubles: "All is quiet to-day. The miners have returned to work. At a meeting held last night measures were taken to put a stop to the drunken carousals of a few of their number, who have been celebrating the removal of the Chinese. Two more dead Chinese were found to-day, one in the ruins of Chinatown, and another beneath the railroad bridge, about a mile east. The heathen had been wounded and managed to walk that far before he gave up. Your correspondent talked with miners to-day, who took an active part in the attack on Chinatown, and was told that less than a third of the dead Chinese in the ruins of the houses have been found thus far. They declare no less than twenty-five were shot down inside the burned buildings. These buildings had dirt roofs which covered up the dead Chinamen when the dwellings succumbed to the flames, and as no actual search has been made in the ruins, it is quite probable that these statements are true. The Chinamen are still arriving at stations east and west, almost dead from fright, and weak from fatigue and lack of food. All are shipped to Evanston by the company. They reiterate the statement that many have died in the hills from wounds received in the attack. It is reported here that the white miners at Almy, in the western portion of the territory, have notified the Chinese laborers in the mines that they must leave inside of three days, and that the Union Pacific has guaranteed their removal within the time specified. The Chinese all along the road refused to work to-day, and demanded passes to Evanston. Chinese laundry men and servants at Green river were told last night that they must leave within twelve hours, and they will go west on to-day's express."

SPORTING NOTES.

THE CHICAGO RACES.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—Washington park closing day. Weather clear and cool, track good, attendance immense.

First race, mile—Monarch won, Lyddy Bowling second, Chance third. time 1:43. Mutuals paid $46 10.

Second race, mile and a half—Volante won, Irish Pat second, Little Fellow third. time, 2:41. Mutuals paid $9 70.

Extra race, mile, for a silver cup valued at $1000, gentlemen riders, none but members of the club allowed to enter—Warrington and Idle Pat ran a dead heat, Benefit a bad third. time, 1:49. In the run-off Warrington won by a neck. Mutuals paid $8 80 and $8 30.

Extra race, against time, mile—Mona won, Pearl Jennings second. time, 1:41¾. Mutuals paid $90 60. The track was not good enough to beat the record, and there was a strong wind.

Third race, mile heats—First heat, Buchanan won, Iomogare second. time, 1:41. Mutuals paid $8 40. Second heat: Same as first. time, 1:44. Mutuals paid $6 10. There were only two starters.

Fourth race, one and one-eighth miles—Irish Lass won, Lycurgus second, Effie H. third. time, 1:56¼. Mutuals paid $16 10.

Fifth race, steeplechase, short course—Ascoli won, Guy S. second, Bucephalus third. time, 3:07½. Mutuals paid $15 70.

CONEY ISLAND RACES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—There was a steady, drizzling rain at Sheepshead Bay, Coney Island, to-day, ending with a regular downpour during the last race. The attendance was very large.

Mile—Brambleton won, Monogram second, Loutsette third. time, 1:45.

Three-quarters of a mile, two-year-olds—Walter H. won, Bessie second, Scottish Lass third. time, 1:18¼.

Mile and an eighth, three-year-olds—Elgin won, Ernest second, Bonnie third. time, 1:58¾.

Mile and a half—Euclid won, Alba second, Favor third. time, 2:40¼.

Seven furlongs—Tabitha won, Queen Esther second, Marsh Redon third. time, 1:32.

Steeplechase, short course—Wellington won, Will Davis second, Puritan third. time, [illegible]

BASEBALL.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 5.—Pittsburg 2, Cincinnati 6.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—Chicago 6, Buffalo 1.

BOSTON, Sept. 5.—Boston 7, Providence 2.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Metropolitans 2, Brooklyn 1 (seven innings).

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5.—Philadelphia 5, New York 2 (seven innings).

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—St. Louis 1, Louisville 3.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5.—Athletics 1, Baltimore 0.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—St. Louis 0, Detroits 2 (thirteen innings).

HANLAN AND TEEMER TO ROW.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Edward Hanlan, accompanied by George Hosmer, of Boston, Henry Patterson of San Francisco, and George Lee, of New York, to-day visited the office of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, for the purpose of arranging a single scull match with John Teemer, of Pittsburg. The latter was not present, but was represented by R. T. Volk. Articles were drafted for a three mile race with a turn, for $1000 a side and the championship of America. It was stipulated that the winner receive 60 and the loser 40 per cent. of the gate money or royalties. Four days is given Teemer to ratify these terms.

MAJOLICA BEATS HIS RECORD.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 5.—The uncompleted free-for-all race begun yesterday at Narragansett park, was finished to-day and was won by Majolica in 2:15, which beat his record. Following is the summary:

Majolica	1	1	1	
Maxey Cobb	3	2	2	
Felix	2	3	3	

Time, 2:17½, 2:17¼, 2:18½, 2:15.

EGYPT.

HOSTILITIES SUSPENDED.

CAIRO, Sept. 5.—Information has been received here that hostilities have been suspended at Kassala. The garrison still holds its arms and has possession of the town, which is fed by friendly Nalinkas.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People—News Notes of General Interest.

Miss Lizzie Gibbs is visiting friends near the Sandy.

Mrs. Ramsey, of Tacoma, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Irving, of La Camas, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Hodgkin, of The Dalles, is visiting friends in this city.

Capt. F. J. Harding and family, of The Dalles, are in the city.

Mrs. Charles Pugh, of this city, is visiting Salem friends.

Mrs. Cohen has returned from a short visit to Hillsboro friends.

Mrs. Schuerer has returned from a two weeks sojourn at Ilwaco.

Mrs. Peter Daly and family returned Tuesday from North Beach.

Dr. B. F. Hardy and daughters, of San Francisco, are in the city.

The family of Dr. Rafferty came up from the coast a few days ago.

Mr. R. M. Steel and son left for an extended trip East Wednesday.

Capt. J. H. Smith, of Walla Walla, is visiting Portland for a few days.

Mrs. Flora D. Brown, of Port Townsend, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Cotton and family have returned from a visit to friends at Seattle.

The family of Mr. Sam Smith came up from the coast a few days ago.

Mr. Wm. Moore, of East Portland, came up from the seaside Thursday.

Mrs. L. N. Walters left Wednesday for a couple of weeks' sojourn at Riparia.

Miss Clara Bates has returned to the city from a short sojourn by the seaside.

Mr. F. J. Partridge will return to this city Tuesday from a trip to Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hays, of Albina, are visiting friends in Eugene City.

Mrs. Col. Weidler returned to the seaside Tuesday to remain several days.

Mr. Edward D. McFee returned from the seaside last Wednesday evening.

Rev. Father Gibney returned to the city Thursday from a trip to the coast.

Mrs. T. Moffett and family have returned from a summer vacation at the Cascades.

Mr. E. J. Coldwell, of THE OREGONIAN, and family are home from the seashore.

Mr. C. W. Roby has returned from an extended trip throughout the Eastern States.

Mrs. A. Gehres and sister Miss Schroeder, left on the last steamer for California.

Mrs. H. T. Hudson and daughter left yesterday for a two weeks' visit to The Dalles.

Rev. Dr. A. L. Lindsley and wife arrived here Friday from an extended visit to the east.

Mr. Edward Espey leaves for the seaside this week for the purpose of securing sketches.

The engagement is announced of Mr. James Moffett and Miss Hena Prideaux, of this city.

Hon. R. P. Earhart and daughter returned Friday by the way of the Oregon Short Line.

Mr. J. O. Lownsdale, wife and daughter returned yesterday from a trip to the Sound.

Mrs. Sarah Zigler, of Roseburg, is visiting in this city the guest of Mrs. A. P. Armstrong.

Miss Ollie Plummer will make a short visit to friends and relations at Brownsville this week.

Judge Loyal B. Stearns returned home last Monday from a vacation in the Umpqua valley.

Mrs. DeBurgh and family and Mrs. Lynch, of East Portland, have returned from the seaside.

Miss Rose Michell, of The Dalles, returned home Friday after a visit to friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Wadleigh of Lonpoc are visiting Mr. J. W. Webb and family, of Portland.

Page Minor leaves this city for San Francisco and Idaho via steamer State of California to-night.

Miss Pearl Scott returned to Salem Thursday where she will reside with her parents in the future.

Miss N. Spencer has returned from her visit to Corvallis and resumed her school work at Albina.

Miss Blanche Hewes, of Vinton, Iowa, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eckenberger, of 230 Taylor street.

Revs. G. W. Chandler and F. W. Criswell returned Monday evening from the conference at Roseburg.

Mrs. Rev. George Stickafoose, of this city, is visiting Mr. Henry Bash and family in Port Townsend.

Mrs. Nixon and two daughters Misses Lizzie and Marie, have returned from their visit to Vancouver.

Mr. B. I. Claxton and wife, after a pleasant vacation by the seaside, returned to this city Wednesday.

Mr. J. F. Hamilton and family, of East Portland, have returned from a visit to Soda Springs, Linn county.

Mrs. Van Valkonberg, of Seattle, who has been visiting friends in this city, returned to her home Friday.

Mrs. J. H. Perkins, of this city, will in a few days leave for an extended visit to her aunt in San Francisco.

Mrs. Aiken, of Salem, and Mrs. Sterling, of California, have returned from a visit to Victoria and the Sound.

Mr. James Black, for a long time a book keeper for Beno & Co., will leave in a day or two for Chicago.

Miss Lizzie Fey, a graduate of the Portland High school, will soon commence teaching in Clackamas county.

Rev. S. M. Mills, of Forest Grove, passed through this city Wednesday with his family, en route for the seashore.

Dr. H. Hicks returned Tuesday night from his trip to Victoria and other Sound points, and reports a pleasant vacation.

Miss Corabel Tarr, the elocutionist, visited Vancouver during the week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Cochran.

Messrs. H. H. Browning and R. L. Durham, of this city, returned from San Francisco, on the State of California Thursday.

Miss Annie Flynn and Miss Carrie Dalgleish, who have been visiting the Misses Sohns at Vancouver, have returned to Portland.

Miss Bessie Howard, daughter of Gen. O. O. Howard, department commander, is visiting her friend Miss Haughey at Fort Sydney.

Mr. W. H. Williams and family, who have been spending the season at the seaside, returned home Wednesday evening last.

Mrs. Abe Blumenthal left Portland on Wednesday to join her husband in Carson, Nevada, where he is engaged in business.

Mr. Alfred D. Holman, of THE OREGONIAN editorial staff, is paying a visit to the Blue creek mines and other points in Eastern Oregon.

Miss Annabel Bloomer, of East Portland, has accepted a position in the Baker City public schools, and left for that city on Wednesday last.

A large number of the friends of Miss Carrie Ross, of East Portland, gave her a surprise party Friday evening, it being her 20th birthday.

Master Otis L. Akin started for Lewiston, I. T., last Thursday for the purpose of spending a few months with his aunt Mrs. J. W. Poe, of that city.

Among the recent arrivals from the seaside are Mr. George Steel and Mr. I. M. Warren and their families, and the family of Mr. James Steel.

Mr. W. H. Marshall and son leave for the east to-day. Mr. Marshall is taking his son to school at Faribault, Minnesota, and will return in about three weeks.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been visiting this department during the week, having come on to accompany his family from Tacoma to Fort Leavenworth.

Gen. Lewis Hunt will return from San Francisco this week. During his absence Lieut.-Col. DeRussy is in command of the post at Vancouver and the regiment.

On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Knapp gave a 12 o'clock breakfast to Mr. Carlton Sprague, of Buffalo, N. Y., to which a few personal friends were invited.

Mr. Fred D. Moore, brother of Mr. W. H. Moore, who has been visiting East Portland for the past three months, left for his home in Scranton, Pa., Friday.

J. D. Capps and Miss Annie Laughlin, of Oak Grove, eastern Oregon, and Miss Minnie Laughlin, of Forest Grove, are visiting at the home of Mr. Brackcraft in this city.

Mr. J. W. Cochran and wife, of Vancouver, celebrated their china wedding last evening by a pleasant party, in which many friends paid their respects to the couple.

The father and mother of Rev. F. M. Robertson, of Vancouver, who have been visiting their son for the last two years, left Friday for their home in Page county, Iowa.

Rev. W. Barrows, D. D., of Reading, author of "Oregon, the Struggle for Possession," is to spend three months this fall in the Northwest, studying the country from the standpoint of civilization, and also in the view which will be given by six weeks spent in camp away from the railroads. This trip is to furnish material for a new lecture for lyceums.

Mr. D. F. Dryden, of the Official Railway Guide, accompanied by his wife, leaves to-day for the home of his parents at Lynnville, Iowa, after an absence of sixteen years.

Mr. Wm. Smith and his sister, Miss Eugene Smith, have been visiting Mrs. J. DaVore Johnson in Oregon City this week. Miss Smith recently graduated from Vassar college.

Captain George T. Davis, for several years past light house inspector in this district, will leave soon for the east, having been relieved by Lieutenant Uriel Sebree, of Annapolis.

Miss Frances A. Knox, who has been spending the summer in the Sinlahekin valley, and with the family of Rev. E. J. Thompson in Salem, returned to her home in this city Tuesday.

A surprise party was given Mr. Edward Hudgin at his home, 94 Third street, last Monday evening. Several of his friends and Mrs. Hudgin succeeded in giving him a genuine surprise.

Mrs. H. L. Pittock and two children, Mrs. W. D. Palmer and children, Mrs. W. W. Spaulding, Mr. Frank Cochran and Robert Pittock returned home on Monday last from a visit to Tillamook.

Mrs. M. S. Burrell left on Friday's train for Boston, accompanied by her son Herman and daughters Helen and Margaret. They will spend the winter East. Herman will enter school.

Judge Matthew P. Deady left for San Francisco on the steamship Columbia on Thursday last to remain several weeks, during which time he will occupy the bench with Judge Sawyer in that city.

Dr. S. T. Linklater, of Hillsboro, and Miss I. M. Sinclair, of Edinburgh, Scotland, were married in this city Thursday last, and are spending a few days in Portland previous to their returning to their home.

Miss Louise Graffelman, operator at the East Portland depot, and sister, Mrs. W. H. Winchester, returned by the steamship State of California on Thursday last, from a two months' visit in Oakland, California.

Miss Mary White, daughter of Mrs. M. White, will leave for Walla Walla Tuesday to attend St. Paul's seminary at that place. Mrs. White will make a visit to California this fall. On her return she expects to spend the winter in Walla Walla.

Mr. Edward Whitson, a well known and popular lawyer of North Yakima, and Miss Bateman, of Michigan, were married in Walla Walla, September 3 at the residence of United States District Attorney Allen, brother-in-law of the bride. They will visit Portland and Victoria on a wedding tour.

A very pleasant party was given at the residence of A. H. Breyman, East Portland Friday evening in honor of Miss Ella Breyman, daughter of Mr. Eugene Breyman, of Salem, previous to her return home. The evening was most enjoyably spent in music, dancing and various games, which continued until after midnight.

Col. F. F. Trotter, senior captain of the Fourteenth infantry, has been designated for two years recruiting service, and will report in New York on the 1st of October. Many people in Vancouver will miss Col. Trotter and his family. As he stands high on the list he is likely to be promoted within the two years, in which case it is not likely that he will return to Vancouver.—*Independent.*

CALIFORNIA.

THE BUCKLEY INVESTIGATION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—Members of the bar association held an executive session to-day to consider the Buckley-Bonnet matter, as requested to do by the supreme court. This is the case in which plaintiff during trial of the suit of Bonnet vs. Taylor, testified that he paid Chris Buckley $800 on condition that he expedite a decision in the case of Bonnet vs. the city and county of San Francisco before the supreme court. The association appointed a committee of three to investigate and report on Wednesday next.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

8 P. M.—Weather indications for the next thirty two hours: North Pacific, generally fair weather, light to fresh winds, generally northwesterly. Middle Pacific, fair weather, light variable winds over the interior, and fresh to brisk northwesterly winds along the coast. South Pacific, fair weather, light to fresh westerly winds.

STRIKE OF HOP PICKERS.

WHEATLAND, Sept. 5.—One hundred and fifty white hop pickers go on a strike here this evening for an advance of 15 cents per 100 pounds.

CHIEF JUSTICE FIELD.

Chief Justice Field sailed for Portland to-day, whence, after a short stay, he will proceed to Washington.

STATE DISPATCHES.

A RANCHER SHOOTS TWO BOYS.

THE DALLES, Sept. 5.—Joseph Catlen, a rancher living near Goldendale, W. T., shot Lincoln Smith and a son of ex-Sheriff Shuster last night, for stealing watermelons. Smith was wounded in the abdomen, supposed fatally. Shusler was wounded in the shoulder slightly. Catlen is under arrest.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

Mr. Frank L. Goodwin has secured from Mr. A. M. Palmer the right to the "Rajah" for next season, and will play it through the country with Mr. George Clarke and Miss Helen Heron in the leading parts.

THE HOTELS.

QUIMBY HOUSE.

H Bell, McMinnville
Miss Williams, N Y
Mr Sammell & wf, N Y
F M Pierse, Sellwood
O M Godfrey, N P R R
A J Gardner, Oregon
B Mott, Philadelphia
O McGlidden, Phila
T Ebart, San Fran
T C Berry, Oregon
C H Patterson, Stockton
W Kendall, Modesto
D S Temple & wf, Or
H Trimes & w, Cal
W H Kingston, N Y
Mrs H [illegible], San Fran
A F Walters, [illegible]
J T Smith, St Paul
Wm Black, Salem
T C Constant, Albany
Mrs H Maxwell, St Louis
John James, Seattle
J H [illegible], Olympia
C M Webster & wife, Waitsburg

J F McQuaid, McMinnville
Miss Ashton, N Y
C W Tullis, N P R R
W B Trevett, St Paul
W B Marks, Oregon
J B Gentry, Philadelphia
C Irwin, Philadelphia
J Omens, San Fran
J Lamlow, Ohio
Smith McMullin, W T
H Luke, Murray
C C Brower, St Helens
C W Blackwell, Scottsburg
Mrs J F Bowles, Aberdeen
J C Hewitt, Tacoma
A Kerr, Parker
H F Scott, St Paul
H James, Eugene
John Black, Salem
Henry Maxwell, St Louis
W T Church, Tacoma
C H Lewis, Olympia
J W Seamar, Lou Riv
W T

INTERNATIONAL.

F A Bellison, Carrolton
J McClurg, do
M Spencer, do
F Yingling, Cleveland
C N Spencer & wf, Mich
J A Crit, do
H N [illegible], do
Mrs Mugrus, W T
[illegible]
[illegible]
John [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A T [illegible]

M Brown, Yamhill
I W Riggs, McMinn
C B Riggs, do
I W Black, San Jose
B Morhall & wf, Kansas
A Branderburg, Harris
W Johnson, Victoria
C A Knott, Hillsboro
I Fessmon, do
Peter Loring, do
I Graham & fam, Eugene
Chas H Millican, do
C A Griswold, do
C Brnard, do

ESMOND.

I O Cornwall, S S [illegible]
[illegible]
C H Emitt, N W S P
Mrs V N [illegible], Eug
Stuart Melrose, Was W T
C [illegible]
A J Becky, do
Andrew Younger, Sitka
J C T [illegible]
T [illegible], Eugene

Phil Barth, San Fran
I Stein, do
Mrs Gen O Erven, Omaha
W C Waite, Omaha
Henry Landes, Pt Twsd
J C Harris
C M Fogg, Phila
I G Thompson, Col, O
I Thompson, Astoria
J T Harris, do

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M C Connor, Stanford
D M McLeod, The Dalles
W M [illegible], Salem
J C Caldwell, San Fran
Mr F [illegible], N Y
E [illegible], Angels
Jon Stanford, Crt Hope
S M [illegible]

J F Goldsmith, St Paul
C J DeGarno, Seattle
M N Lane, Fort Dodge
Capt I B Scott, do
Mrs Fagan, Laland
I Hemming, do
A G McGoone, Astoria

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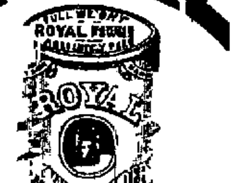

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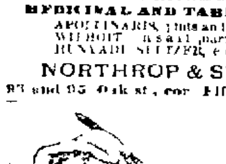

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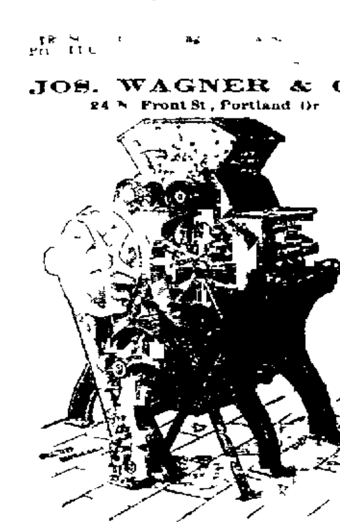

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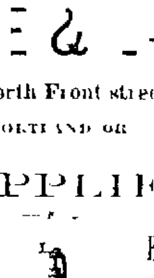

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